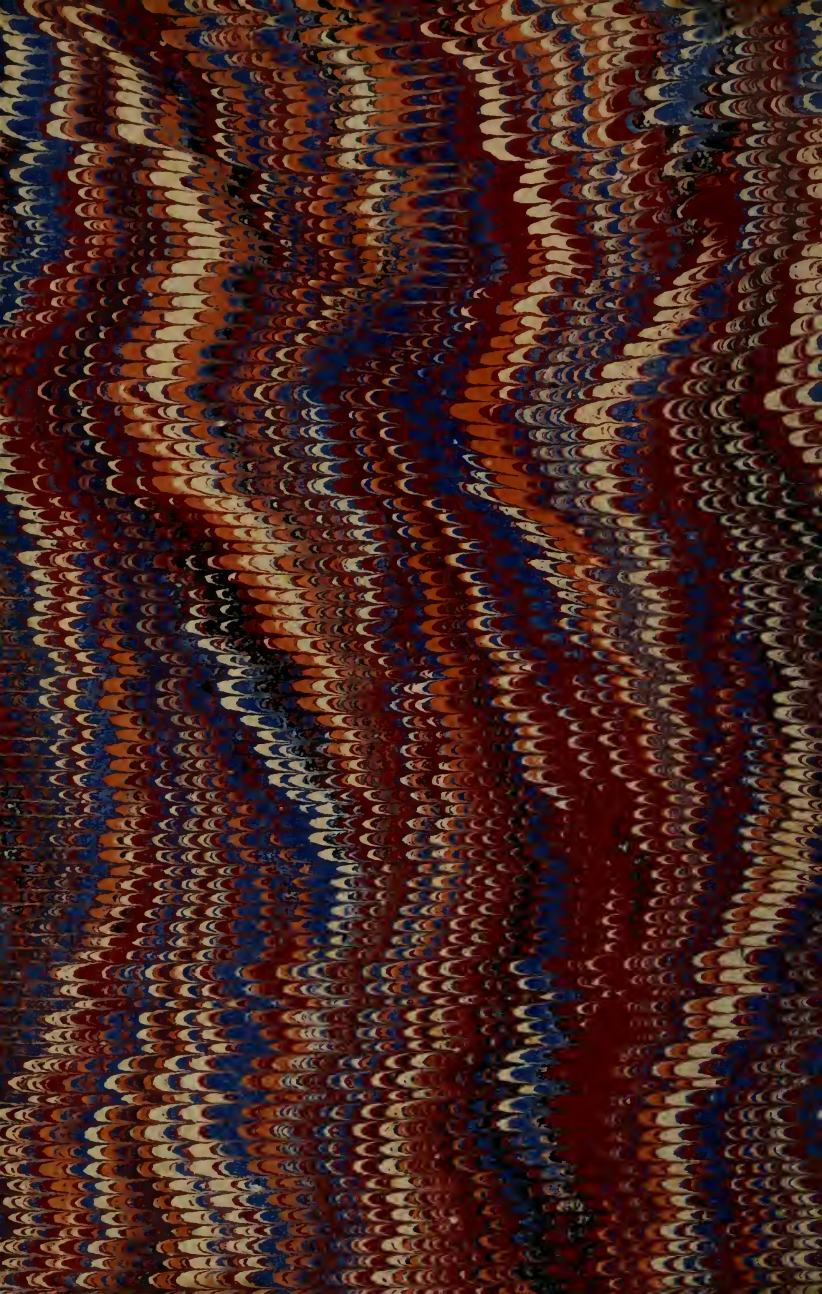




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W. L. M. A.

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LECTURES

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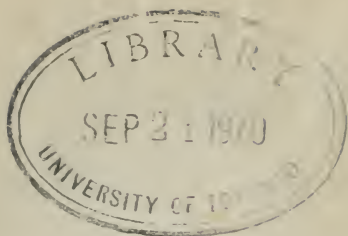
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER, 1862, TO FEBRUARY, 1863.

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P R E F A C E .

THE mission of the Young Men's Christian Association is to promote "the spiritual and mental improvement of Young Men." The Lectures annually delivered at Exeter Hall contemplate both these ends, and by the gracious blessing of God have very largely promoted them in bygone years. The Committee entertain a confident hope that this volume will be found equal in interest to its predecessors; and they fervently pray that it may be even more largely productive of good results in the religious character, intelligence, and usefulness of the Young Men of our times.

The experience derived from many years' labour among Young Men, leads the Committee to attach great importance to all means by which the minds of men engaged in the active duties of life can be fitly informed, cultured, and disciplined. These are not times in which it is safe to leave any class without appropriate provision for its education, least of all that class which must furnish to this great commercial community the merchants and traders of the coming time.

The Committee are convinced that the minds of

Christian men generally are not sufficiently impressed with the importance of these means, as an auxiliary to the efforts by which they would advance the kingdom of the Redeemer, and secure the general progress of the work of God in the world. There is in too many minds a fear of the education of Young Men, which absurdly contrasts with the feeling in favour of the education of the poor, and becomes in the hands of the infidel and the scorner, a weapon of no little power against the system which, they say, "fears the spread of knowledge." It is, to say the least, strange that a provision universally adopted for the working classes should be unwise or unsafe for those above them in station.

It is time that there were an end made to these foolish expressions of narrowness and distrust. Young Men are like all other classes, open to influences of kindness. They will love and serve those who love and serve them. If Godly men help them, as many Godly men have nobly done in past times, they will learn to value the motives which lead to such conduct. If good people treat them as children, they will learn to meet distrust with contempt and avoidance. The tendency of Young Men to seek pleasure rather than usefulness, needs no such stimulus as that which is afforded by the fears of good men as to the results of their education. They will only too readily seek the pleasures of the world if there be no effort made to provide for them nobler engagements.

Hence the Committee believe that a very important assistance has been furnished to their religious mission,

by the agencies of an educational character which they have been enabled to provide for Young Men, and of which these Lectures are the chief.

But while the Lectures year by year have touched on all topics of general interest, as well as those of Theologic importance; while the Library of the Association is filled with works of the highest value in every department of literature; while opportunity is afforded to Young Men to pursue studies which may fit them for the better discharge of the duties of life, and if they be Christians, may make them more useful in Christian service; *the great aim of the Committee in all these efforts is, by the Christian sympathy which they express and embody, to win Young Men to the Saviour.*

Hence in the present volume will be found mixed with the Lectures, papers which express the earnest desires of Godly Ministers for the spiritual welfare of their readers, and the addresses delivered at the recent Annual Meeting of the Association, which treat of topics of public religious interest.

The Committee believe that they have consulted the taste of the readers of these Lectures, as well as discharged their own convictions of duty, in securing the publication of these papers.

The introduction of the proceedings of the Annual Meeting will find its justification in the special importance of the topics discussed, as well as in the particular interest which will attach to the speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury at this juncture in the history of Christendom, and will supply the place of the last

lecture of the series (that of the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, on Wesley and his Times), for which the author has further use.

To Lord Shaftesbury, to the Lecturers and Speakers whose kind efforts for the good of Young Men are here perpetuated, to the public who have for so many years aided this work of usefulness, the well-deserved thanks of the Committee are respectfully tendered.

And to Him whose glory they seek, and without whose blessing the best thoughts of this volume will fail of influence, the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association humbly commit the Eighteenth Series of Lectures to Young Men, praying Him to make the truths they contain effectual in the conversion and edification of many souls.

W. EDWYN SHIPTON,

SECRETARY.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

OFFICES AND LIBRARY,

165, Aldersgate-street,

London, E.C.

16th March, 1863.

Persons desirous of becoming acquainted with the work of the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, are requested to communicate with the Secretary, as above.

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Scientific Experiments in Balloons.

A LECTURE

BY

JAMES GLAISHER, ESQ., F.R.S., &c.,

Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS IN BALLOONS.

I HAVE accepted with great satisfaction the proposition made to me by the committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, that I should open their Course of Lectures for the session of 1862-3.

I am not unmindful of the noble and learned men and reverend prelates who have been my predecessors, but I bring to my duty as much as they have brought of goodwill for the task, of earnest sympathy with my auditory, and of high appreciation of the purposes of your gathering, and of the great objects contemplated in the general labours of your Association.

My theme is very dissimilar to those which have previously occupied your attention, but it is at least my own—one for which I have toiled, and on which I give you the results of my own thought, observation, and labour.

I hope I need not say that in discussing scientific balloon experiments, I propose for your consideration a worthy topic. In the very lowest aspect of balloon ascents there is much to engage the attention,—much which should provoke thought and inquiry ; but when the aërial voyage is made in the interests of science, not merely as a result of previous experiments, but as the means of new investigations which affect more or less directly the whole range of our scientific experimentation, I am sure of your sympathy,

and feel entitled to claim the attention of young and earnest minds eager in the pursuit of knowledge, and consecrating to the best interests of their age and race the measure of knowledge which they have already attained.

Let me say, also, I occupy to-night the position of a scientific man narrating his own scientific experience. "I am not a prophet, nor a prophet's son," nor does my subject lead me into the region of morals or of theology. I shall not even attempt to lead you

"From Nature up to Nature's God,"

a path which I fear me is seldom trodden, though much talked about. Men must go from God to Nature, not from Nature to God. I would prefer to say that God, our Great Father, having called us to the pursuit of knowledge by means of investigation and experiment, we honour Him most when we accept the conditions of service which He has appointed, and in the duties of our several callings—you in the toils and competitions of that commerce which developes the resources of nature, and I in the not less arduous labours of that scientific study and research which seek to discover and to harmonize its laws—find occasion to adore the riches of His wisdom and of His love.

Meanwhile,

"If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The busy round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
That daily leads us nearer God."

Working in this spirit each new attainment of knowledge, or power, or success becomes to us a more effectual means of

“serving our generation by the will of God ;” while the little that we can each do in our own time may pave the way for the further discoveries and worthier labours of those who succeed us, and so may usher in the days when “wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of our times,” and even in these material things may minister to the strength of salvation.

Before I speak of my recent balloon ascents into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and of the observations which I have made there, it may be interesting and instructive if I relate the origin and progress of *aërostation*, and briefly notice some of the principal *aërial* voyages which have been made.

In November, 1782, just eighty years ago, two brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, paper makers at Annonay, succeeded in constructing a machine which rose by its own power. They then produced other machines, one a large bag of fine silk containing forty cubic feet, which rose to the ceiling of the room, and to the height of thirty-six feet in the open air. After some other experiments during the winter of 1782-83, in which they succeeded in producing machines of different capacities, capable of rising higher and higher in the air, they had, at the beginning of 1783, so far advanced, that they resolved to make an experiment on a large scale, and to this end prepared a machine of linen, lined with paper, which was 117 feet in circumference, weighing 430 lbs. To the very great astonishment of all, they announced that this machine would carry a weight and ascend to the clouds ; but they found scarcely any one who would believe them.

This machine had an orifice opening downwards, in the centre of which was placed a receptacle for a fire. On the 5th June, 1783, on fire being applied to its mouth, the machine gradually unfolded, forming a globe of thirty-six

feet in diameter, struggling to get free. A weight of 400 lbs. was attached, and when liberated it rose to the height of 6,000 feet, and in a few minutes fell to the ground at the distance of 8,000 feet from the place of its ascension. This machine contained nothing but heated air, maintained in a rarefied state by the action of fire. The result of this experiment produced immense excitement, and roused the attention of scientific men in Paris to the subject.

In the year 1766, Henry Cavendish discovered that inflammable air, or hydrogen gas, was lighter than air; and it immediately occurred to Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, that a thin bladder filled with this gas would rise of itself. Experiments made by Cavallo, in 1782, resulted in the discovery that a bladder was too heavy for the purpose, and that paper was not air-tight.

After the experiments of the two brothers Montgolfier with rarefied air, it occurred to some of the philosophers of Paris that the same effect might be produced by hydrogen gas; and accordingly M. Charles, Professor of Natural Philosophy, filled a bag of lutestring, twelve feet in diameter, with hydrogen gas, obtained by the action of diluted sulphuric acid upon iron filings. On August 26, it rose to the height of 100 feet, being retained there by ropes; but on the next day it was allowed to rise freely, when, in the presence of an enormous crowd, it ascended to a height exceeding 3,000 feet, and fell fifteen miles from Paris.

Thus two original kinds of balloon were invented nearly at the same time, viz., one called fire balloons, filled with rarefied air; the other, inflated with hydrogen gas, called air balloons. Montgolfier then visited Paris, and found an assistant in M. Pilatre de Rosier, the superintendent of the Royal Museum, who has the distinction of being the first *aéronaut*. In October, 1783, a new fire balloon, 74 feet in height, and 48 in diameter, was completed. It was not judged

prudent to trust human life to a free balloon until the experiment of holding the machine with ropes had been tried ; this balloon was therefore held by ropes, and Rosier ventured to ascend, though on the 15th of October, for the first time, only to 100 feet ; but to more than 300 feet on the 19th of the same month. The first human beings who trusted themselves to a free balloon were M. Rosier and the Marquis D'Arlandes. The first aërial voyage on record was made in a fire balloon from the Jardin du Château de la Muette on the 21st November, 1783. The balloon was inflated a little before two o'clock ; it reached an altitude of 500 feet, and descended at twenty minutes after two, about 9,000 yards from the place of its ascension. Every high place in Paris was crowded with spectators, and much astonishment and fear were produced, such as no ordinary event could awaken. This machine was 70 feet high, and 46 feet in diameter, and carried 1,600 lbs.

Another ascent took place in the afternoon of the 1st December, in the same year, from the garden of the Tuileries, with an air balloon, twenty-six feet in diameter, the first filled with hydrogen which ever carried up human beings. The filling of this balloon lasted several days. They ascended at a quarter to two o'clock. On the rising of the balloon the spectators were astonished and silent ; it attained an elevation of 1,800 feet, and descended safely at Nesle, twenty-seven miles from Paris, at a quarter to four o'clock. The aëronauts in this case were MM. Robert and Charles ; but as soon as M. Robert stepped out, the balloon rose with great rapidity to 9,000 feet, with M. Charles alone, and descended in a plain about three miles from the place of its second ascent.

In the year 1784 there were several successful ascents, and balloons of both kinds became common in Paris and in London.

On September 15, in that year, Lunardi, an Italian, made the first aërial voyage ever seen in England, from the Artillery Ground, in London, at five minutes after two. He took up with him a cat, a dog, and a pigeon ; he descended at South Mimms, and landed the cat, ascended again, and finally descended at Ware, at twenty minutes after four o'clock. He noticed that the temperature of the air descended from 68° to 32° . The excitement was immense.

On January 7, 1785, M. Blanchard, and an American gentleman, Dr. J. Jeffries, performed the then extraordinary voyage of crossing the Channel between England and France in an air balloon. It was a clear morning, and the wind light from N.N.W. They left the English coast, at Dover, at one o'clock, and arrived at the French coast at about three o'clock. They succeeded in their bold attempt, and descended in the Forest of Guiennes ; but they had been compelled to throw away everything possible, even to part of their clothing, to prevent themselves falling into the Channel. The success of M. Blanchard in this feat induced M. Rosier, the first aëronaut, to contrive a double machine, by fixing a fire balloon below an air balloon, with the intention of crossing from France to England. The fire balloon was intended to act as a regulator, rarefying the air in the lower balloon for the purpose of ascending, and aiding the descent by the lowering of the fire, and thus avoiding the difficulty which attended Blanchard's balloon in keeping it up.

On June 15, 1785, M. Rosier, accompanied by M. Romain, set out from Boulogne, but they had not been more than twenty minutes in the air when the whole machine caught fire, an explosion took place, and both gentlemen were precipitated from a height of 3,000 feet, and killed. The results attained by these several experiments having proved that a balloon would raise

great weights in the air, and continue for a long time thus suspended, caused great excitement over Europe and America, and particularly in France. There became a general desire to explore the higher regions of the air, and to pursue meteorological, magnetical, and other researches in the lofty regions of the atmosphere; and the invention of the balloon was looked upon as most important for these ends, and likely to produce great consequences. It was not, however, so far as I know, till the beginning of this century that any ascents were made for scientific purposes. In the years 1803 and 1804, M. Robertson made three ascents from St. Petersburg for the purpose of physiological, electrical, and magnetical experiments.

On August 23, 1804, MM. Gay Lussac and Biot ascended from Paris for a similar purpose; they reached a height of 13,000 feet, and came down safely, finding no difference in their experiments in magnetism, electricity, and galvanism, from those made on the earth—a sad disappointment of the expectations of the scientific world.

On the 15th of September, Gay Lussac ascended alone to a height of 22,977 feet. He found the time of the vibration of a magnet to be less than on the earth; his respiration was affected; the temperature of the air decreased from 82° to 15° , and its humidity very rapidly; he filled some glass bottles with air from the higher regions; was five hours and three-quarters in the air, and noticed that the sky was of a deep blue.*

* On the ground the temperature was	82 degrees.
At an elevation of 9,930 feet	55 „
„ 11,275 „	52 „
„ 12,089 „	47 „
„ 12,500 „	51 „
„ 13,967 „	54 „
„ 14,174 „	50 „
„ 15,469 „	47 „

In 1806, Carlo Brioschi, Astronomer Royal at Naples, ascended with Signor Andreani, who had previously been the first Italian aëronaut. In endeavouring to ascend higher than Gay Lussac, the balloon burst, but its remnant happily checked the rapidity of the descent, and falling in an open space, their lives were saved, but Brioschi contracted a complaint which brought him to his grave. Balloons now became common, and MM. Blanchard and Jeffries on the Continent, and Mr. Sadler, his sons, and Mr. Green, have been up so often, that to record their ascents would be tedious.

A period followed of forty-six years, during which I do not know of any systematic attempts to take scientific observations by means of balloons.*

In the year 1852, Mr. Welsh, of the Kew Observatory, under the auspices of the British Association, made four ascents in the great Nassau balloon with the veteran

At an elevation of 15,746 feet the temp. was	44 degrees.
„ 14,776 „	48 „
„ 16,381 „	41 „
„ 17,252 „	40 „
„ 18,069 „	37 „
„ 18,585 „	33 „
„ 16,498 „	34 „
„ 19,783 „	26½ „
„ 20,000 „	29 „
„ 20,119 „	26 „
„ 22,546 „	19 „
„ 22,851 „	15 „

* Whilst this was passing through the press, my attention was directed to experiments made in a balloon ascent from Paris by MM. Bixio and Barral, on July 27th, 1850, in which they reached the height of 22,900 feet, where they found the temperature of the air at the extraordinary low reading of minus 38°.2, or 70°.2 below the freezing point of water. A change of 45° took place in 20 minutes, on passing out of a snow cloud.

aéronaut, Mr. Green, who had the experience given by 500 ascents. On August 17, August 26, October 21, and November 10, he reached the respective heights of 19,500, 19,100, 12,640, and 22,930 feet, and he took a good series of observations in each ascent, from which he deduced, so far as temperature is concerned, “that the temperature of the “air decreases uniformly with the height above the earth’s “surface, until at a certain elevation, varying on different “days, the decrease is arrested, and for a space of 2,000 or “3,000 feet the temperature remains nearly constant, or “even increases by a small amount ; the regular diminution “being afterwards resumed, and generally maintained at a “rate slightly less rapid than in the lower part of the at- “mosphere, and commencing from a higher temperature than “would have existed but for the interruption noticed.”

The facts recorded by Gay Lussac, relative to the decline of temperature with increase of elevation, appeared to confirm the law which theory, based upon observations made on mountain sides, assigns for the gradation of temperature in the atmosphere, viz., a decrease of 1° for every increase of height of about 300 feet ; and the deductions of Mr. Welsh from his experiments tended to the confirmation of the same theory, with some modifications.

Up to the present time, therefore, the high expectations entertained on the discovery of the balloon have never been realized ; it has not led to any important results ; and, with the exception of the instances which I have mentioned, and a very few others, such as that at the battle of Fleurus, where the French made a reconnoissance by means of a balloon, and thus prevented a surprise, it has been used for the most part as a toy to please a crowd. Yet it is by no other means that we can free ourselves from the disturbing influences to which I shall presently allude ; and ever since its invention, now eighty years ago, the question has been put again and

again, and especially since the formation of the British Association :—

Whether the balloon does not afford a means of accomplishing with advantage, and great facility, the solution of many problems in physics which are seriously affected by the influences in question, and which problems, without its use, would occupy many years of research, under great disadvantages, with this additional drawback, that the results obtained would always labour under certain suspicions?

Whether delicate and accurate observations can be made therein?

Whether an observer in such a position can be sufficiently at ease to be able to observe as well there as on earth?

Whether the observations can be made with tolerable safety to himself?

No answer could be given to these questions except by the personal experience of one well acquainted, by long practice, with the several instruments to be used, and who had acquired the power of concentrating all his energies upon his work, irrespective of his position, and who would trust himself in a voyage through the air. This latter risk must necessarily be run; a risk honourable, I think, if the objects sought be definite, of high value, and not otherwise to be attained; but unquestionably foolhardy, if these objects were indefinite, of little value, or attainable by other means. For many years I have been anxious that these questions should be answered, and when we consider that all philosophical inquiries carried on near the surface of the earth are of necessity fully within the earth's influence, and are affected by the radiation, conduction, and reflection of heat; of ever-varying currents of air, and of the reflection of the rays of light; are within the influence of large or small evaporating surfaces on the one hand, or of condensing surfaces on the other, and of many other dis-

turbing causes, every one of which is a source of error, and from which we cannot escape, even by going to the top of the highest mountain; when we consider also what sciences would be benefited thereby—such as astronomy, meteorology, and allied sciences certainly, magnetism probably—the objects surely become sufficiently definite, worthy of some effort, and, if needs be, of some risk. Perhaps of all branches of physical research the greatest good would accrue in the departments of meteorology and astronomy; and remembering the influence which a clear sky or a cloudy one exercises on the temperature and weather, and what an important part the condition of the sky has in our own comfort and wellbeing, there seemed to be a high probability that, by studying the laws that govern the higher strata of the air, and cultivating some acquaintance with these regions themselves, not only would our knowledge of aërial phenomena be much advanced, but it might be hoped that a mighty contribution would eventually be made to the cause of human welfare; while as to astronomy, there is no more important point in the whole range of physics, to which experiments can be directed, than the improvement of our knowledge of the laws of refraction, since the ascertainment of the true position of any heavenly body is dependent upon our correct acquaintance with these laws; and it must be borne in mind that by knowing the positions of these bodies our ships are carried in safety across the deep; and that every year myriads of lives and millions of wealth are conducted in safety from port to port.

In the year 1843 a grant of money was made by the British Association, and a committee was appointed for carrying on experiments by means of Captive Balloons, and several committees have been subsequently appointed, with grants of money, for the purpose of balloon experiments, but none have been made, excepting those by Mr. Welsh.

At Manchester, last year, a committee, consisting of Colonel Sykes, Lord Wrottesley, Sir J. Herschel, General Sabine, Dr. Lloyd, Admiral Fitzroy, Dr. Lee, Dr. Robinson, the Astronomer Royal Mr. Gassiot, Dr. Tyndall, Professor W. A. Miller, and myself, was appointed by the British Association to set on foot a plan of meteorological and other observations in a balloon.

It was the urgent desire of this committee that I should conduct these observations, but for prudential reasons I declined, till having failed in securing the help of the trained observers in whom I had placed confidence, and having weighed all considerations—and they were many—I finally resolved to undertake the task; as it appeared to me that the knowledge to be gained was well worth the venture, apart from any beneficial results which might accrue from such knowledge. Having once resolved, and having communicated my resolution to the committee, it became my duty to make the experiment. Then I did not allow my nearest and dearest friends to influence me in the discharge of that duty. I dismissed all fear from my mind, and devoted my energies to obtaining the best instruments for the purpose, which I placed in my room around me, as they would be in the balloon, that I might often imagine myself at work there, and I took a series of observations, writing them down, so that when at length I did go into the car, I seemed to have been there before, and similarly occupied.

The construction of the instruments, which it was essential should be the most delicate and accurate possible, was entrusted to Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, and were executed by them in a most satisfactory manner.

The primary objects of the experiments which I had undertaken were as follows :—

- To determine the pressure of the atmosphere . } at heights
To determine the temperature of the air } up to five
To determine the hygrometrical states of the air } miles.
- The secondary objects were to compare the readings of an aneroid barometer with those of a mercurial barometer up to five miles.
- To determine the electrical state of the air.
- To determine the oxygenic state of the atmosphere by means of ozone papers.
- To determine the time of vibration of a magnet on the earth, and at different distances from it.
- To determine the temperature of the dew point by Daniell's dew point hygrometer and Regnault's condensing hygrometer, and by the use of the dry and wet bulb thermometers, as ordinarily used, and their use when under the influence of the aspirator, causing considerable volumes of air to pass over both their bulbs, at different elevations, as high as possible, but particularly up to heights where man may be resident, or where troops may be located, as in the high table-lands and plains in India ; with the view of ascertaining what confidence may be placed in the use of the dry and wet bulb thermometers at those elevations, by comparison with Daniell's and Regnault's hygrometers, and also to compare the results as found by the two hygrometers together.
- To collect air at different elevations.
- To note the height and kind of clouds, their density and thickness at different elevations.
- To determine the rate and direction of different currents in the atmosphere if possible.
- To make observations on sound.
- To note atmospherical phenomena in general, and to make general observations.

It may be convenient that on one or two of these points I should make a few explanatory observations, for the sake of my non-scientific hearers.

The air or atmosphere in which we live and breathe is an invisible elastic fluid, possessing weight, and acts with a determined pressure on all bodies immersed in it. THE PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE is measured by means of the barometer. A column of atmosphere, extending to the limits of the same area as the barometer tube, is balanced by the column of mercury in the tube; and if we weigh the mercury we know the weight or pressure of that column of atmosphere upon that area. If the area of the barometer tube be one square inch, then this would tell us the pressure of the atmosphere on one square inch. The length of a column of mercury thus balanced by the atmosphere, near the level of the sea, is usually about 30 inches, and if this be weighed it will be found to be nearly 15 lbs.; therefore the atmospheric pressure on every square inch of surface is about 15 lbs.—just one-half as many pounds as the number of inches which expresses the height of the column of mercury.

Now, in ascending into the air, a part of the atmosphere is below, and part above; the barometer therefore has to balance that which is above only, and will therefore read less.

At the height of $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles the barometer will read about 15 inches; then there is as much atmosphere above this point as there is below, and the pressure on a square inch is $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

At a height between five and six miles from the earth the barometer reading will be 10 inches; one-third of the whole atmosphere is then above, and two-thirds beneath; and the pressure on a square inch is reduced to 5 lbs.

The reading of the barometer varies with the altitude at which it is observed, and indicates by its increasing or

decreasing readings corresponding change in the pressure of the atmosphere.

At the height of	1 mile	the barometer reading is	24.7 in.
„	2	„	20.3 „
„	3	„	16.7 „
„	4	„	13.7 „
„	5	„	11.3 „
„	10	„	4.2 „
„	15	„	1.6 „
„	20	„	1.0 less

The density of the air decreases as the pressure on it decreases, so that the air, mass for mass, becomes lighter with increase of elevation ; and when the pressure becomes very small, the air, being perfectly elastic, dilates to a great extent, and indeed expands, so far as I can see, without limit ; and therefore I cannot see any limit to the height of the atmosphere.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE DEW POINT is another matter deserving a few explanatory words.

There is always mixed with the air a certain quantity of water, in the invisible shape of vapour, sometimes more, sometimes less ; but there is a definite amount which saturates the air at every temperature, though this amount varies considerably with different temperatures. Air at the temperature of

30 deg.	is saturated with.....	2 grains	in a cubic foot of air.
49 „	„ 4 „	„
70 „	„ 8 „	„
92½ „	„ 16 „	„

The capacity of air for moisture therefore doubles upon an increase of temperature of about 20 degrees.

The temperature of the Dew Point is that degree of temperature to which air must be reduced in order to become saturated by the water then mixed with it ; or it is that temperature to which any substance, such as the bright bulb

of a hygrometer, must be reduced before any of the aqueous vapour present will be deposited as water, and become visible as dew. The temperature at which this first bedewing or dulling of bright surfaces takes place is the temperature of the Dew Point. For instance, I have already said that two grains of water saturate a cubic foot at 30° ; if therefore the temperature of the air be 40° , and there be two grains of moisture in a cubic foot of air, then the bulb of the hygrometer must be reduced to 30° , when a ring of dew will appear on it, caused by the deposition of the water in the air.

The determination of the Dew Point at once tells us the amount of water present, and, combined with the temperature, enables us to determine the hygrometrical state of the atmosphere.

If the air be saturated with moisture, the atmospheric temperature and that of the Dew Point are alike; if it be not saturated, the temperature of the Dew Point is lower than that of the atmosphere; if there be a great difference between the two temperatures, the air is dry; and if this be at low temperatures, there is very little water present in the air.

THE DEGREE OF HUMIDITY OF THE AIR expresses the ratio between the amount of water then mixed with it and the greatest amount possible to be held in solution at its then temperature, upon the supposition that the saturated air is represented by 100, and air deprived of all moisture by 0. Thus, suppose the water present be one-half of the quantity possible to be present, the degree of humidity in that case will be 50. If the air be at the temperature of 30° , and there be two grains of moisture in the air, the air is saturated, and the degree of humidity would be considered as 100; if there were one grain, that is one-half of the whole quantity possible to be present, the air would be one-half saturated, and the degree of humidity would be represented by 50.

At 49 deg. with	4 grains of moisture	} The air is saturated, and the degree of hu- midity is 100.
„ 70 „	8 „	
„ 92½ „	16 „	

But at 49 deg. with ...	2 grains of moisture	} The air is one-half saturated, and the de- gree of humidity is 50.
70 „ ...	4 „	
92½ „ ...	8 „	

Mr. Coxwell's large balloon is capable of containing 90,000 cubic feet of gas; but when it is intended to ascend five or six miles, it is but little more than one-half filled. The reason for only thus partially filling the balloon may be interesting to my auditors.

The pressure of the atmosphere confines gas, as it does all other fluids, within certain limits, according to the pressure exerted upon it; thus a volume of gas of 1,000 cubic feet on the earth's surface, under the pressure of 15 lbs. on the square inch, is doubled in bulk when the pressure is $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., as at $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles above the surface, and there would occupy a space of 2,000 cubic feet; and it would increase to greater bulk still as the air became more rarefied, and the pressure less with increase of elevation, so that when the barometer reading is 10 inches, and the pressure 5 lbs. only, the volume occupied by the gas would be three times greater than the volume occupied by the same gas on the earth's surface,—would, in fact, be expanded to 3,000 cubic feet. You will thus perceive that to fill the balloon is to waste gas, because half the contents of the balloon in the lower atmosphere soon becomes equal to its whole capacity, owing to the expansion of the gas; and at five miles high, although the balloon would be fully extended, it would only contain a quantity of gas equal to a third of its cubical content—viz., 30,000 cubic feet on the earth.

This process of expansion and contraction is constantly going on, and varies with every variation in the height of the balloon, and that height is constantly varying during

the aërial voyage, as I shall show you presently. On passing from a cloudy state of the sky to a clear one, it is necessary to go through the clouds, during which time the cordage and the balloon become bedewed with moisture, so increasing its load ; but on breaking into bright sunshine, the expansion, from the sun shining on the balloon, causes it to rise rapidly ; two agencies being at work, viz., increase of heat and loss of weight by evaporation. But in passing from bright sunshine into cloud, the gas becomes contracted by the loss of heat, and the balloon every instant is absorbing moisture, and so increasing its load, both causes combining to make the balloon descend rapidly.

Moreover, this continual variation in the expansion or contraction of the gas causes perpetual changes in the shape and course of the balloon, and so necessitates the constant attention, skill, and judgment of the aëronaut. The operations of the aëronaut are carried on in the realms of space for the most part far beyond the reach of human observation, and in the case of the high ascents of which I shall presently speak were performed by Mr. Coxwell where no eye but mine could witness his operations. At the same time a journey through the air reaching to the height of five or six miles is of so rare an occurrence, the position so novel, the phenomena which present themselves so peculiar, that nothing short of personal experience could give a correct knowledge of them, that I propose, before I speak of any scientific observations made in the balloon, to give a descriptive account of a journey through the air, blending these several ascents together. You will thus understand them better, and the narration cannot fail to be interesting, and in some respects instructive.

Imagine, then, the balloon somewhat more than half inflated, eager for flight, with only one link connecting it with the earth, viz., a rope attached to an instrument called

a liberating iron or catch. When all the ballast, instruments, and everything else are placed in the car, Mr. Coxwell brings the balloon to a *nice* and *even* balance, so that the addition of twenty pounds would prevent it from rising, but if removed would give the required ascending power.

As the moment for departure arrives, friends become impatient, and then in Mr. Coxwell alone is vested the right to let go. Everybody is anxiously watching the final arrangements. Mr. Coxwell's hand is upon the catch, his countenance is fixed, he looks stern, and is apparently staring at vacancy ; but he is not. If the sky be partially cloudy, he watches till he is midway between the cloud that has passed and that which is coming, so that he may have a clear sky, and at least see the earth beneath, and avoid if possible passing through a cloud, though it may be cloudy all round : nor is that all ; he knows that in every wind, how strong soever it may be, there are periods of calms, and if he can start in one of them he avoids much rotatory motion, so he awaits for an opportune moment for a fair start.

Some one cries out, Now ! Another says, Pull ! but Mr. Coxwell, regardless of everybody, decides himself ; and just when the wind lulls, and the sun shines, and the balloon stands proudly erect, he pulls the trigger, and we are free. We are free, but not only so, we are in profound repose, no matter how violent the wind may be, no matter how agitated the balloon may have been, swaying to and fro, now on this side, now on that, with sudden and violent action, notwithstanding all the efforts of the many individuals who were struggling to hold it ; all agitation in a moment ceases, and we are in perfect stillness, without any sense of motion whatever, and this freedom continues throughout our entire flight.

Once away, we are both immediately at work ; we have

no time for graceful acknowledgments to cheering friends. Mr. Coxwell must put the car in order, and accordingly looks to it, to his balloon, and to the course we are taking ; and I must get my instruments in order, and without delay place them in their situations, adjust them, and take a reading as soon as possible.

In a few minutes we are from 1,000 to 2,000 feet high. Mr. Coxwell looks intently upwards to see how the huge folds of the balloon fill into the netting. If we have started from a town, we now hear its busy hum, and the now fast fading cheers of our assembled friends naturally attract our attention. We behold at a glance the quickly diminishing forms of the objects which we so lately left, and then resume our work.

Presently Mr. Coxwell, who is always alive to the beauties of the ever-varying scene below, and to the opening landscape, fixes his eye upon me, and, just when a rural scene of surpassing beauty is lighted up in the west, he summons me to look and admire. I struggle against picturesque temptations, somewhat at variance with my duties, but cannot so quickly suppress them. A fine cloud rears its alpine cap in close proximity to the car ; Mr. Coxwell looks as delighted as an artist when he displays a magnificent painting. I feel I must conquer such enchantment, and exclaim, "Beautiful ! grand indeed !" and again resume my observations, with a cold philosophic resolve to pursue my readings without further interruption.

For a while I am quiet, the instruments affording indication that we are rising rapidly. Mr. Coxwell again disturbs me just as we are approaching the clouds, and recommends a farewell peep at mother earth, and just as I take this, the clouds receive us, at first in a light gauze of vapour, and then in their chilly embrace, where I examine their structure, and note the temperature of the Dew Point particularly.

Shortly it becomes lighter, the light gradually increasing, till it is succeeded by a flood of light, at first striking, then dazzling, and we pass out of the dense cloud to where the clouds open out in bold and fantastic shapes, showing us light and shadow, and spectral scenes, with prismatic embellishment, disporting themselves around us in wild grandeur, till at length we break out into brilliant sunshine, and the clouds roll away into a perfect sea of vapour, obscuring the earth entirely, so that now in perfect silence I note the circumstances, and make my observations for some time uninterruptedly.

After a time, Mr. Coxwell directs my attention to the fact that the balloon is full, and that the gas is coming out from the safety-valve. I of course look, for this is an exciting moment. He then directs my attention to the fit and proportions of the netting. I find the gas, which was before cloudy and opaque, is now clear and transparent, so that I can look right up the balloon, and see the meshes of the network showing through it, the upper valve with its springs and line reaching to the car, and the geometrical form of the balloon itself. Nor is this an idle examination. I have already said that in passing through the cloud the netting would gather moisture, augmenting the weight of the balloon. If this should not all have evaporated, the network would have become frozen, and be as wire-rope, so that if the diamond-shape of the netting, when under tension, and the form of the crown of the balloon be not symmetrical, the weight might not be equally distributed, and there would be danger of it cutting the balloon ; a sense of security therefore follows such an examination.

A stream of gas now continually issues from the neck, which is very capacious, being fully two square feet in area, which is always left open. Presently I see Mr. Coxwell, whose eye has been continually watching the balloon, pass

his fingers over the valve line, as if in readiness to pull the cord. I observe a slight gathering on his brow, and look inquiringly at him. He says, "I have decided upon opening the large upper valve;" and carefully explains why. "The tension," he says, "in the balloon is not greater than it would bear with safety in a warm stratum of air; but now that we are three miles up, with a chilled balloon, it is better to allow some to escape at top, as well as a good deal from the neck." At once I see the force of the argument, and inwardly infer that I am in no way dependent upon chance, and not likely to suffer from carelessness with Mr. Coxwell. We are now far beyond all ordinary sounds from the earth; a sea of clouds is below us, so dense that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we have passed through them. Up to this time little or no inconvenience is met with; but on passing above four miles, much personal discomfort is experienced; respiration becomes difficult; the beating of the heart at times is audible; the hands and lips become blue, and at higher elevations the face also, and it requires the exercise of a strong will to make and record observations. Before getting to our highest point, Mr. Coxwell counts the number of his sand-bags, and calculates how much higher we can go, with respect to the reserve of ballast necessary to regulate the descent.

Then I feel a vibration in the car, and on turning round, see Mr. Coxwell in the act of lowering down the grapnel, then looking up at the balloon, then scanning the horizon, and weighing apparently in his mind some distant clouds, through which we are likely to pass in going down.

A glance suffices to show that his mind is made up how much higher it is prudent to rise, and how much ballast it is expedient to preserve.

The balloon is now lingering, as it were, under the deep blue vault of space, hesitating whether to mount higher or

begin its descent without further warning. We now hold consultation, and then look around from the highest point, giving silent scope to those emotions of the soul which are naturally called forth by such a wide-spread range of creation.

Our course is now about to change. But here I interpose with "No, no ; stop ; not yet ; let us remain so long that the instruments are certain to take up the true temperature, and that no doubt can rest upon the observation here. When I am satisfied I will say 'Pull.'"

Then in silence—for here we respire with difficulty, and talk but little—in the centre of this immense space ; in solitude ; without a single object to interrupt the view for 200 miles or more, all round ; abstracted from the earth ; upheld by an invisible medium ; our mouths so dry we cannot eat ; a white sea below us, so far below, we see few, if any irregularities. I watch the instruments ; but forcibly impelled, again look round from the centre of this immense vacuity, whose boundary line is 1,500 miles, commanding nearly 130,000 square miles, till I catch Mr. Coxwell's eye turned towards me, when I again direct mine to the instruments ; and when I find no further changes are proceeding, I wave my hand, and say, "Pull." A deep, resonant sound is heard overhead ; a second pull is followed by a second report, that rings as with shrill accompaniment down the very sides of the balloon. It is the working of the valve which causes a loud, booming noise, as from a sounding-board, as the springs force the shutters back.

But this sound in that solitary region, amid a silence so profound that no silence on earth is equal to it ; a drum-like sound meeting the ear from above, from whence we usually do not hear sounds, strikes one forcibly. It is, however, one sound only—there is no reverberation—no reflection ; and this is characteristic of all sounds in the balloon, one clear sound continuing during its own vibrations,

then gone in a moment. No sound ever reaches the ear a second time. But though the sound from the closing of the valve, in those silent regions, is striking, it is also cheering,—it is reassuring; it proves all to be right—that the balloon is sound—that the colder regions have not frozen tight the outlet for gas, and that we are so far safe. We have descended a mile, and our feelings improve with the increase of air and warmth. But silence reigns supreme, and Mr. Coxwell, I observe, turns his back upon me, scanning intently the cloudscape, speculating as to when and where we shall break through and catch sight of the earth. We have been now two hours without seeing *terra firma*. How striking and impressive is it to realize a position such as this; and yet as men of action, whose province it is to subordinate mere feelings, we refrain from indulging in sentiment. I say refrain, for presently Mr. Coxwell breaks out, no longer able to contain himself, “Here, Mr. Glaisher, you must welcome another balloon. It is the counterpart of our own.” This spectral balloon is charming to look upon, and presents itself under a variety of imposing aspects, which are magnified or diminished by the relative distance of our balloon from the clouds, and by its position in relation to the sun, which produces the shadow. At mid-day it is deep down, almost underneath; but it is more grandly defined towards evening, when the golden and ruby tints of the declining sun impart a gorgeous colouring to cloudland. You may then see the spectre balloon magnified upon the distant cloud tops, with three beautiful circles of rainbow tints. Language fails utterly to describe these illuminated photographs, which spring up with matchless truthfulness and choice decoration.

Just before we enter the clouds, Mr. Coxwell, having made all preparations for the descent, strictly enjoins me to be ready to put up the instruments, lest, when we lose the

powerful rays of the sun, and absorb the moisture of the lower clouds, we should approach the earth with too great rapidity.

We now near the confines of the clouds, and dip swiftly into the thickest of them ; we experience a decided chill, and hear the rustling of the collapsing balloon, which is now but one-third full, but cannot see it, so dense is the mass of vapour. One, two, three, or more minutes pass, and we are still in the cloud. How thick it must be, considering the rapidity of the descent ! Presently we pass below, and the earth is visible. There is a high road intersecting green pastures ; a piece of water looking like polished steel presents itself ; a farmhouse, with stacks and cattle, is directly under us. We see the sea-coast, but at a distance. An open country lies before us. A shout comes up, and announces that we are seen, and all goes well, save the rapidity of our descent, which has been caused by that dark frowning cloud which shut us out from the sun's rays, and bedewed us with moisture. Mr. Coxwell, however, is counteracting it by means of the ballast, and streams out one bag, which appears to fly up instead of falling down ; now another is cast forth, but still it goes up, up. A third reduces the wayward balloon within the bounds of moderation, and Mr. Coxwell exultingly exclaims that "he has it now under perfect command, with sand enough, and to spare."

Delighted to find the balloon is thus checked, as it is favourable to good readings of the several instruments at this elevation, I work as quickly as I can, noticing also the landscape below ; rich mounds of green foliage, fields of various shades of green, like a tessellated pavement in motion ; with roads, rivers, rivulets, and the undulatory nature of the ground varying the scene every instant. Should our passage be over a town, it is like a model in motion ; and all is seen with a distinctness superior to that from the earth ;

the line of sight is through a purer and less dense medium ; everything seems clearer, though smaller ; even at the height of four miles above Birmingham, we distinguished the New Street Station, and the streets.

We have been descending slowly for a little time, when I am challenged to signify when I can close my observations, as yonder, about two miles distant, is a fine park, where Mr. Coxwell's eye seems to wander with something like a desire to enter it. I approve of the spot, as it is in every way suitable for a descent. The under-current, which is oftentimes stronger than the upper, is wafting us merrily in that direction. We are now only a few hundred feet above the surface. "Put up your instruments," cries Mr. Coxwell, "and we will keep on this level until you are ready."

A little more sand is let out, and I pack up the instruments quickly in their wadded cases. "Are you all right?" inquires the aëronaut. "All right," I respond. "Look out then, and hold fast by the ropes, as the grapnel will stop us in that large meadow with the hedgerow in front."

There, sure enough, we land. The cattle stand at bay affrighted, their tails are horizontal, and they run wildly away. But a group of friends from among the gentry and villagers draws up near the balloon, and although some few question whether we belong to this planet, or whether we are just imported from another, yet any doubt upon this point is soon set at rest, and we are greeted with a hearty welcome from all when we tell our story, how we travelled the realms of space, not from motives of curiosity, but for the advancement of science, its applicability to useful purposes, and the good of mankind.

I will now speak of each ascent separately.

Circumstances of the Ascents, and General Observations.

The ascents were all made with Mr. Coxwell's large

balloon ; three from Wolverhampton, four from the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and one from Mill Hill, near Hendon, where the balloon had fallen the previous evening, and been anchored during the night.

Observing Arrangements.

One end of the car was occupied by Mr. Coxwell ; near the other, in front of myself, was placed a board or table, the extremities of which rested on the sides of the car. Upon this board were placed suitable framework to carry the several thermometers, hygrometers, magnet, aneroid barometer, &c. A perforation through it admitted the lower branch of the mercurial barometer to descend below, leaving the upper branch at a convenient height for observing. A watch was set to Greenwich time, and placed directly opposite to myself. The central space of the table was occupied by my note-book ; the aspirator was fixed underneath the centre of the board, so as to be conveniently workable by either my feet or hands. Holes were cut in the board to admit the passage of the flexible tubes, one of which passed to Regnault's hygrometer, and the other to the place of the dry and wet bulb thermometer previously referred to, both the tubes being furnished with stop-cocks.

Ascent from Wolverhampton on July 17th.

The weather previously had been bad for a long time, and consequently the ascent was delayed some days ; the wind was still blowing strongly from the west, and considerable difficulty was experienced in the preliminary arrangements, and no instrument was placed in its position before starting. The ascent took place at 9h. 43m. a.m.—the temperature of the air was 59° , and dew point 51° —and at once the balloon was quiescent. A height of 3,800 feet was, however, reached before an observation could be taken, when the temperature of the air was found to be 45° , and that of the dew point 33° ;

at 4,000 feet clouds were entered, which were left at 8,000 feet. The temperature of the air here was 32° , and the dew point $27\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$; a height exceeding 10,000 feet was passed before all the instruments were in working order. The temperature of the air was 26° , and that of the dew point 18° , and a deep blue sky overhead, unsullied by a single cloud. Between 10,000 feet and 13,000 feet there was no variation of temperature. During the time of passing through this space, both Mr. Coxwell and myself put on additional clothing, feeling certain, as the decline of temperature was in accordance with theory, that we should experience a temperature below zero long before we reached five miles, but, to my surprise, at the height of 15,500 feet the temperature had risen to 31° , instead of falling, and continued to increase at each successive reading up to 19,500 feet, and was here 42° , with dew point 21° . We had both thrown off all extra clothing. Within two minutes from this time, and when we had descended somewhat, the temperature began to decrease with extraordinary rapidity, and was 16° at eleven a.m., or 26° less than it had been twenty-six minutes previously. A height close upon five miles had been attained by this time.

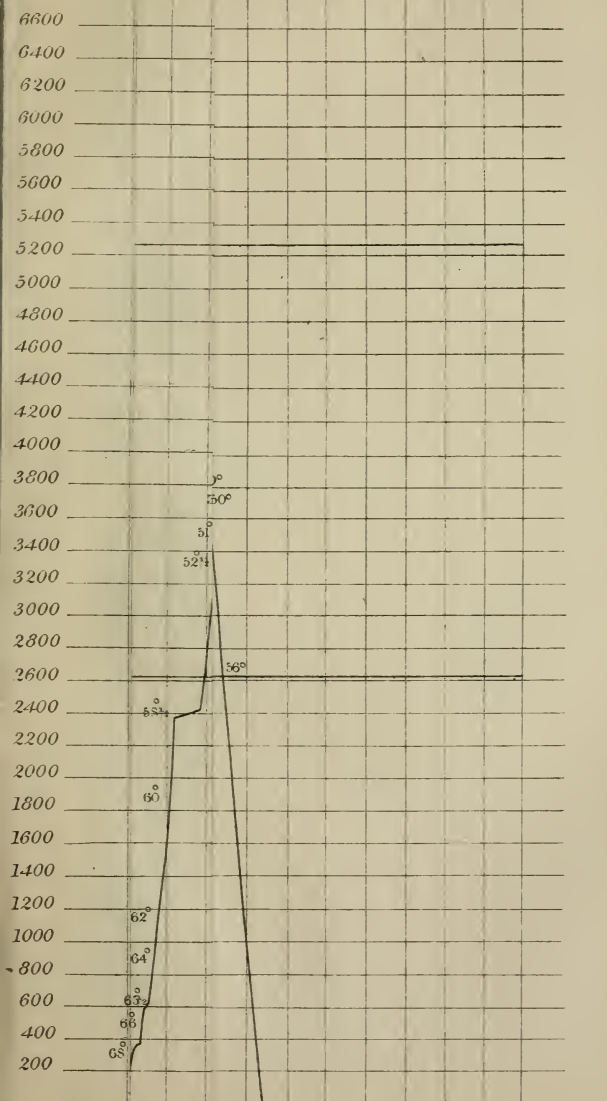
When the balloon was four miles high, I wished to descend one or two miles and then reascend, but Mr. Coxwell, who had been watching its progress with reference to the clouds below, felt certain that the Wash was in too close proximity for us to do so; prudence therefore caused the attempt to be abandoned.

The descent commenced soon after eleven a.m. Mr. Coxwell experienced considerable uneasiness as to the close vicinity of the Wash. The descent was made, quickly passing from a height of 16,300 feet to one of 12,400 feet in one minute. Immediately afterwards a dense cloud was entered, which proved to be more than a mile and a half in thickness,

r Gravesend.

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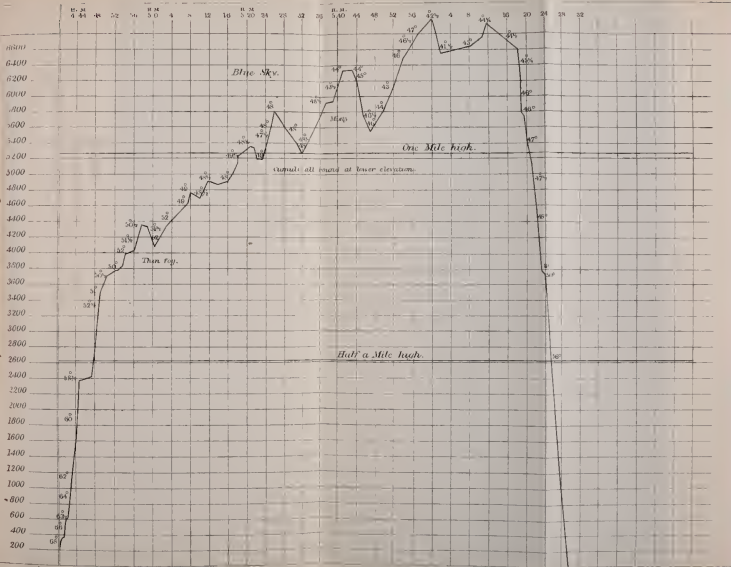
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DIAGRAM SHEWING THE PATH OF THE BALLOON, AND TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR AT ITS DIFFERENT ELEVATIONS.

July 30th 1862.

In its ascent from the Crystal Palace, and its descent at Singlewell, near Gravesend.



and, whilst passing through this, the balloon was invisible from the car. Mr. Coxwell had reserved a large amount of ballast, which he discharged as quickly as possible, to check the rapidity of the descent, which appeared to pass upwards instead of downwards; but, notwithstanding all his exertions, as weight had been collected from the saturation of the balloon by the condensation of the immense amount of vapour through which it had passed, was necessarily very rapid, and a considerable shock was experienced on reaching the earth, which broke all the instruments, there not having been sufficient time to pack them up. Some little time before reaching the earth we had discharged all our sand, the amount we had at our disposal at the height of five miles was fully 500 lbs. This seemed to be more than enough, when compared with that retained by Gay Lussac, viz., 33 lbs.; and by Rush and Green when the barometer reading was eleven inches, viz., 70 lbs., seemed to be more than we could possibly use, yet it proved insufficient.

Ascent from the Crystal Palace, July 30th.

In this ascent a table was fixed to the side of the car, partly projecting within and partly without. The instruments were carried by a framework fixed to the part of the table outside, so as to be beyond the influence of the occupants of the car. My note-book, watch, and aneroid barometer rested on the inner part of the table. The wind was blowing gently from the south-west, enabling the instruments to be fixed before starting, and at 4h. 40m. p.m. the balloon left the earth. The temperature declined instantly. Observations were taken every minute or half minute from the time of ascent to the time of descent. On the ground, before starting, the temperature of the air was 68°, and of dew point 50°; at the height of 1,000 feet the temperature had declined to 62°, and the dew point to 44°; at 3,000 feet it was 53°, and dew point 41°; at 5,000 feet the temperature of the air had declined to 49½°, and that of the dew point to 37°.

A height of 7,000 feet was reached by six o'clock, when the temperature was found to be 44° , and the dew point 32° . The descent commenced at about a quarter past six. It was rather rapid. At 5,000 feet the temperature of the air had increased to $47\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and the dew point to 37° ; and at 2,000 feet to 59° , and dew point $42\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. The earth was reached at the village of Singlewell, near Gravesend, at about 6h. 30m. p.m. The movements of the balloon in this ascent are shown in Diagram I. Its path was not in a smooth curve, but the balloon was constantly rising or falling. The motion is affected by the slightest mist, or increase or decrease of humidity, or by the smallest increase or decrease in the brightness of the sun.

Ascent from Wolverhampton, August 18th.

The weather on this day was favourable; there was but little wind, and that blowing from the north-east. By noon the balloon was nearly inflated, and as it merely swayed in a light wind, all the instruments were fixed before starting, and at 1h. 2m. 38s. Mr. Coxwell pulled the spring catch. For a moment the balloon remained motionless, and then rose steadily—almost perpendicularly. This ascent was all that could be desired. In about ten minutes a fine cumulus cloud was passed through, and a clear space, with a beautiful blue sky above, dotted with cirrus clouds, was entered upon. When at the height of nearly 12,000 feet, the temperature being 38° , or 30° less than on the ground, and dew point 26° , Mr. Coxwell pulled open the valve, and a descent was made to about 3,000 feet, at 1h. 48m. A very gradual ascent then took place, till 2h. 30m., when a height of 24,000 feet was attained. Here the temperature of the air was 24° , and dew point 8° . Here a consultation was held as to the prudence of discharging more ballast and going higher, or retaining it so as to ensure a safe descent, and ultimately the latter was determined on, as there were clouds below of an unknown thickness, through which we must pass on descend-

ing. The descent commenced soon after ; and when at the height of 15,900 feet, with an air temperature of 33° and dew point 14° , the scene was really remarkable. A beautiful blue sky dotted with cirrus clouds far above, and cumuli far below, the earth and its fields looking beautiful, as now and then seen directly underneath. In many places the earth was invisible, a blue mist filling up the spaces between the clouds ; in other places there were large plains, or seas of cumulo-stratus clouds, causing all below to be cloudy for many square miles ; then again places without a cloud to obscure the sun's rays ; others with detached cumuli, whose upper surfaces were tinged with beautiful colours ; others connected in vast plains of a hillocky appearance—forming all together a scene truly indescribable and magnificent. The horizon was open to the N., S.E., and S.W., but obscured to the N.E. The horizon for 50° was observed to be of the same height as the car. Due north there was a beautiful cumulus cloud,* being the same as was passed through on leaving Wolverhampton, and had followed the balloon all the way. The earth was reached soon after three o'clock, at Solihull, seven miles from Birmingham.

Ascent from the Crystal Palace, August 20th.

The air was almost calm, the instruments were all fixed before starting, and the balloon left the earth at 6h. 26m. p.m., the temperature of the air at the time being $67\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$, and the dew point $56\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$. By 6h. 35m. half a mile was attained, the temperature of the air being $57\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and dew point 49° . At 6h. 37m. three-quarters of a mile were attained, and the air was so tranquil that the Palace was nearly under us. At 6h. 43m., when nearly a mile high, a thin cloud was entered, the earth being barely visible. The air temperature at this

* The cumulus is the fine white cloud of day, with well-defined, rounded surface, moving along with the current near the earth.

time was 50° , and the dew point 46° ; this height and temperature were maintained for about five minutes, when a descent was made of 200 or 300 feet. Kennington Oval was now in sight. At 7h. 9m. St. Mark's Church, Kennington, was immediately under us. The height at this time was about one mile, the air temperature being 48° , and dew point 46° ; the hum of London was heard, there being scarcely a breath of air stirring. A descent was then gradually made to 1,200 feet by 7h. 20m.; the lamps were being lighted over London, and the hum of the city was greatly increasing in depth. At this time the shouting of the people below who saw the balloon was heard. A height of between 1,500 feet and 2,500 feet was maintained till 7h. 40m., the temperature varying from 57° to 54° , and dew point about 47° . The river looked dull, but the bridges that spanned it, as well as street after street, as they were lighted up, and the miles of lights sometimes in straight lines, sometimes winding like a serpent, or in some places forming a constellation at some place of amusement, associated as this appearance was with the deep sound, or rather roar of the traffic of the metropolis, constituted a truly remarkable scene. For some time Kennington Oval and Millbank Penitentiary were in sight. At 7h. 40m. an ascent was made beyond the clouds, the height being about 2,500 feet, with an air temperature of 53° , and dew point 46° . At 7h. 42m. a height of 3,500 feet was passed, the air temperature having fallen to 51° , and dew point $44\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$. At 7h. 47m. one mile in height was reached, and the air temperature was 45° , and dew point 42° . It was very dark underneath, but light above with a clear sky. The ascent was continued till the clouds were far below, tinged with a beautiful red, the air temperature had fallen to 43° , and soon after a thick fog came on. At 7h. 52m. the striking of a clock and the tolling of a bell were heard. It was quite dark below. At

8h. 5m. the clouds were far below, and a solemn stillness reigned around. By this time the air temperature had increased to 55° , the barometer reading twenty-three inches. After this a descent was made, and it became too dark to read the instruments. London was again visible, but it looked very different by its lights ; as seen through the mist it had the appearance of a vast conflagration, the sky being lit up for miles. Some time after the lowing of cattle being heard, thereby indicating that London was passed, a descent was made to examine the country. It is in the management of a descent under circumstances similar to these, where all was dark, that the skill of an aëronaut is taxed to the utmost ; however, Mr. Coxwell proved himself perfectly competent, the balloon rising and falling at his will, and at length descended in the centre of a field at Mill Hill, one mile and a half from Hendon, where the balloon was anchored for the night, and re-ascended next morning.

Ascent from Mill Hill, near Hendon, August 21st.

By half-past 4 a.m. the instruments were replaced, and the earth was again left. It was a dull, warm, cloudy morning, still rather dusk, the sky covered with cirro-stratus clouds. The air temperature nearly 61° , dew point $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. There were in the car besides Mr. Coxwell and myself, Captain Percival, of the Connaught Rangers, Mr. Ingelow, and my son. The ascent was at first slow ; at 4h. 38m. a height of 1,000 feet was reached, the air temperature being 58° , and the dew point 52° . At 4h. 41m. there was a break in the clouds to the east, with gold and silver lines of light. At 4h. 51m. the temperature of the air was 50° , and dew point 44° . Scud was below, and cumuli on the same level, viz., 3,500 feet ; black clouds were above, and the mist was creeping along the ground. At 4h. 55m. the first mile was passed, the temperature of the air was 43° , and dew point

41°; clouds were entered soon after. At 4h. 57m. a white mist enveloped the balloon, &c., the temperatures of the air and dew point were alike, indicating complete saturation. The light rapidly increased, and gradually emerging from the dense cloud into a basin surrounded by immense black mountains of cloud rising far above us, shortly afterwards there were deep ravines of grand proportion beneath open to the view. The sky immediately over head was dotted with cirrus clouds. As the balloon ascended, the tops of the mountain-like clouds were observed to be tinged with silver and gold. At 5h. 1m. they were level with the car, and the sun appeared flooding with golden light all that could be seen both right and left for many degrees, tinting with orange and silver all the remaining space. It was a glorious sight. By 5h. 10m. a height of 8,000 feet had been attained, and the temperature had increased to $37\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, and dew point $24\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$. The ascent still continued, but more quickly, as the sun's rays fell upon the balloon, each instant opening to view deep ravines and a wonderful sea of clouds. Here arose shining masses of cloud in mountain ranges, some rising perpendicularly from the plains with summits of dazzling brightness, some pyramidal, others undulatory. Nor was the scene wanting in light and shade; each large mass of cloud cast a shadow, thereby increasing the number of tints and beauty of the scene.

By 5h. 16m. a height of two miles had been reached; the temperature of the air was 32° F., and dew point 13° ; the air was therefore dry. By 5h. 31m. a height of nearly three miles was reached; the temperature of the air was 23° , and of the dew point minus 23° , the temperature decreasing to 19° by 5h. 34m. This elevation was maintained for half an hour, during which time the temperature increased to 24° , as the sun's altitude increased. Shortly after six o'clock the descent commenced; the temperature which had been as high as 27° .

DIAC DIFFERENT ELEVATIONS

Surrey.

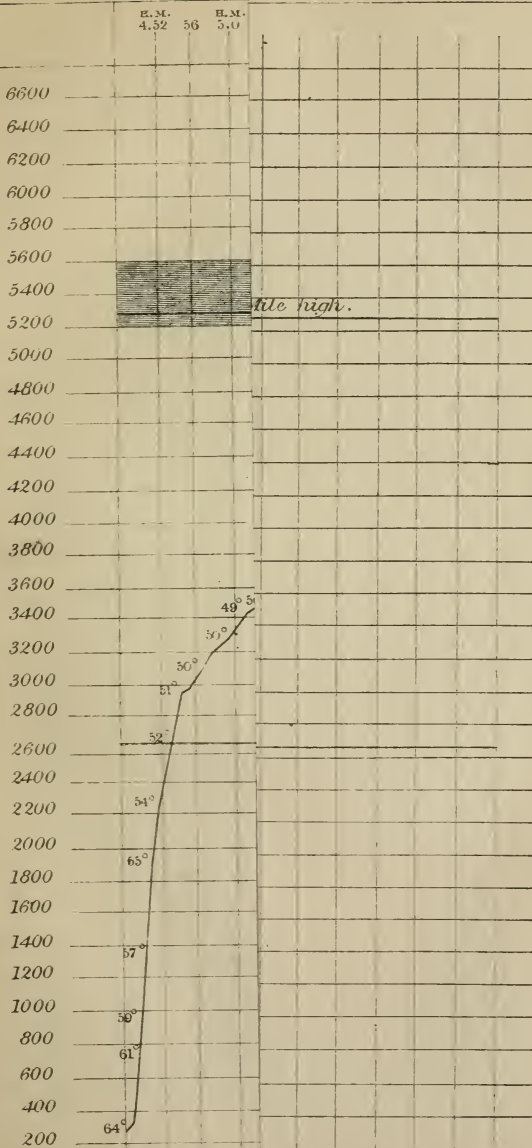
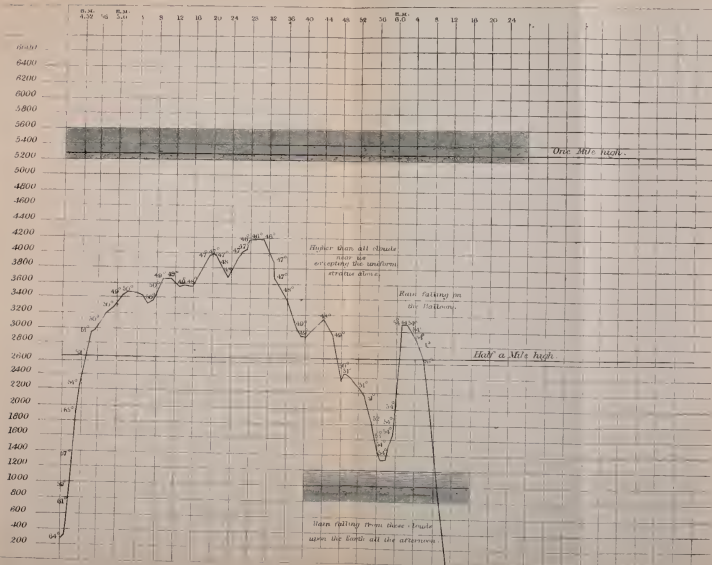


DIAGRAM SHEWING THE PATH OF THE BALLOON, AND TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR AT ITS DIFFERENT ELEVATIONS

September 1.st 1862.

In its ascent from the Crystal Palace, and its descent near Woking, in Surrey.



had decreased to 23° . At 6h. 13m., when two and a quarter miles high, a train was heard; by 6h. 20m., when two miles high, the temperature had increased to 39° , and the dew point to 19° ; at this time, it was noticed that when the ear was on the same level as the watch, the ticking of the latter was inaudible; but when the ear was above it the sound was greatly increased. By 6h. 24m. the temperature had increased to 43° ; that of the dew point 21° . The shadow of the balloon, encircled by an oval of prismatic colour, was here very vivid and distinct, and increased in vividness till a cloud was entered at 6h. 29m., which was left at 6h. 33m. The earth was now in sight, without a ray of sunlight falling upon it; the temperature of the air increased to 56° at 1,000 feet, and to 62° on reaching the ground, which took place very gently at Dunton Lodge, near Biggleswade, the seat of Lord Brownlow.

Ascent from the Crystal Palace on September 1st.

The wind on this day blew from the E.N.E.; the sky was almost covered with cirro-stratus clouds; the horizon was moderately clear. The ascent took place at 4h. 40m. p.m.; the temperature of the air being 64° , and dew point $57\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. The balloon rose to the height of half a mile in four minutes. See Diagram II., showing the path of the balloon. The temperature of the air decreasing to 51° , and of the dew point to 45° ; the whole course of the river from its mouth to beyond Richmond was now in sight. At 5h. 31m., when a height of 4,000 feet was attained, clouds were observed forming and following the whole course of the river, from the Nore up to beyond the higher parts, extending but little beyond its sides, keeping parallel to it, and following all its windings and bendings. The Astronomer Royal has often seen this phenomenon over the part of the river commanded by the Royal Observatory, but it was scarcely expected that clouds throughout its whole course

would have formed so simultaneously and uniformly. On referring to the state of the tide, it was found to be just high water at London Bridge, connecting the formation with the warm water from the sea.

After 5h. 40m. the clouds near the balloon were all below, excepting the uniform stratus above, which were never approached ; and it was noted that the upper surface of the lower clouds were bluish white, the middle the pure white of the cumulus, and the lower a blackish white, and from which rain was falling, as we afterwards learned, all the afternoon. A descent was made to 1,300 feet, still keeping above the clouds. An ascent was then made to 3,000 feet, and rain commenced falling on the balloon ; no difference of temperature from 54° was observed. The falling rain equalizing the temperature, the balloon began to descend, and fell at 6h. 15m., near Woking, in Surrey. The evening being very unpromising, and rain still falling, it was thought unadvisable to keep the gas in the balloon all night for the attempt at a high morning ascent.

Ascent from Wolverhampton on September 5th.

This ascent had been delayed owing to the unfavourable state of the weather. It commenced at 1h. 3m. p.m., the temperature of the air being 59° , and the dew point 48° ; at the height of one mile it was 41° , and dew point 38° ; shortly afterwards clouds were entered of about 1,100 feet in thickness. Upon emerging from them at 1h. 17m., I tried to take a view of their surface with the camera, but the balloon was ascending too rapidly, and spirating too quickly to enable me to do so. All that would have been necessary would have been a momentary exposure, as the flood of light was so great, and the dry plates with which I had been furnished by Dr. Hill Norris so sensitive. The height of two miles was reached by 1h. 21m. The temperature of the

DIAGR DIFFERENT ELEVATIONS

low, Shropshire.

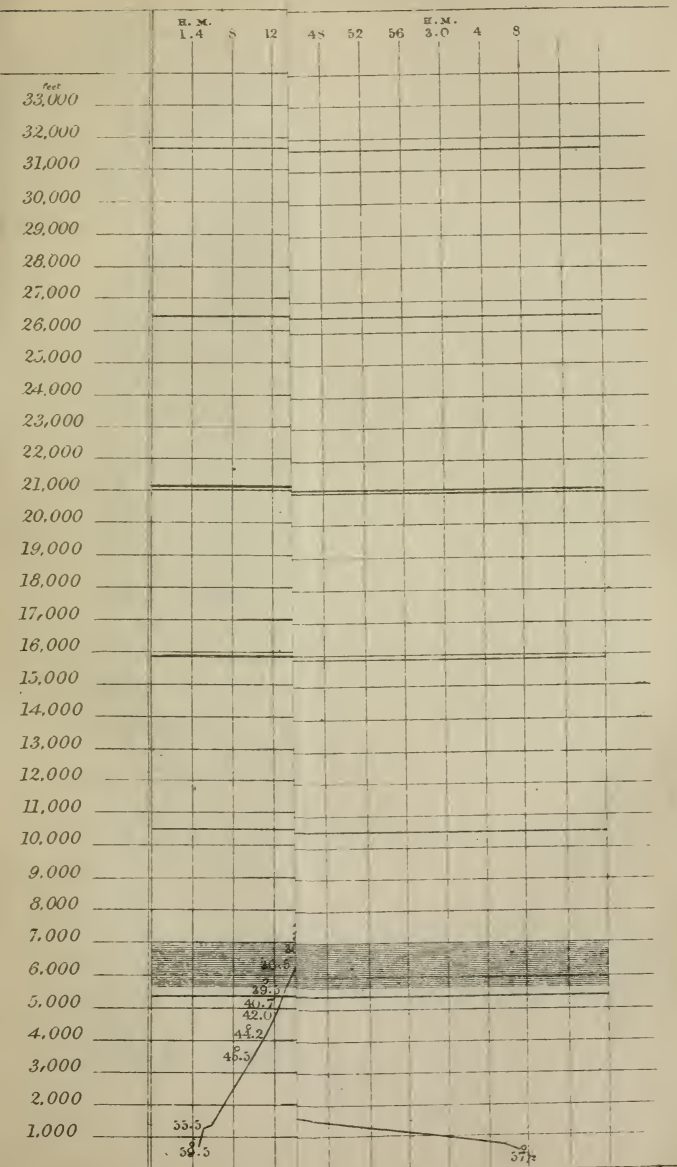
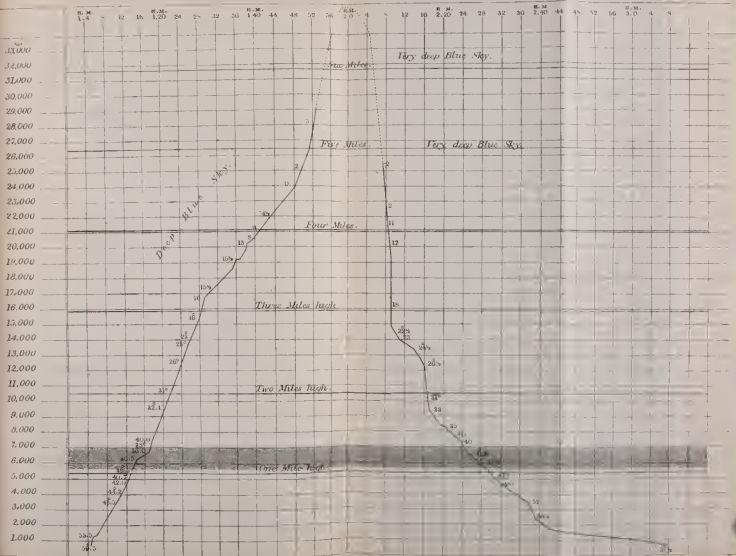


DIAGRAM SHEWING THE PATH OF THE BALLOON, AND TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR AT ITS DIFFERENT ELEVATIONS

September 5th 1862.

In its ascent from Wolverhampton, and its descent at Cold Weston, near Ludlow, Shropshire.



air had fallen to 32° , and the dew point to 26° . The third mile was passed at 1h. 28m., with an air temperature of 18° , and dew point 13° .

The fourth mile was passed at 1h. 39m., with an air temperature of $8^{\circ} 5$, dew point minus 6° ; and the fifth about ten minutes later, with an air temperature minus 5° , and dew point minus 36° .

Up to this time I had experienced no particular inconvenience: when at the height of 26,000 feet I could not see the fine column of mercury in the tube, then the fine divisions on the scale of the instrument became invisible. At this time I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me to read the instruments, as I experienced a difficulty in seeing them. In consequence of the rotatory motion of the balloon, which had continued without ceasing since the earth was left, the valve line had become twisted, and he had to leave the car and mount into the ring above to adjust it. At this time I had no suspicion of other than temporary inconvenience in seeing. Shortly afterwards, I laid my arm upon the table possessed of its full vigour, and on being desirous of using it I found it powerless,—it must have lost its power momentarily. I tried to move the other arm, and found it to be powerless also. I then tried to shake myself, and succeeded in shaking my body. I seemed to have no legs; I could only shake my body. I then looked at the barometer, and whilst doing so, my head fell on my left shoulder. I struggled, and shook my body again, but could not move my arms. I got my head upright, but for an instant only, when it fell on my right shoulder, and then I fell backwards, my back resting against the side of the car, and my head on its edge; in this position my eyes were directed towards Mr. Coxwell in the ring. When I shook my body I seemed to have full power over the muscles of the back, and considerable power over those of the neck, but none over

my limbs ; in fact, I seemed to have none. As in the case of the arms, all muscular power was lost in an instant from my back and neck. I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell in the ring, and endeavoured to speak, but could not do so ; when in an instant intense black darkness came,—the optic nerve lost power suddenly. I was still conscious, with as active a brain as at the present moment whilst writing this. I thought I had been seized with asphyxia, and that I should experience no more, as death would come, unless we speedily descended ; other thoughts were actively entering my mind, when, like every other symptom, I suddenly became unconscious, as going to sleep. I cannot tell anything about the sense of hearing, the perfect silence of the regions six miles from the earth—and at this time we were between six and seven miles high—is such that no sound reaches the ear.

My last observation was made at 29,000 feet, about 1h. 54m. I suppose two or three minutes fully were occupied between my eyes becoming insensible to seeing fine divisions and 1h. 54m., and then that two or three minutes more passed till I was insensible, therefore I think this took place about 1h. 56m or 1h. 57m. Whilst powerless I heard the words, “temperature” and “observation,” and I knew Mr. Coxwell was in the car, and speaking to me, and endeavouring to arouse me,—therefore consciousness and hearing had returned. I then heard him speak more emphatically, but I could not see, speak, or move. Then I heard him again say, “Do, try now, do.” Then I saw the instruments dimly, then Mr. Coxwell, and very shortly saw clearly. I rose in my seat, and looked round, as though waking from sleep, and said to Mr. Coxwell, “I have been insensible ;” and he said, “You have, and I, too, very nearly.” I then drew up my legs, which had been extended out before me, and took a pencil in my hand to begin

observations. Mr. Coxwell told me that he had lost the use of his hands, which were black, and I poured brandy over them.

I resumed my observations at 2h. 7m. I suppose three or four minutes were occupied from the time of my hearing the words "temperature" and "observation" till I began to observe; if so, then returning consciousness came at 2h. 4m., and this gives about seven minutes for total insensibility.

Mr. Coxwell told me that on coming from the ring he thought for a moment I had laid back to rest myself; that he spoke to me without eliciting a reply; that he then noticed that my legs projected and my arms hung down by my side; that my countenance was serene and placid, without the earnestness and anxiety he had noticed before going into the ring, and then it struck him I was insensible. He wished then to approach me, but could not, and he felt insensibility coming over himself, that he became anxious to open the valve, but in consequence of having lost the use of his hands he could not, and ultimately did so by seizing the cord with his teeth, and dipping his head two or three times.

No inconvenience followed this insensibility, and when we dropped, it was in a country where no conveyance of any kind could be obtained, so that we had to walk between seven and eight miles.

In descending, when we arrived at the height of 12,000 feet, the temperature had risen to $26\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and the dew point to 2° ; at 5,500 feet it had risen to 47° , and the dew point to $21\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$, and to $57\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ on the ground. The descent was at first very rapid; we passed downwards three miles in nine minutes; the balloon's career was then checked, and finally came down on a spot in the centre of a large grass field belonging to Mr. Kersall, at Cold Weston, seven and a half miles from Ludlow. On descending, a number of country people stood in a corner of the field, like a flock of frightened

sheep, and it was not till after a good deal of coaxing in very plain English that any one, excepting Mr. Kersall, would approach us. The country people seemed to think we were not mortal.

The path of the balloon on this day is shown in Diagram III. by the continuous black line; and the supposed path after my inability to observe, by the dotted line in continuation.

The numbers engraved above 24,000 feet, viz., 2 and 5 on the ascending, and 2 on the descending line, should have had the sign (—) before them, to show that the temperature of the air at these points was below zero by these amounts.

At the time of ceasing observations, the ascent was at the rate of 1,000 feet per minute; and on resuming observations, the descent was at the rate of 2,000 feet per minute. These two positions must be connected, having relation to the interval of time which elapsed between them, and can scarcely be so connected at a point less than 36,000 or 37,000 feet. Again, a very delicate minimum thermometer was found to read minus 12° , and this reading would indicate an elevation exceeding 36,000 feet. Mr. Coxwell, when not at the extreme height, noticed that the centre of the aneroid barometer, its blue hand, and a rope attached to the car, were in the same straight line; and if so, the reading must have been between 7 and 8 inches, and leads to a height of about 36,000 feet. From all these independent determinations there cannot be any doubt that the balloon attained the great altitude of seven miles, the greatest ever reached.

In this ascent six pigeons were taken up; one was thrown out at three miles; it extended its wings, and dropped as a piece of paper; a second at four miles, and it flew with vigour; a third between four and five miles, and it fell downwards; a fourth was thrown out at four miles on descending,

and it alighted on the top of the balloon ; two were brought to the ground, one was dead, and the other was ill, but recovered so as to fly away in a quarter of an hour.

Ascent on September 8th from the Crystal Palace.

The sky was for the most part obscured by clouds. The ascent took place at 4h. 47m. 28s., the temperature of the air being 67° , and the dew point 61° . At 4h. 52m. the height of half a mile was reached, with a temperature of 59° , and dew point 54° ; at 4h. 55m. clouds were entered, but not passed; the temperature fell to $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and dew point to 49° at 4,300 feet. An ascent was then made to 4,800, the temperature of the air fell to $50\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and the dew point to 48° , but still in the clouds; and then a descent to 3,300 feet, passing out of the clouds, downwards at 5h. 1m., with an air temperature of 52° , dew point 50° . An ascent was then made, and the clouds reached at 4,200 feet, and with the same temperature; the clouds were left at 4,500 feet, emerging into a basin with a blue sky above, the sun shone beautifully, the balloon rose quickly, and the temperature increased from 51° , on leaving the cloud, to 57° , at the height of a mile, and to 60° at 5,400, the dew point temperature being 40° . A descent was made, and the clouds entered at 5,000 feet, with a temperature of 51° , dew point 45° , and left at 4,400 feet. The temperature then rose to 61° , and the dew point 60° , at the height of 800 feet. At this time the Thames was crossed at Gravesend, the passage across occupying 121 seconds. An ascent of half a mile then took place, and Tilbury Fort was passed at the distance of two miles. The descent took place four miles from the Fort at 6h. 10m. p.m.

RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

On looking over the diagrams it will be at once seen that

in no instance has the temperature of the air decreased uniformly with the increase of height. That, in fact, the decrease in the first mile is double of that in the second, and nearly four times as great as the change of temperature in the fifth mile.

The distribution of the aqueous vapour in the air is no less remarkable. If the temperature of the dew point be followed on the diagrams, it will be seen that on leaving the earth it decreases less rapidly than the temperature, so that the difference between the two temperatures becomes less and less till the vapour or cloud plane is reached, when they are usually together, and always most nearly approach each other, and this point is usually at about the height of one mile. That on leaving the upper surfaces of cloud, the dew point decreases more rapidly than the air, and at the extreme high stations the difference between the two temperatures is wonderfully great, indicating an extraordinary degree of dryness, and an almost entire absence of water. Under these circumstances, the presence of cirrus* clouds far above this dry region, apparently as much above as when viewed from the earth, is very remarkable, and leads to the conclusion that they are *not* composed of water.

Electrical State of the Atmosphere.

In the ascent on July 17, the air was found to be charged with positive electricity, becoming less in amount with increased elevation, till at the height of 23,000 feet the amount was too small to measure. It is impossible to say whether at higher elevations there would have been no electricity, or whether it would have changed to negative.

* Cirrus clouds are those at the highest elevation ; they seem to be for the most part motionless ; they are the earliest appearance after serene weather ; they are fibrous in appearance, and increase in all directions.

Time of Vibration of a Magnet.

The general result of all the experiments is, that the magnet vibrates in somewhat a longer interval of time at higher elevations than on the earth. This result is contrary to that found by Gay Lussac in 1804.

On the Propagation of Sound.

On July 17, when at the distance of 11,800 feet above the earth, a band was heard playing.

On July 30, at 5,450 feet, a gun was heard with a sharp sound, then a drum beating, and then a band was heard.

On Aug. 18, at 4,500 feet, the shouting of people was heard.

At 18,000 feet, a clap of thunder.

At 22,000 feet, a clap of loud thunder.

On Aug. 20, at 4,000 feet, heard shouts of people.

4,300, railway whistle.

3,500, bell tolling.

2,200, shouting of people.

3,700, church clock strike.

On Aug. 21, at 4,900, a railway train was heard.

8,200, a gun was heard.

3,500, heard people shouting below.

On Sept. 5, 6,730 feet ascending, heard the report of a gun.

10,070 feet descending, heard the report of a gun.

On Sept. 8, 3,300 feet, heard shouting of people.

In these results we learn that different notes and sounds pass more readily through the air than others. A dog barking has been heard at the height of two miles, a multitude of people shouting not more than 4,500 feet. On August 15, we heard at three different times, that in my notes to the

observations I have called claps of thunder, but I also remarked at these times that a careful examination of the clouds below us failed to discern any thunder cloud. An inquiry afterwards as to the fact of thunder having been heard on the earth at these times, we found none had been, and it was suggested that the sounds we heard might have proceeded from Birmingham, where guns were being proved on that day. It is possible this suggestion may be correct.

Physiological Observations.

On July 17, before starting from Wolverhampton, at my request Mr. Coxwell took the number of his pulsations, and found 74 in one minute. My pulsations were 76 in one minute. At the height of 17,000 feet, mine had increased to 100, and Mr. Coxwell's to 84. On the ground, the number of both our pulsations was 76.

On August 18, the number of our pulsations were both 76 before leaving. At the height of 22,000 feet mine had increased to 100, and Mr. Coxwell's to 98; and afterwards, at a higher elevation, Mr. Coxwell's number was 110, and mine was 107.

On August 21, in the morning ascent, no observations were taken of pulsations before leaving. At the height of 1,000 feet the following results were obtained :—

Mr. Coxwell	.	.	.	95 in a minute.
Mr. Ingelow	.	.	.	80 ,,
Capt. Percival	.	.	.	90 ,,

At 11,000 feet :—

Mr. Coxwell	.	.	.	90 in a minute.
Mr. Ingelow	.	.	.	100 ,,
Capt. Percival	.	.	.	88 ,,
Mr. Glaisher	.	.	.	88 ,,
My son, 13 years of age	.	.	.	89 ,,

At 14,000 feet the following were the results :—

Mr. Coxwell	.	.	.	94 in a minute.
Mr. Glaisher	.	.	.	98 „
Mr. Ingelow	.	.	.	112 „
Capt. Percival	.	.	.	78 „
Master Glaisher.	.	.	.	89 „

The pulsations of Captain Percival were so weak that he could scarcely count them, while those of Mr. Coxwell, he considers, had increased in strength.

These results show that the effects of diminished pressure exercise a very different influence upon different individuals, depending probably upon temperament and organization.

In the ascent on July 17, at the height of 19,000 feet, the hands and lips were noted as dark bluish—not the face. At the height of four miles, the palpitations of the heart were audible, and the breathing was affected; and at higher elevations considerable difficulty was experienced in respiration.

On August 18, the hands and face were blue at the height of 23,000 feet.

On September 5, at the height of about 29,000 feet, I became unconscious, and at the height of about 35,000 feet, Mr. Coxwell lost the use of his hands. At the height of about 29,000 feet I began to recover, and resumed observations at the height of 25,000 feet.

From these results it would seem that the effect of high elevation is different upon the same individual at different times.

GENERAL RESULTS.

That the temperature of the air does not decrease uniformly with increase of elevation above the earth's surface, and that consequently the theory of a decrease of 1° in 300 feet must be abandoned. In fact, more than 1° declines in the first

100 feet, when the sky is clear ; and not so much as 1° in 1,000 feet at heights exceeding five miles. These experiments are the first to give any definite information upon this point ; more experiments are required to settle the question definitely, but the effects of this result upon the laws of refraction will be great ; all the determinations of my elevation in the balloon must be erroneous to some extent, for it has never happened that the mean of the extremities has given the mean of the whole column of air ; and the results are faulty in proportion to the height. This result is most important ; it could never have been ascertained by observations on the earth, and its ascertainment is worth far more than the risk I have run.

The humidity of the air was found to decrease with the height in a wonderfully decreasing ratio, till at heights exceeding five miles the amount of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere was found to be very small indeed.

That an aneroid barometer can be made to read correctly, certainly to the first place, and probably to the second place of decimals, to a pressure as low as seven inches.

That a dry and wet bulb thermometer can be used effectively up to any height on the earth's surface where man can be located.

That we now can answer the question I put on my opening remarks, that the balloon does afford a means of solving with advantage many delicate questions in physics ; that delicate and accurate observations can be made there ; that the observations can be made with tolerable safety to the observer.

These answers, however, must be considered to apply to heights less than three miles, to which height a person may go possessed of ordinary self-possession, but at heights approaching to four miles the observations cannot be made so well, because of the personal distress of the observer, and

no man, I think, affected by heart disease or pulmonary complaints should attempt such a distance from the earth.

That on approaching to five miles high, it requires the exercise of a strong will to take any observations at all.

In all these remarks I am presuming that the balloon is properly handled. For myself, it has been most fortunate that Mr. Coxwell, who came to us in our hour of need, and offered to construct the balloon at his own expense, has had its care. He had had the experience of more than four hundred ascents; he has well studied natural philosophy, and is well conversant with the theory as well as the practice of the management of a balloon. He is possessed of a ready resource, perfect self-possession, and these several qualifications at once gave me full confidence in him, and left my mind free to do my work.

FINAL REMARKS.

Before I sit down, I cannot but feel that the committee of this Association would desire that I should say a few words to you, based upon my experience through life, so far as they would probably be of advantage to you. First, I will venture a remark that it is most prejudicial that young men should consider their education ended on leaving school. The information they have received from their tutors should have prepared them to help themselves, and on this self-help, self-education, self-training, much of the character of every man is dependent, and prepares him to overcome difficulties which he must encounter in life, and to which he would inevitably succumb if always dependent upon others. A teacher can only tell his pupil what to do, and how to do it. He can only give simple and elementary principles, with the view of placing his pupil in a position to cultivate himself, by his own exertions, a better acquaintance with those branches of knowledge or science which may relate to his special avocations or desires.

Many young men depend too much upon natural abilities for success, and many have too little confidence in their own powers. All should know that the power of a man's mind is not solely dependent upon his ability, but that his real momentum is the *product of his talents multiplied into his industry*. Great talents without industry must yield to moderate talents combined with industry.

If you wish to be able to overcome difficulties as they meet you in life, (and the mind experiences great pleasure in overcoming them,) you must train yourselves to conquer them in your studies whilst young; and one great means to this end is by training yourselves, so as to be able to concentrate all your thoughts and all your energies upon the work in which you are engaged, not allowing a single stray thought to enter your mind foreign to your duty. If you fail to conquer vagrant thoughts in youth, when you are older you will not be able to exclude them, and you will be unable to do many things which otherwise you might perform with credit to yourself and benefit to mankind.

This training of the mind to self-control is much aided by a course of reading in mathematics. Many young men say they have no head for mathematics; but they discipline the mind well; their study aids the power of thinking, and they are the only portal to investigations in science.

There are two words I very strongly advise you to exclude, or very nearly so, from your vocabulary; they are the words impossible and impracticable. If I may refer to myself again, I would say it is the power I possess of concentrating my thoughts in the work in which I may be engaged, and the all but exclusion of the two words I have mentioned, which has enabled me to add to the general store of knowledge the facts I have had the pleasure of detailing to you this evening; and each step in this direction, as it brings us nearer to first principles, opens out to our view the prospect

of a wider spread of science, and an increase of the sphere of its usefulness.

It is this feeling which has caused me to dwell thus strongly upon the necessity of self-training, leading to self-control. I strongly advise you to work with zeal. I know that you have difficulties to contend with in self-improvement and in self-examination, and that one of them is that all classes about London, without exception, are engaged a greater number of hours every day than residents in the country, and that therefore in periodic examinations they have some advantage over you ; but, on the other hand, a residence in or near London offers many advantages denied to those far from the metropolis. Every difficulty you overcome will prepare you to conquer the next with more facility ; and bear in mind that you have every incentive to exertion, for in these days of open scholarships and civil service examination there is nothing to keep a man down but his own want of capacity or his want of industry.

Your period of life is a critical one, and besides the dangers always incident to the period of youth, there is a great danger at the present time of forming erroneous ideas on religious subjects. As this Association has been formed for the spiritual welfare of its members, and the increase of their religious activities amongst their companions, by joining it you will be protected from many evils which otherwise would assail you, and be aided in accomplishing much good. Every one of you has some abilities given to you by God for good works ; let, then, your talents be rendered productive by your industry, and be devoted to efforts for the benefit of mankind, and at all times, and under all circumstances, be true to yourselves, to your friends, to society, and to God.



The Purpose of Being.

—

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. RICHARD ROBERTS.



THE PURPOSE OF BEING.

EVERYTHING has a purpose. Nothing high or low, nothing great or small, nothing animate or inanimate, nothing in heaven or earth, or under the earth, exists without a purpose. The universe is the offspring of an intelligent mind, everywhere bearing indications of design. The tiny insect, rendered visible only by the action of the microscope, displays as much design as the leviathan of the deep or the elephant of the forest with their more ponderous forms. Skill, wisdom, and purpose are as much developed in the construction of the vital organs of the small as those of the great. Owing to the contractedness of the human intellect, we may not be able in all things to discover or comprehend the Divine purpose. To compass this would require something more than the finite comprehension of the creature, even the infinite comprehension of the Creator Himself. There is a limit—there must be a limit to all human inquiry, because there is a limit to all creature capacity. However much we may now be perplexed and mastered by the mysterious and inexplicable in the works and ways of the Infinite One, of this one thing we may rest assured, that He who possesses boundless wisdom and inexhaustible energy, cannot, in harmony with His own character, do a purposeless thing. A reason exists in the

Divine mind for everything that the Divine power has ever done. Every star, every animal, every plant, every atom has its own appropriate place and its own individual mission. There are reasons in the Divine mind why so many stars exist, and no more ; why there are so many grains of sand on ocean's shore, and no more or no less ; why that star should be where it is, and not elsewhere ; why this atom of matter should be here, and not at the antipodes. Our feeble minds may be confused and confounded by the vastness of such contemplations, but they must be clear and intelligible to the infinite mind of Him who created and constructed them all, and who gave to each both its place and its mission.

Again, every created thing has a purpose worthy of itself —of its capacities and possibilities. It would have been a reflection on the wisdom and skill of the Artificer to have formed a great object for an insignificant purpose. To have formed one of those stupendous worlds which float in space, simply that it might be a sparkling gem to deck the firmament, or for human eyes to gaze upon, would seem to be a waste of material and a needless expenditure of creative energy. There would have been no proportion between the thing done and the purpose for which it was done. But that vast system occupies its position in the heavens for a higher purpose than that of embellishing the sky, or that of shedding, from its far-off home, a few faint gleams on us below. Science proves that it is connected with other globes and systems, and may give laws to them ; that it is a link in a chain of worlds, which, if snapped, might be sufficient to dissolve the universe. In all the Divine workmanship there is harmony between the thing made and the purpose for which it is made. The nobler the being the nobler the purpose. The lower form of existences subserve the higher. The vegetable form subserves the animal ; the animal subserves the mental ; the mental subserves the spiritual.

Animal life is superior to the vegetable, the intellectual is superior to the animal, but the spiritual is superior to them all.

If, then, it be true that every created thing has an object, a purpose—a purpose commensurate with its capacities—is man exempt from this law? Is he the only exception? He ranks higher than all other visible things. He is capable of moral action, of mental activities, of spiritual prerogatives—of knowing, loving, serving, enjoying, and even of resembling God. He is capable of deep depravity or exalted purity, of high and endless joy or of profound and endless wretchedness. He may be made to thrill with ecstasy or with agony. He may become a demon or an angel. Is this being of wondrous capacities, of fearful possibilities, the victim of chance or the sport of accident? Is he an independent, isolated thing, without any bond of union to link him to God, to the purposes of God, and to the laws which control the universe? Is he who is the greatest of all terrestrial things to become the least of all by living without a purpose? No. This cannot be, this must not be, for it would be a reflection on the wisdom of the Creator. There must be a purpose; there *is* a purpose. Nothing is made in vain. Nothing exists simply for the sake of existence. There must be some higher end, some nobler design.

There are many mighty minds, with a zeal amounting to a passion, who give themselves to the solution of the problem of other existences, while they leave the problem of their own existence untouched and unheeded. They will put the “why” or the “wherefore” in relation to other things, but seldom, if ever, put it in relation to themselves. Passing by as of no moment the mystery of their own existence, they will ask, Why is the earth round? Why does it revolve around the sun? Why is it visited with alternate heat and

cold, summer and winter, storm and calm? Why do rivers flow and showers fall? Why do suns shine and valleys smile with luxuriance? Why do oceans heave and roll with restless activity? Why do snow-capped hills lift their silvered and imperial heads to heaven? Why is the tendency of all material bodies toward the earth? Many of these questions are important, and all of them are deeply interesting, opening out vast and delightful fields of contemplation. We have no wish to disparage or to speak lightly of the great questions relating to science and philosophy; we are nevertheless bold to affirm, that there is another question of infinitely greater importance to you and me. Why am I? Why have I place in this world? Why am I possessed of being? Why am I endowed with an existence superior to everything else around me? I am not here by my own act. I am not here by my own choice. I have been brought into existence without the concurrence of my own will. He who gave me my existence, He who formed and fashioned me, had a purpose. He who made me what I am—a strange complication of spirit and matter, and not a shining, unconscious star; He who made me a man and not a brute, a living soul and not a senseless stone, had a special purpose. What is that purpose? And how may it be accomplished? These are questions in the presence of which all scientific inquiries must pale and fade. It will be of no avail to me that suns and systems, oceans and rivers, mountains, forests and valleys, winds and clouds, beasts and reptiles, birds and fishes, swarming insects and the myriad animalculæ, fulfil respectively the purposes of their being, if I fail to fulfil the higher purpose of my nobler being.

We are aware that the title we have selected is bold and comprehensive, and in its aspect thoroughly religious; and, to some, it may seem more fitted for a sermon than for a lecture.

We, however, lose all hesitation in adopting it, when we remember that the institution under whose auspices we are met has openly inscribed on its fore-front, "The Young Men's Christian Association." Long and ever may this land be blessed with its quiet and powerful agency. Like holy leaven, may it permeate and purify the dense mass of youthful humanity around us, and be the handmaid of Bible and missionary societies in elevating our degraded manhood to its destined dignity. If we rightly understand the purpose of your association, it is not simply conservative, but aggressive; not simply preventive, but curative. In short, it is intended not only to preserve the virtuous, but to reclaim the erring. It is an agency, a power, to promote good and to suppress evil,—to swell the joys and to heal the woes of our bleeding humanity. Our subject is therefore in perfect harmony with both the title and the purpose of your association.

Man is a compound of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual. Our physical powers have been given us for useful action; our mental powers for the acquisition of truth; and our spiritual faculties for the apprehension and enjoyment of God. He who lives in the healthful and legitimate exercise of all these faculties, is the man who really fulfils the sublime purposes of his being.

It may be well, in the first place, to take a *negative* view of our subject by glancing at some things which men are apt to mistake for the great purpose of life; but which, in reality, do not or ought not to constitute that purpose.

Inaction is not the purpose of our being. The law of life is the law of labour. Man is constituted with a love of action, and with capacities for it. He who violates this law is cursed. The indolent man is always a miserable man. Indolence and happiness never co-exist; whereas, the legitimate employment of all our faculties is invariably associated

with bliss. Idleness is a violent and cruel passion, when it once possesses us. It binds its victim in chains of adamant. Himself in bondage, yet the indolent man freely acknowledges the desirableness and bliss of action, and a thousand times wishes he could do as others, but finds that he has woven around himself fetters of iron, which are difficult to shake off. He mourns and repines, because he has left undone what he ought to have done. The sight of incomplete schemes, of unfinished toil, of partially executed plans, fills him with mortification and shame. He reproaches, he hates, and sometimes even curses the sloth which tyrannizes over him, but lacks nerve and courage to shake off its hated tyranny. Action is the law of all healthful life ; stagnation is death. The grass, the corn, the tree must bend in the breeze and be shaken by the storm if they would attain to vigour and fruitfulness. The eagle, if caged from the hour it bursts the shell, will be found when full grown, incapable of soaring to dizzy and sunny heights, and will die long before it reaches the wonted age of its species. Its functions become stiffened and cramped for want of exercise when young and flexible. The languor and decay of death come on when there ought to be the vigour of youth. You must allow the child to crawl, and walk, and exercise his limbs, if you would have him become a strong, sinewy, stalwart man. So, if you would improve and develop your manhood until it reaches the dignity of perfection, you must find scope for the legitimate exercise of all its functions and faculties. If you would be miserable, do nothing ; settle down in a state of sloth and sluggishness, without putting forth a single power. One of the most wretched of men is he who has nothing to do ; or who, if he has a duty to perform, feels the slothfulness of his nature indisposing him to do it. If, on the other hand, you would reach the dignity of your being and enjoy

life, you must know the bliss of doing, the sweets of toil, the joy of working ; and life will be none the less sweet if sometimes you should know the pain of weariness, or the exhaustion of well-spent powers.

Many a youth has been ruined by having an ample fortune left him. Not having wisdom or discretion to use it aright, he becomes proud of his wealth, because it relieves him of the necessity of engaging in what he considers to be vulgar toil. He thinks himself above employing his energies in any of the activities of life. To soil his fingers with work is beneath the dignity of one who holds such vast possessions. His highest ambition is to have a hand white as marble, soft as velvet, transparent as glass. Some may be disposed to envy him his lot, while he himself finds life anything but happy. Months and years will drag wearily on, and having exhausted the popular sources of pleasure, and travelled over the giddy round of fashionable amusements, his ingenuity is severely taxed to devise means to kill the time—

“And labour dire it is, and weary woe ! ”

We have known a man of push and industry, after years of successful toil in business, retiring with a competency into the peaceful enclosure of a country residence, hoping to find in the seclusion and repose of his new position a paradise where he may spend the closing years of life free from wearing toil and anxious cares. His energies are not wholly spent, his powers of mind and body are not exhausted, and yet he expects to find happiness in perfect quietude—in having nothing to do. He is not there long before he finds himself doomed to a bitter disappointment. Contemplating nothing higher than the rest of inactivity, and having no plans for the employment of his time and faculties, he pines away in his fancied paradise ; each day wears wearily away, the mind becomes depressed, health declines,

medical aid is in frequent demand, the man languishes for the bustle of commerce and the excitement of the city. We do not blame him for seeking a comfortable retirement ; to that he has a perfect right, but we do blame him for his inaction, and for his not having made some provision for the quiet but healthful exercise of his faculties. While he has powers lying waste and energies unemployed, he cannot be otherwise than peevish, irritable, and discontented. Let his leisure hours be employed in cultivating the soil, in acts of charity or of Christian usefulness, in the cultivation of his own mind or the minds of others ; let each day bring its round of quiet, but regular duties, and he will then find his life of retirement a blessing, and not a burden ; a source of gladness, and not of sadness. Without this he would simply vegetate, and for a man possessing capacities for high and noble things to live the life of a vegetable would be a curse—a curse both to himself and to others.

The seclusion or separation of our person from the outer, the secular world, is not the purpose of life.—To devote one's self to an anchoretic or monastic life, to be immured in the dungeon of a convent, to be severed from society, to subject ourselves to a voluntary imprisonment within the gloomy walls of a religious establishment under the pretence of special sanctity, where there is no scope for the vigorous and healthful exercise of our active powers, where there is no opportunity for developing the strength of Christian virtue or the triumph of Christian principle,—surely this is not the purpose of being. The virtue which is fostered in these homes of religious exile is sickly and sentimental, wanting in manly vigour and moral courage. Christian virtue is not a weakly, cowardly thing, that shrinks from the roughs of life or the hostile influences of the world, but a strong, stalwart, heroic thing, able with a vigorous hand to roll back the tide of evil which ever and anon comes upon

it, and to grapple successfully and triumphantly with the giant foes which cross its path on its way to the light and life of heaven. Tell me not of the sickly virtue which mopes and mourns in its religious cell, which wastes itself away with fasts and vigils, which spends its time in the childish play of counting beads and repeating Paternosters and Ave Marias ; but tell me rather of that noble virtue which manfully battles with the ills of life, which lives unpolluted in the midst of corruption, which walks with unstained garment in the midst of a perverse and depraved society, and which strains every nerve to roll away the huge burden which crushes the great heart of the world. The virtue of the monastic cell is like the exotic, delicate and frail, needing hot-house culture, and is blighted when exposed to the outer storm ; whereas the virtue which toils, and battles, and suffers, is like the majestic oak—the growth of ages. It needs no glass-house to dwell in, no artificial heat to make it grow and luxuriate, but asks you simply to give it air and soil, and wind and sunshine, and storms—yes, storms, if you please, for even these will serve only to loosen the soil, that the roots may strike deeper, travel farther, take firmer hold of the heart of the earth, draw fresh nourishment, and, as the result, the tree itself will be clad with a more luxuriant foliage, and extend its branches over a wider area. These homes of pious seclusion are not the homes of the brave and the noble, but of the timid, the cowardly, and the effeminate. We do not forget that one of the bravest hearts that ever beat in human bosoms did once—very reluctantly, though—consent to be immured in one of these religious prisons, and that heart belonged to Martin Luther. The poor monk, however, soon made the discovery that his heart was too large for his prison-home, that it could not breathe or live, that it must have been stifled if doomed long to remain in so contracted a place. While there his moral nature heaved

with disquietude, his great heart beat with such giant throbs, until, like a piece of artillery, it made a breach in the wall which encompassed him, and glad enough he was to find a way of escape.

The acquisition of power, wealth, or fame, is not the final purpose of being.—We are not among those who cry down these things. We have no disposition to utter a sweeping sentence of condemnation on those who are ambitious to possess them. We would not say a word to discourage you in the earnest and legitimate strife for them. If your energies are devoted to commerce, get rich if you can, without polluting your conscience or violating Christian principle. If the political or social interests of your country or of the world, command your attention, you have a perfect right to acquire all the power you can, remembering that, when possessed, a higher authority holds you responsible for the use you make of it. If you pursue a profession, or are devoted to literature, there is nothing in Christianity to forbid your coveting and earnestly striving for fame, or even pre-eminence among your rivals. Your course being fixed, your business or profession chosen, we do *not* say to any one of you, Be satisfied with a subordinate position; do not be anxious to excel; do not trouble if others go ahead of you. No; this is not our advice. To every young man engaged in legitimate toil, our advice is, Seek in every way, with strict regard to right principle, to excel, to stand high, even the highest among your compeers. Be not satisfied with grovelling in the dust of obscurity. Step up; climb the ladder, and rest not until you have reached its topmost round; but let it be with the full assurance that every upward step is based on right and truth. Christianity is intended not to destroy, but to regulate your ambition. It does not teach you to be regardless of the respect of others, but bids you rather covet the approval and esteem of those above and around you: it bids

you so to discharge your responsibilities that you may create for yourself a good degree, and be counted worthy of promotion. The very genius of human nature is progressive. Ambition is an instinct of the human soul which we have no desire to see crushed or eradicated. We have no sympathy with the youth who can remain stationary for ten years or more without ever feeling ambition stirring up the very deeps of his soul to covet the higher walks open to him in the course he has adopted. To you, young men, we say, seek to gain the very highest point that is at all accessible to you, but be sure you so seek that, when you reach it, you may have the happy consciousness that you have reached it along the high road of uprightness, truth, and integrity; and not by the crooked and inglorious path of treachery, deceit, and falsehood. If, however, after a lawful and earnest strife, you do not gain the heights for which you set out, but find that some mightier spirits have gone ahead of you, that you have been left in the rear by more gifted ones, do not envy, do not complain, but make the best of your humbler position, and strive to cherish thankfulness that there are in the world stouter hearts and greater spirits than your own. While we sincerely wish you good speed in your upward way for honour, wealth, and power, we would admonish you not to make either one or even all of them *the* purpose of life. They may fairly constitute a subordinate purpose, but not the grand and primary purpose of existence. Even when possessed, you will find that they fall lamentably below the demands of your nature, and that you have wants which they can never supply. You would be conscious of strange yearnings and deep longings which even all the grandeur of earth could never satisfy. There would be felt an outgoing of soul for something beyond, for a good more adapted to your deathless instincts. When all the things which your earthly ambition can covet are viewed in the light of your

immortality—your higher being—they dwindle and seem of little worth. *They* must perish, but *you* must remain. You may now grasp them all, but death will relax that grasp, and you will cease to own them. What, then, will they avail you a hundred years hence, in a world where all distinctions between rich and poor, between monarch and subjects, are for ever abolished?

Happiness is not the final purpose of being.—The instinct after happiness is one of the strongest in the human soul. More or less, it is an instinct we all obey, and an instinct that we may lawfully obey in a subordinate degree. To enthrone it in the soul, to give it the supremacy, to yield ourselves up to its every impulse, regardless of consequences, would not only be wrong but perilous, and be sure to end in disappointment and defeat. And yet we cannot be blind to the fact that there are some mean, niggardly spirits, who have not a thought or a care to bestow on any one beside themselves, on any interests beside their own. Self-seeking, and strangers to everything like noble disinterestedness, they endeavour to bend everything to their own selfish purpose. There is not an object that walks the earth so hateful as the supremely selfish man. Blending in his nature the wiliness of the fox and the fierceness of the hyena, he lies in ambush for his prey, and suddenly pounces upon the unwarned and unarmed, seizing the spoil, and leaving not a vestige behind; or, like a whirlpool, he sucks down all interests within the range of his influence into the devouring eddying depths of his own selfishness, and yet never says, "I am satisfied." It matters not to him that what he thus devours are the wrecks of other interests strewn on life's main, and, in many cases, the wrecks of nobler men than he. Not unfrequently are such men made to learn the painful lesson, that he who lives only for self, only to secure personal happiness, never obtains the coveted

bliss; while he who devotes himself to self-denying toil to benefit others, finds bliss enthroned within. There is a grandeur in the self-oblivion of the generous soul which makes the selfish man look small and contemptible. It may be regarded as a law that happiness never comes to him who lives for *it* alone, while it always comes as the reward of right doing and the right use of life. Selfishness and happiness can never co-exist. The heart that never thinks and never cares about any interests but its own, is a narrow, contracted, shrivelled thing, that can never know anything of the boundings of bliss or the outgoings of joy.

On a wild, wintry night, a vessel laden with an immortal cargo reaches our rock-bound coast. She labours and heaves in the swelling storm. Every timber groans, every cord strains. Driven helplessly by the fury of the elements, she strikes the fatal rock. The shrieks and wails of the perishing now pierce the sky, and are borne ashore on the swift wings of the wind. Signals of distress are hoisted, and a piercing appeal for help is made. But the man in charge of the life-boat, and the fittest for the task, declines to give his help; and, folding his arms, with calm composure says, "I have too much respect for my own ease and comfort to expose myself to such a storm, or to risk my life for any one." With these sentiments, he seats himself by his own fireside, where he may hear the elements roaring without feeling them. The shrieks of the perishing mingle with the howl of the storm; but no matter, he is unmoved, and cares not who perish, so that he is safe. Your deepest nature is stirred; your hottest indignation burns. Terms too severe cannot be found to express your deep hatred of a selfishness so base. But turn from him to the other man, who no sooner hears of the wreck than he nobly braces himself up for the perilous task, and says, "If human means can save them, they shall be saved." And

away he goes, amid the swell of a roaring sea, manfully battling with the raging elements, and risking his own life to rescue that of others. There can be no question as to which is the higher style of man. But it is not in the point of noble daring alone that we would contrast these two characters. We are prepared to look at them on the question of happiness, and to maintain that the brave and self-sacrificing is by far the *happier* man of the two. Let us glance at them. Has the selfish man, who declined the task out of regard to his own comfort, secured that which he sought? Does he find himself at ease, and his mind contented and composed? Is he really happy? No. While apparently calm on his hearth, warming himself with the sparks of his own fire, he possesses the painful consciousness of having ignominiously declined a noble service; he feels a power within severely reproaching him with cowardice and selfishness. He not only heaps reproaches upon himself, but feels he has fairly incurred the reproaches of others. Conscious of having lost both his comfort of mind and the respect of the public, he spends his time in vainly wishing—a thousand times wishing—he had had courage enough to address himself to the perilous toil, so as to have averted from himself the tempests of reproach which now beat upon him from without as well as from within. But look at the other man. Noble and generous feelings beat high and strong in his bosom, even while struggling with wind and waves. He feels within the consciousness that he is doing a brave and philanthropic act, and that very consciousness makes him happy amid perilous rocks and a yawning ocean, when borne high on the mountain wave, or buried in the chasm between two. What a tide of joy floods his soul when he lifts from the rock the first of the perishing ones! How does that tide of gladness rise and swell, as he bravely hands up from the wreck into the boat each individual in succession, until

the very last man is rescued and saved ! That joy reaches a happy consummation when, with his precious freight of living men, he gains the shore, amid the shouts of spectators, the tears and joys of relatives, and the benedictions of saved ones. Give me the lot of the man whose heart is pierced by the wail of distress, and who, prompted by a noble impulse, stretches out his hand to save the lives of others, although it be at the risk of losing his own, rather than the miserable reproaches of him who cowardly shrunk from the act of self-denying and self-sacrificing philanthropy.

Take another case. One young man, under the pretence of the multiplied engagements of the week, and the exhaustive efforts of the six days, spends his Sabbath in comparative idleness, lounging on his couch, and, out of regard to his own ease and comfort, declines to undertake any service for the benefit of others on the Lord's day. With ignorance, depravity, and misery abounding around him and appealing to his sympathies, he remains unmoved; and, amid the cries of a perishing world, wraps himself up in the mantle of self-indulgence. His Sabbath passes unimproved, and there is not a living man the better for a word that he has spoken, or an act that he has performed. But look at the other young man. With equally pressing and toilsome daily duties, he gives himself on the Sabbath to Christian toil, devotes himself to some department of service, the tuition of the young in the school, or the distribution of tracts—sometimes amid contumely and scoffs; or threads his way through lanes, and alleys, and courts, and up the creaking stairs to the lonely garret, where the sufferer is wasting away on his pallet of straw, there to minister to the dying one the words of life, and breathe to Heaven on his behalf an earnest prayer. After spending the leisure hours of the Sabbath in hallowed toil, he retires wearied and worn, and is gladder to find the repose of his pillow on the Sabbath night than on any other

night of the week. It is not necessary to pause for a single moment to ask which is the nobler of the two, or which is the happier of the two. I am glad to think that I am speaking the sentiments of many of you who hear me, when I say, let me have stiffened limbs, a wearied frame, exhausted energies, and an aching brow ; but with these give me the consciousness that I have been made a blessing to a soul, that spirits are better for my toil, that I have done something to assuage the grief of humanity, to lift the world from its ruin and misery, and to hasten the glorious consummation, and then I covet not the ease or downy couch of him who has spent his Sabbath in indolent repose and the pleasures of self-indulgence.

Life has a purpose, and if that purpose be neither inaction, nor seclusion from the world like that of the hermit; nor the acquisition of wealth, and fame, and power; nor yet the possession of personal happiness, what can it be ? The purpose of life may be summed up in two brief and simple words—*To be good—to do good.*

In order to fulfil the purpose of being, we must *be* good. Conformity to the moral character of God is the highest form of moral excellence. True goodness is God-likeness. We are good only so far as we resemble God. The primary and highest purpose of every religion, whether true or false, is to assimilate its disciples to its gods. Christianity contemplates no higher purpose than to assimilate man to God. Inspiration, by a single stroke of its pencil, has sketched with marvellous accuracy and skill the character of God : “Thou art good, and doest good.” This, then, is our pattern, our model ; and we fulfil the purpose of life only when we copy that pattern or resemble that model.

The will of the Creator is the law of the universe. Any and every object, whether animate or inanimate, intelligent or unintelligent, fulfils the purpose of its being only while it

obeys that will. Some things fulfil that will *without* their own consent ; for instance, the material, inanimate universe, the earth, the sea, rivers, stars, systems, and stormy winds. In these there is no consciousness, no volition, no power of resistance, and consequently there is no virtue in their obedience. In the material universe, God speaks, and it is done ; He commands, and it stands fast for ever. Other things fulfil that will *with* their own consent. All birds, beasts, fish, and insects are governed by instinct, and from that instinct they never deviate. The law is within them, and from that law they cannot depart. There is therefore no morality, no virtue in their obedience ; it is only a blind obedience to a law that is absolute and irresistible. Other beings, again, fulfil the will of God *against* their own will. This is the case with evil men and evil spirits, when their schemes are defeated, overruled, and made to issue in results quite the reverse to what they purposed. Others, again, fulfil that will *by* the full consent of their own will. This is the case with all holy beings, in whatever world they reside. Their wills are blended with the Divine will, and their lips ever quiver with the inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" To have my character conformed to the moral character of God ; to have my will one with His ; to have my whole being in harmony with His sentiments, sympathies, thoughts, and purposes ; to have my entire soul permeated, ennobled, filled, and inspired by His indwelling, so as to feel every power and every faculty under His immediate impulse ;—this is Christianity, and life cannot be said to be lost or wasted by him who has devoted himself to the attainment of this dignity of God-likeness.

Having been made good by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, our next purpose should be—to *do good*. This is the burden of our message, this evening, to you, the Christian young men of this association.

When Christianity makes the foe a friend, converts the rebel into a willing subject, and subdues the scoffing sceptic into an humble disciple,—not satisfied for that individual simply to remain as a monument of her renewing power, Christianity bids him go and try upon others the power of that truth which subdued him. She purposes that every convert should become an agent, that he should devote himself to some department of holy toil, so as to multiply her trophies and extend her triumphs. Animated by a new spirit, touched by a nobler impulse, and impelled by the most sacred and most powerful of all motives—love, the new disciple is expected to go forth to raise the fallen, to reclaim the wanderer, to assuage the grief of humanity, and to ease the aching heart of the world. To such a mission we are all called. Not an individual is exempt. Each one, however humble his capacities, however obscure his station, may have conferred on him the honour of being a co-worker with God in the great work of the world's renovation. We may not, we cannot, all have posts of equal honour. One may have to give himself to the ministry of the Word; another, to the distribution of religious tracts; another, to the training of the young in schools; another, to the visitation of the sick and destitute; another, to speaking, on all seasonable occasions, with directness and point to individuals, on the subject of personal religion; another, to living out the truth in the presence of godless and scoffing associates, where his life of holiness constitutes a daily protest against their abominations, a living evidence of the truth of Christianity, and a practical exemplification of its purity. But whatever may be your position or capacity, you are challenged by a voice from heaven to share in this enterprise of mercy: "To do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Let there be no shuffling, no shaking off of the obligation, no

transfer of the responsibility. Tell us not you have no talent. Do what you can. Heaven asks no more. Do not plead the want of opportunity. Fields of usefulness open to invite men of all ranks and of all capacities. Not a day passes in the history of any one of us without presenting some opportunity for benefiting others, for making a miserable world happier, and a bad world better. What we need are wisdom and heart to seize the occasion, and turn it to the best possible account.

To do good to others is *in perfect harmony with reason*. The world needs your help. It groans beneath the weight of its accumulated miseries. You may not be able to remove the *entire* burden, and because you cannot do all, you may be tempted to do nothing. But if you cannot *abolish* the crushing load, you may *lighten* it by removing some of the particles, and if it be but a single atom, let even this be done; and then, some other kind hand may come and remove another, until, by your united efforts, the whole is abolished, and our poor humanity once more stand erect. Suppose a river of rank poison rushed through your city, that thousands upon thousands hurried on, pitcher in hand, to gulp down a draught of the fatal flood; that all who tasted, after an interval of the intensest agony, fell lifeless on the earth; until at length your streets are strewn with the loathsome bodies of the infatuated throng, and at every turn you encountered piled heaps of the dead. Would you not feel? Would not your deepest nature be stirred? Would you not be impelled to assuage the suffering, to stay the evil, to warn the infatuated who are still flocking to the stream,—nay, to seize them, and, as with violence, force them away from the fatal current? We have to deal with facts even more startling than this. A mightier catastrophe has befallen the land we live in. A polluted, infidel literature sends forth through every town and city its streams of

deadly errors, empoisoning untold thousands of noble minds, while multitudes more of the depraved and guilty, drink only to stupify conscience, and to produce a forgetfulness of the unwelcomed truths of judgment, retribution, and eternity. Under the influence of these stupifying draughts, many struggle, agonize, and die. This process is going on year after year, month after month, day by day ; it is going on around us, among our neighbours, and each day bears on its tide some wretched victim into the awful future. Amid such desolating scenes, it would be heartless to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" You are your brother's keeper. God holds you responsible for your brother. What, then, have you done, what are you doing, to stem the tide, to create a distaste for that which destroys, and to turn aside the deluded millions from certain ruin? Is there one from whose lips you have dashed the cup of death? Is there one whom you have arrested on his way to the fatal flood? Does the blessing of one that was ready to perish fall on your head and heart? Is there a rescued one anywhere, in heaven or on earth, who owes his deliverance to your intervention? Press these questions home to your individual conscience. Let them sink deep into your heart. Ponder them well. Rest not until you can give to them an affirmative answer.

To do good is in perfect harmony with the very genius of our Christianity.—When a man becomes the subject of a moral renewal, the recipient of saving grace, one of the first and deepest feelings of his soul, next to that of gratitude to his Divine Deliverer, is that of an earnest desire to bring others into the possession of the same joyful experience. This constitutes one of the signs of the new life ; and when a professedly converted man finds himself wanting in this sign, he may conclude that he has very fair ground for questioning the genuineness of his conversion.

Christianity is aggressive in its very character, and is destined to become the religion of the world,—to sway all minds, to regulate all councils, to give laws to all nations, and to enthrone itself in all hearts. All this is to be brought about through human agencies. Man is to act on man, heart on heart, mind on mind. Higher orders of intelligences are not challenged to the field except as witnesses. Both the responsibility and honour of engaging in the strife belong to us men. Who will bespeak the praises of the Great Teacher, if the disciples whom He has taught are silent? Who will proclaim the skill of the Great Physician, if those whom He has healed are speechless? Who will publish the glories of Immanuel's person, if those who have been favoured with the vision be mute? Who will announce His faithfulness and love, if silence seal the lips of those who have been admitted into His fellowship? Go ye, Christian young men, go; and not only confess Him, but commend Him to those who know Him not; and who, because they know Him not, love Him not. If not called to occupy the pulpit, yet, as a Christian, it behoves you ever to act on the conviction, that if Christianity is a good thing for you, it would also be a good thing for your neighbour and friend. Whether in the office or the sale-room, whether on the exchange or in the shop, whether an artisan or a professional, you should never forget that, as a Christian, you have a mission to those who are your daily associates. Ever and anon, your cry to them should be, "Come with us, and we will do you good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

A pagan writer says: "A good man is a common good. None but a good man is really a living man. The more good any man does, the more he really lives." The Koran, with all its abominations, contains this lofty sentiment: "God loves those that are inclined to do good." Both pagan and

Mahommedan unite in ranking the act of doing good among the noblest virtues of our nature. To be a mere cipher in society, to live for years in a world where there is so much error and misery, without doing anything to relieve it, is a calamity—a curse. To pass away from the stage of this earthly existence and never be missed is a thing to be greatly dreaded. There have been men who have so lived, that when they died, many felt that their removal relieved the earth of an incubus and of a pest. Be it your ambition so to live that when you die there may be a vacancy left in society which survivors may find difficult to fill up. So live that the world by your removal may feel it has lost a great good, a beneficent power, and that tears of sincere regret may be shed over your grave by those to whom you have been a benefactor. If you would have yourself embalmed in the memory of posterity, do not suppose that this can be done by your relatives rearing over your remains a monumental tombstone and inscribing thereon your virtues in a flattering elegy. Rear your own monuments before you go hence. Let the pathway of life be studded with monuments reared by your own hand, in the shape of characters that you have reformed, hearts that you have blessed, and souls that you have raised from degradation and ruin into virtue and honour. Never mind about having your name inscribed in splendid marble. By your pre-eminent goodness, by the weight of your moral character, by your holy power, inscribe it on hearts that shall live when the marble tablet shall have decayed ; inscribe it on souls, that it may be read in the light of eternity by a witnessing universe.

Another consideration that ought to move us to the doing good, is the fact that *we cannot be neutral*. We must do good or evil. We must exert an influence on the world for its weal or for its woe. This is unavoidable. From every man, every day of life, there streams forth, either directly or

indirectly, an influence for evil or for good—an influence that helps to form the moral character of our race. This is true of our *actions*. Every action makes an impression on those who are eye-witnesses of it. Our children learn more from what they see us do than from what they hear us say. The act makes a deeper impression than the speech. Experience and observation prove that the child is far more likely to do what the father practises than what the father teaches. The words are too easily and too frequently forgotten, while the act becomes photographed in a more permanent form on the tablet of memory. Man possesses in an eminent degree the imitative faculty. When the first case of poisoning with strychnine became known, many followed. Those who had around them some whose presence was unwelcome, adopted the same method to rid themselves of what they felt to be troublesome. Only let a man by a certain course of action acquire power, or honour, or wealth, and there will not be wanting other men who will imitate him, and adopt precisely the same process, with the hope of realizing precisely the same results. How frequently have you been told by your father's friend, "That look, that tone, that word, that movement, or that act, so reminds me of your father. It is so like him." Thus, certain features in your father's character are reproduced in you by the unconscious influence which his life wielded over you while yet a child. In like manner your character, be it good or evil, will be reproduced in those whom you are now influencing.

This principle is true, not only of our actions, but also of our *thoughts*. Thoughts, when expressed, are moving powers. A thought uttered by you stirs up certain emotions in the man who hears it. Those emotions move him to a course of action which otherwise he would not have adopted. That very action will affect others, so that the influence of the

thought that produced the action will go on from man to man, from generation to generation, and will live, move, and act with accumulating force, even to the latest hour of the world's history. In the great revealing day, it may startle you to behold what a vast harvest of motive, of purpose, and of action, has sprung up from that solitary seedling of thought sown by you in that individual mind. Suppose a virtuous, unsophisticated youth, placed in the midst of profane and profligate companions. An impure thought is lodged in his hitherto pure mind. Instead of expelling the foul demon at once, he cherishes it. It acts upon his imagination, and imagination in its turn draws its fancy pictures, which quicken and inflame his passions. He becomes *mentally* familiar with impure scenes. His thoughts revel in them, until at length he finds himself hurried, as if by some demon power, to realize in act what hitherto has only been a fancy picture hung up in the gallery of an exuberant imagination. He himself becomes profligate and profane. Ruined himself, he goes about ruining others. Once he was tempted, but now he has become a tempter. Multitudes are seduced by him into forbidden paths, and these in their turn become seducers; and so the succession will run on. It is impossible to conceive the extent of the catastrophe, and the magnitude of the ruin resulting from the lodgment of that solitary thought of impurity in that ingenuous mind. There are latent passions in the human breast which a single thought, like a spark of fire falling on a powder magazine, may set on fire of hell, and terrible is the guilt incurred by the incendiary who sets fire to the destructive train.

The truth that we now seek to impress on your mind is, that you cannot live without exerting some degree of influence — without giving to the world an impulse in the direction of virtue or vice, in the pathway of truth or error. You cannot, even if you would, limit your influence to the

narrow circle of self. It streams forth as naturally, and sometimes as unconsciously, as light from the sun or heat from the fire. The material world abounds with analogies of this doctrine of human influence. Look at the gallant vessel, with spreading sails and merry crew, ploughing the mighty main, dividing the waters, and leaving for a moment a hoary pathway in her train. To the observer's eye all seems speedily to settle; the divided waves close in and embrace each other; the foaming, whitened crest disappears, the usual calm is restored, and the ocean assumes its wonted appearance. But science assures us that the influence of that keel has not so soon subsided. That ship has put in motion a power that will travel onwards and onwards until it shall be felt by the wave that breaks on the remotest shore of ocean, and until it stir every briny drop in the mighty deep. The simple waving of my hand puts in motion the whole of the atmosphere which surrounds us. If the air were visible, we should see it in successive waves dashing against the opposite wall, then driven back, and moving on in broken wavelets in different directions, until every atom of the atmosphere in the room was touched and stirred, simply as the result of the action of my hand. That little insect basking in the summer sun, rejoicing in his new-found powers, and fluttering his invisible wing in the air, sets atmospheric wavelets in motion that shall radiate and not cease until they have stirred the whole of the atmosphere that encompasses the globe. So it is with men. By your living example, your action, thought, purpose, you are putting in motion a power that shall survive yourself—a power that shall live, act, and move to the latest generation.

Take another illustration. The very air we breathe becomes vitiated by the respiration of the living. Every breath I draw I am diminishing the purity of the atmo-

sphere, and adding to its pollution. What becomes of all this corruption, emanating at every breath from a living, breathing world? Science has proved that plants, from the gigantic oak to the tiniest flower, are every moment converting what is deleterious in the atmosphere into nourishment for themselves. That which is poison to me is nourishment to the vegetable; and that which would be death to me is life to the plant. The fragrant rose and the deadly nightshade co-operate in purifying and cleansing the atmosphere. They consume for their own sustenance that which would be injurious to me, and thus help to secure for me an atmosphere that will invigorate my frame, and quicken into healthful throbs the pulse of my life. This helps us also to explain the purpose for which God made vast forests and wide extensive plains of herbage to flourish in great luxuriance remote from the habitation of men. The strong winds of heaven, sweeping over our land with the might of a hurricane, bear away our vitiated and sometimes stagnant atmosphere over plains, and prairies, and forests, and these consume the injurious elements in the atmosphere, which, if they had remained, would have poisoned us, and occasioned disease and death. If there be not trees, and herbs, and plants enough to absorb all that is injurious to man in the air, then the sea, lashed into storms, shall help in the work of purifying. Every lifted wave, as it descends, carries with it into its briny home some of the pollution which taints the air. The very spray, as it dashes fantastically in a thousand sparkling gems, abstracts from the atmosphere through which it passes much impurity, and buries it in the depths of ocean. God thus shakes the air and the waters together to bury in the deep those putrid and pestilential effluvia which the vegetables on earth had failed to consume. There is a moral atmosphere which souls breathe and inhale. Your thoughts, purposes, and motives are constantly affecting this atmo-

sphere of mind, and contribute more or less to make it what it is, so that other minds may be said to inhale your thoughts, purposes, and principles. Every man, whether consciously or unconsciously, is thus helping to form the character of our race. It is our business to see that we contribute to this atmosphere in which souls live only that which is pure and good, and calculated to improve mind and not pollute it, and to give to souls health and vigour, and not disease and death.

Tell us not that you have no time, no talent, no influence. This is simply an excuse. Moreover, it is not true. It is not true of him who occupies the humblest sphere and the most obscure station. Every man is a centre from which influence circulates with all the certainty of a law. Believing this to be inevitable, we would summon you to the highest style of goodness. There are many forms of doing good. The *philosopher* is doing good when, with eager gaze, he soars on the telescope to heaven, or dives into the depths of the earth, bringing up to view some of the hitherto hidden laws of nature, and making discoveries which astonish the world, and which may regulate the destinies of nations. The *statesman* is doing good when, with wisdom and energy, he guides the vessel of the state amid rocks, and shoals, and quicksands into a harbour of safety, and when, by his skilful policy, he saves the interests of a nation from becoming a wreck. The *warrior* is doing good when, with indomitable courage, he risks his life for the defence of right and truth, or for the suppression of tyranny and the overthrow of despotism. The *philanthropist* is doing good when, with self-sacrificing zeal, he relieves the distress, soothes the griefs, and wipes the tears of a sorrowing humanity. These all wield an influence, which, if rightly directed, may prove a vast and incalculable benefit to our race. We would not by any means disparage the good done by such men, but we

do say, with all boldness, that in neither case is it the highest form of goodness of which man is capable. There is something greater than the discoveries of science, or good statesmanship, or splendid victories, or the relief of physical suffering. We put no check on your ambition to excel in science, or philosophy, or art, or politics, or any other department of legitimate toil to which your energies may be directed. But we say to each and all of you, envy not as your *highest* honour the greatness of the mail-clad warrior who disenthral a nation from the thralldom of an impious despot, or who flings a palladium no less precious than himself to shield the honour of his country and the stability of its throne ; envy not as your highest honour the greatness of the statesman who, with marvellous skill and success, wields the political destinies of his country ; envy not as your highest honour the greatness of the philosopher who names and numbers stars, who measures their magnitudes, and ascertains their laws, their distances, and their relationships ; envy not as your highest honour even the greatness of the philanthropist, who relieves the physical wants and heals the physical woes of a suffering fellow. There is a greatness far greater than all these, even the greatness of benefiting souls, of elevating spirits, of linking them to all that is great and divine in the universe of God. Envy rather the greatness of turning souls from error to truth, from folly to true wisdom, from vice to virtue, from the path of death to the path of life. And once you possess the high consciousness of having reversed the destiny of some immortal from death to life, from woe to bliss, you may claim for yourself an honour before which all the achievements of philosophy, science, and art must for ever pale and fade. Yea, let me lodge in the mind of a man a thought that shall stir his deepest nature, and send him on a new career of life and virtue ; let me kindle aspirations after God and truth and holiness in a

mind that was debased and grovelling ; let me disenthral mind from the bondage of fatal error ; let me emancipate one soul from the tyranny of vile and vicious habits, and I do a greater work than if I were to knock off the fetters of a million slaves. Everything appertaining merely to the body dwindles into absolute insignificance when compared with the more momentous and more permanent interests of souls. Were you, by some marvellous power given you by the Creator, able to save the whole of mankind from ever becoming the victims of death ; were you to avert from all now living the humiliation of dying and the degradation of the grave ; were you to raise to affluence and honour all the poor who are now oppressed with want ; were you to heal all who are at this moment languishing under the influence of affliction, and give ease to all who are racked and tortured with painful diseases ; were you to enthrone reason in all the seats it has forsaken, and restore mind to all the pitiable inmates which crowd our asylums ;—men would hail you as the greatest benefactor the world ever knew, and the blessing of him who is ready to perish would come upon you. But all this, great as it might be, is nothing as compared with the act of securing a happy destiny for one immortal soul. In the estimation of the Lord Jesus it would only be as the dust of the balance, and lighter than vanity compared with the act of bringing one erring spirit back to truth and God. I do a noble, a brave, and manly thing when I launch out in my boat beneath a frowning heaven, and amid the swell of a roaring sea, to rescue the wrecked one that shivers on the distant rock. Such an act of heroism may secure for me an honourable name, the applause of multitudes, and a rich pecuniary reward flowing in from a grateful and admiring public. But by such an act of philanthropy I only *prolong* for a few years, or perhaps a few months, the life of my fellow, who very soon must inevitably become the victim of

death. But let me be the means, under God, of saving a man from fatal error, from a course of profligacy and vice ; let me lead him into paths of truth and holiness, and set him on a high career for a blessed immortality ; and I do more than by rescuing a thousand wrecked ones. By this act of higher philanthropy, I deliver the man from misery that has no end ; I put him in possession of happiness that will be lasting as himself—a happiness that shall increase throughout all the ages of the future ; I extinguish his hell, I light up his heaven ; I avert from him the retributions of eternity ; I turn his step, his eye, and his heart towards a glorious and endless life ; I plant another gem in the Redeemer's diadem ; I weave another garland wherewith to deck His brow ; I lead back from the verge of hell to the plains of heaven another trophy of redeeming love ; I pluck a brand from the burning, quench it in the Saviour's blood, and engraft it in the tree of life, where it brings forth fruits unto holiness to the praise, the honour, and glory of God ; I add another note to the anthem of the skies ; I give a mightier swell and a sweeter harmony to the chorus of angels ; I supply cause for satisfaction and everlasting triumph to the world's Redeemer, for therein He sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied.

In the final day, in whose searching light all men must be judged, the greatest man then, in the estimation of the intelligent universe, will not be the philosopher who has explored the heavens, and made the greatest discoveries on the fields of space ; not the statesman who holds in his hand the destinies of a nation ; not the monarch who commanded the mightiest army, and achieved the most splendid triumphs ; not the orator who has dazzled the world with the brilliancy of his intellect, and the splendour of his genius, or who has swayed the multitudes by the might of his eloquence. The greatest man then will be *he* who shall have conducted into

heaven the greatest number of souls, it will be *he* around whom shall gather the largest number of redeemed ones, to acknowledge their obligation to him as their spiritual father, and as the honoured instrument of their conversion. Think of such men as Paul, Bunyan, Baxter, Knox, Whitfield, Wesley. What tides of joy must swell their mighty souls when surrounded by their spiritual offspring, and when, for the first time, they learn the extent of their successes—successes which far exceed their highest expectations. They have sown the seed in hope, but then they shall behold the golden and plentiful harvest produced as the result of their holy toil; and then what joy, what triumph, when each is permitted to reap his harvest and garner his sheaves! For they shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. Think of the honoured man who bore the name of John Angell James. Over his memory we might truthfully inscribe the words from which I once heard him preach—“This one thing I do.” By his powerful and stirring sermons; by his unflinching advocacy of the truth, from the platform and through the press; by his eminently practical and useful works, some of which are now translated into many languages, and speak in many tongues to many nations, he has conferred on the world a benefit, the extent of which it will be impossible to estimate until that day when God will bring to light the hidden things of darkness. I can conceive of him being permitted to stand at the gate of heaven, while the Redeemer leads by the innumerable company saved by his preaching and by his widely-circulated books. See them! They come! They come not only from England and the British Isles, but from other nations and countries into whose languages his “Anxious Inquirer” more especially has been translated. Multitudes of them have never before seen him, nor have they been seen by him. But now they meet. Feeling that to him, as the ser-

vant of Christ, they owe their first religious convictions, their conversion, and consequently their place in heaven—in short, all they feel and all they have in prospect—they will hail him with their congratulations and benedictions, while he, overpowered with the scene, unable to bear the burden of his joy, bows low in reverence and thankfulness before his Master, and gathering together all the praise and all the glory for the good done, pours it as a holy libation at His throne, saying, “Not unto me, not unto me, O Lord! but unto thy name give glory.”

You will, perhaps, be disposed to think that we have placed before you examples which few, if any of you, may ever hope to emulate. By far the majority of you are destined to employ your life and energy in secular toil. It cannot be otherwise. Yet you have no ground for discouragement. You may rest in the thought that you exist for a purpose high enough to give meaning to life—a purpose in every way worthy of Him who made you, and worthy of all the faculties and energies you possess. Your condition may be humble, your position obscure; yet, you may prove yourself the possessor of great sentiments in an humble sphere; you may act upon and develop great principles in toil that seems trivial; you may exhibit a great and illustrious character, though in comparative obscurity. Moreover, if you cannot devote the whole of your time and energy directly to the higher work of benefiting souls, there will be in the life of each leisure hours which may be devoted to this higher purpose; and if, on the plains of heaven, you are permitted to meet but one who shall feel that he is there because you warned, admonished, and encouraged him—because you prayed for him and wept over him—even this will flood the soul with emotions of joy, to which the angel is a stranger, and with which the seraph intermeddleth not. Say not that you are but one. I am a

thorough believer in individual effort. There are some things we may do better as societies, but there are other things which the individual must do. It is surprising what one mind, rightly directed, and intent upon its purpose, can do. For the most part, you will find that it is the individual who moves the multitude, and not the multitude the individual. Great things and great events are brought about by the individual, and not by the mass. The individual moves the multitude when the orator transports his thronged audience with the brilliancy of his imagination, or fires them with the splendour of his thoughts, and when he makes every heart in the crowd thrill with the sympathies which beat in his own. The individual moves the multitude when on the stage the actor portrays a certain character with a skill and power which give life and reality to every word and every movement, and which elicit bursts of applause from admiring thousands. The individual moves the multitude when that mysterious editorial "We" (which, by the way, ought to be "I") utters its mystic oracles every morning in the daily press, and when by these utterances it strangely moulds the thinkings and actings of an entire nation. The individual moved the multitude a few centuries ago, when Europe upheaved with religious excitement, when by the voice of one man the throne of Rome was shaken, and when the Papacy received a shock from which she has never yet recovered—and that individual was the obscure monk of Erfurt, the indomitable Luther. The individual moves the multitude in our own day, when, at the summoning voice of one brave man, the noble sons of Italy, long down-trodden, are lifting themselves up with might to snap the fetters woven around them by a cruel superstition and a base despotism—and that individual is the invincible Garibaldi. God speed his recovery!

You have no ground for discouragement. Try what you

can do to bless the world. It is difficult to estimate what may be done by an individual who has a fixed purpose, and who is intent upon its accomplishment. Place a young man possessed of judgment, of earnest piety, and a heart fired with love, in an establishment where there are twenty more, but who are addicted to profane language and profligate habits. At the outset of his course he may have to endure scoff and scorn on account of what they term his sanctimoniousness and puritanism; but let him abide the test, and it shall be seen that, by the maintenance of a strict consistency, and a kind but firm protest against their abominations, he will gradually acquire an influence over them—an influence that shall awe their ribaldry into silence, and shame them into better habits. Once they despised him for his piety; but now that they know him better they will admire and respect him for his *consistency*; and the probability is, that ultimately he will have to rejoice in having turned some of them from vice to virtue, and in having made some of them the choice companions of his heart.

Many splendid gifts and faculties, many fine capacities for doing good, are at this moment lying waste. There are but few, if any of us, of whom it may be said, "He hath done what he could." Indolence, indifference, timidity, false fear, have woven their heavy chains to cripple and bind these energies. To all who possess such powers hitherto unemployed, we say, "Loose them and let them go, for the Master hath need of them"; forth with you, to pour from the fulness of your own full hearts benedictions and smiles into some of the myriad, empty, aching hearts that are still around you, strangers to peace. As when the angel dissolved the chains which bound an imprisoned Apostle, we want to stand, and with magic touch melt away those ponderous fetters, and free from thralldom those wondrous energies.

Forth ! forth ! forth with you, ye beneficent powers, and on your onward way raise the degraded, warn the erring, wipe the scalding tear from the pallid cheek of grief and woe, and, with an eager grasp, seize those who are thoughtlessly nodding on the eve of awful precipices. Within many of you there are latent powers which only wait to be summoned to action. On the brow of many of our young men might be inscribed with truthfulness, "Here lie interred mighty energies capable of great achievements, moral forces capable of a vast and incalculable good." We would now stand over these graves of buried faculties, and, with a resurrection power, challenge forth these dormant forces, that, like so many Lazaruses laying aside the habiliments of death and the grave, they may go forth armed with might, animated with living souls, and impelled by noble impulses, to bless the world by dissipating the horror of its gloom, and to make it pulsate with the throbs of a new life.

We have somewhere read a German parable which represents a conversation as having taken place between a flowing, living little stream and a stagnant pool. We cannot now remember where we saw it. The thought is present to us, and we have endeavoured to embody the thought in a language of our own. The tiny streamlet came gushing pure and sparkling from the mountain top, and tripped and leaped its way merrily down over rocks and pebbles. When half way down, it passed over a flat, extensive plain, where there was a deep stagnant pool, and which accosted the merry stream in some such words as these :—"To me it seems a pitiable and foolish thing that you should always be so busy and so bustling, so restlessly active, wasting your energies, and never know anything of calm repose. Better far for you to pause and accumulate your small resources, and form them, as I have done, into a reservoir on this mountain plain. If it be your purpose to travel all the way down to the distant

ocean, I would have you remember that the way is long, and rough, and rugged. A thousand contingencies may occur to defeat your purpose. Wending your lonely way, the summer sun with scorching rays may absorb and exhaust you, so that you may cease to be; or some panting beast from the neighbouring field may come and drink you up, to quench his rude and vulgar thirst; or a herd of brutes grazing in the vale, and maddened with summer insects, may come and thoughtlessly plunge themselves in to be relieved of their tormentors; their unhallowed tread will pollute your purity, stain your brightness, and then you will have to pass on, a muddy, noxious stream. If by some chance you should survive these vicissitudes, so as ever to reach your destination, even then, when intermingled with ocean's waters, you will have no rest, but be liable to be tossed and lashed by winds and storms into a foaming fury. Why, therefore, expose yourself to such vicissitudes, such degradation, and such cruel tempests? Why not make your home and your rest here in the deep, calm bosom of this mountain, where heights above heights will cast over you their pleasant shade, where flocks are bleating and mountain birds are chattering? Oh, it is a pleasant thing is the rest of quietude. Here you may listen to the stern howling of the wind in the deep, hollow caverns of these monarch mountains, but it shall not touch you. These Alpine watchers will surround you on every side, so that you shall not feel the breath of the spirit of the storm for a single moment ruffling your placid bosom." So spake the stagnant pool. To its new-found friend the bustling streamlet patiently listened, and then replied:—"For my own part, I find I have no love for the calm of inactivity, or the rest of stagnancy. I feel within me the impulses of life—a capacity for doing and blessing. I prefer healthful action to stagnation. My purpose is cheerily to go on my way, leaping, laughing as I go,

gathering force and depth from tributary streams, enriching the soil through which I pass; and, with my refreshing flow, merrily quench the thirst of beasts and birds, of reptiles and men; while the shrubs and trees along my banks, striking their roots far and wide into my depths, drink in the moisture, and draw, like babes from a mother's breast, both life and vigour. You tell me that the summer's sun will come, and with scorching heat absorb me, and that I shall cease to be. But you argue falsely and ignorantly, for science proves that nothing is lost.

Change, and not annihilation, is the law of the universe. Nothing that is can cease to be. If, therefore, the sun, like a thirsty giant, drinks me up, I shall not be lost, only blended with the atmosphere, and at night I shall descend again in diamond dew on far-off plains on the myriad leaves of the forest, to cool and refresh nature after having been scorched by the fiery rays of day. Or, if not converted into dew, the atmosphere may transfer me to the overhanging cloud, and that, laden with me as with blessings, will burst, and I shall fall in fruitful showers on meadows and pastures remote from the channel in which I flow. I admit I may have to pass through many vicissitudes, but I can never cease to be. At one time I may be distilled into dew; at another, I may be taken up into a cloud and converted into a shower, at another, I may have to gush on in my wonted channel. But in whatever form I may appear, I shall always have the happy consciousness that I am doing,—that I am blessing and enriching the world. Before I reach my ocean-home I shall be gladdened with the joyful assurance that the innocent lamb plays more merrily; that the chirping bird which modestly sipped of me sings more sweetly; that the beasts gambol more briskly; that the valleys are clad with a richer verdure, the trees with a richer foliage, and that all the broad acres through which I

have passed put on a more cheerful smile, and are laden with a more plentiful harvest as the result of my beneficent mission. Whereas, if I act upon your advice, and follow your example, I shall become a stagnant waste of waters, sending forth a foul effluvia, charging the air with pestilence and death, and be obnoxious to both man and beast. But now the floods will clap their hands when they behold my approach to swell their tide ; the little hills will rejoice on every side when I fall on them in fruitful showers ; the waving corn will smile its gratitude ; the gigantic oak of the forest, with its countless leaves moistened by my myriad dew-drops, will bow itself low, as though to acknowledge its obligation to me ; everything I touch shall tell forth my praise, and my mission of beneficence shall be had in everlasting remembrance ; and, preferring as I do this career of blessing to your stagnation, I bid you farewell."

A Sound Mind.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. DR. HAMILTON.

A SOUND MIND.

A MIND ! an immaterial, undying, God-like mind—oh, what a gift that is !

You see this statue ? It was once a mere stone. In itself it is a mere stone yet—a mass of marble, a lump of uncalcined lime. But two thousand years ago a human mind touched that stone, and transformed it into what you see—an immortal Adam, a lamp of joy and beauty which has been radiating bright thoughts and big emotions into all the intervening ages—the fairest realization of that materialism into which the Most High breathed the breath of life, and made it a temple for His own divinity.

You see this scholar ? Time would fail to tell what is contained in that one mind ; but its wealth is wonderful. The three kingdoms of nature, the story of mankind, the starry heavens, form its familiar and oft-frequented domain ; and there is hardly a region of the globe, or a race of its inhabitants, or an era in its history which has not a picture and a place in its vast panopticon. Itself an encyclopædia, a book might be filled with the mere inventory of its acquirements and possessions.

You see this sunny patriarch ? Strong in his past services—after a career in which there has been no down-break, no dishonour, but in which thousands have been

debtors to his kindness, care, and forethought, he is resting now ; resting in the love as undisguised as it is unsuspected of grateful friends and fond children's children, and rejoicing in hope of that wider sphere of love and goodness into which his already happy life will soon find itself expanded.

You see this praying Christian ? He has friends like himself, with whom from time to time he takes sweet counsel. But who is the Friend with whom he is now conferring ? Who is this whom he is addressing in all the confidence of intimacy, but with all the lowliness of profoundest veneration ? Yes, indeed, *there* is a human mind capable of communion with the King of kings ; able to utter thoughts which arrest the ear of the Most High, and pouring forth protestations of affection and ascriptions of thanksgiving which delight his Father in heaven, although that Father is the Owner of immensity, the Maker and Monarch of worlds.

Truly to possess such a mind is no small prerogative. A goodly heritage is his whom the Supreme Disposer has not only launched into the realms of conscious being, but on whom He has bestowed an existence intelligent, loving, adoring ; an existence capable of creating the beautiful, of admiring and reproducing the holy ; an existence capable of sharing in God's own happiness now, and capable of becoming hereafter the associate of spirits made perfect—a fellow-worshipper with angels, a fellow-student with the seraphim.

Such a prerogative is yours, my brother. As yet you may scarcely have waked up to all the wonder ; but yours is a mind capable of endless improvement, and boundless achievement. That mind of yours is one of the same sort with those which have already wrought such marvels. It is brother to the mind which evoked the Apollo from the cold, dead stone ; which built, and peopled, and floated off into

the ages, the epics of Eden and of Troy ; which, with Transfigurations and other glories of the pencil, till then unimagined, set on fire the firmament of European fancy. That mind of yours is brother to the mind which in the person of Howard went about so long devising good, and doing it ; which in the bosom of Elliot and Brainerd beat unisons with the Saviour's own mind, and often wept enraptured tears over sinners repenting. It is brother to the mind, which in the person of Enoch walked with God ; which in the form of Moses spake with Jehovah face to face ; which in the guise of John the Divine was enwrapped and enfolded in God's own love as the rose is embraced in the sunshine—as the infant is enclasped in those arms which love their burden, and will never let it fall.

Taking for our title a Scriptural phrase, we wish to point out a few of the elements which go together to constitute a "sound mind ;" and our purpose will be answered if we succeed in supplying useful hints to those who wish fully to develop and rightly to direct the powers which God has given.

The globe which we inhabit is rock and mould, is sea and air. We have first the solid structure—the stony ribs and granite vertebræ, which give to a continent or island its shape and outline ; then over these the vegetable soil from which springs the corn of England, the vine of Italy, the palm of India. Laving the shores of every land we have the sleepless, restless, ever-moving sea ; and enclasping both earth and ocean, receiving their offerings, and giving back her blessing we have the benign and balmy atmosphere.

So with that little personal world—the individual or microcosm. Fixed principles and firm convictions are the fundamental structure ; desires and affections are the soil, the vegetable mould, whence spring, when rightly cultivated, patriotism, benevolence, piety, and every distinctive

excellence. The emotions or feelings are the tide, ever coming, ever going, towering up in tremendous fury, or spread out in liquid loveliness ; whilst all around is that mystic atmosphere which we call influence or character—that ethereal circumfusion in which, by an analysis sufficiently subtle, may be detected every element of the inner man ; which attends us wherever we go ; which, where the treasure is good, where the heart is kind, and the affections pure, exhales perpetual summer ; and in which, in the good man's case, like vaticinations of aromatic regions not seen as yet, floats the fragrant forecast of immortality.

First, for the rock :—firm faith, fixed principles. There is no greater blessing than a mind made up on the most momentous of matters. “My heart is fixed : my heart is fixed.” The man who has got firmly moored in the Gospel—who has seen God's glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and in whom God's Spirit has enkindled aspirations after unsullied sanctity—he may well be congratulated on possessing the great prerequisite to strength and stability. “Thou art Cephas,” and where there are the clear comprehension and firm conviction of fundamental truth, He who has laid the good foundation will go on and build the character.

Of such first principles the great storehouse is the Word of God, even as their great impersonation is the Son of God, the Saviour. He is the Truth, the Amen, the supreme Reality ; that great Teacher who shows us plainly of the Father ; that one Mediator, who coming from heaven, alone can take us thither ; that mighty Revealer and Restorer, at whose feet, when once the legion of demons is driven forth, we hope to see a whole world sitting “in its right mind”—dispossessed, and come to itself by at last coming to its God.

You have been afloat on a windy day, and, as the boat frolicked over the swell, it seemed to you as if the land were in motion. As you lay back in the stern-sheets, and with

eyes half shut and hazy, looked shorewards, you saw the white cliffs curtseying up and down, and as plain as possible the houses hurrying backwards, and running off round the corner. And even if you landed, you might have a curious sensation of universal instability. A stranger who did not know your total abstinence habits might misinterpret your movements. As you tried to steady yourself on the lurching pier, as you took a long stride to get over that rolling flagstone, as you proceeded towards your hotel heaving and lurching, see-sawing and sidling—it would need some charity to ascribe your eccentricities entirely to excess of water. And even after you lay down, and were safe among the blankets, you would feel so funny—the room swinging to and fro, the casement rising and falling with the swell, and the bed-foot going up and down “with a short uneasy motion.”

So if you were taking a little trip on the troubled sea of human speculation, it is not at all unlikely that your brain would begin to swim; but, instead of suspecting any gyration in yourself, you would see a whirligig or earthquake on the shore. Embarking in an “Essay or Review,” or in the gay old craft which Voltaire built, which Tom Paine bought for a bargain, second-hand, and which, repainted and re-christened by a bishop, has lately come out a regular clerical clipper, you proceed to sea, and in a little while you say “Dear me, how strange it is! The mountains are in motion, the trees are walking; the world itself is running away. It seems to me as if the old Bible were going down. Moses and the miracles, the Ten Commandments and all such myths are fleeing away.” And even if the captain should take pity on you, and seeing how pale you look, should say, “Poor fellow, you seem rather queer. I don’t want to kill you, and as this sort of thing don’t agree with you, I advise you to get ashore;”—it is not certain that you would all of an instant come

right. Most likely the jumble in yourself would continue to operate as a general unhingement of the surrounding system, and, as with groggy steps and reeling brain you dropped upon the turf, you would be yourself for some time after a troubled sea upon the solid land.

Christianity is no coward. It courts inquiry. It invites you to come in contact with itself, and all who have ever confronted it fairly and with candour it has carried captive. But the loss is, that many, without ever setting foot on its own proper territory, are content to reason and speculate, to read books about it, and look on from afar. When any one told the late Bishop of Norwich that he had doubts about the Christian religion, the good Dr. Stanley used to answer, "Read John's Gospel, and tell me if it is not divine." And well do I remember visiting ten years ago a dying fellow-countryman in Bermondsey, and my first visit was his last night on earth. Radiant with happiness and rejoicing in the prospect of immortality, I recognised a clever temperance lecturer whom I had heard in Scotland eighteen years before. It seemed that, having read Paulus and Strauss, and other German infidels, his faith had been overthrown, and so it had continued till two years before I saw him, when he was stricken with a mortal malady. He then began again to wish that the Bible were true ; but, although he got the best books on the evidences, Leslie, and Paley, and Neander did him no service ; and it was not till, with the anxious eyes of a dying sinner he opened the Bible, that the Saviour shone forth—in His own separate and superhuman majesty self-evidenced—in the light of His own dazzling divineness, needing no man's testimony. "No thanks to me, but to Him who took me from a fearful pit and set my feet upon a rock. It was not the wisdom of man, but the Gospel itself which brought me back to the faith of my mother." The dews of death were already on his broad and massive brow ;

but the thought of being soon with Christ lit up his wasted features with a smile, which I believe had not altogether faded, when a few hours afterwards the ransomed spirit passed away.

So, my dear friends, as the first and foremost thing, let me urge it on you: acquaint yourselves with Christ; meekly; devoutly, prayerfully, open that Book, in which stand recorded His benignant walk and gracious words; and, as He tells you all His mind, so tell Him yours. Tell Him your doubts and difficulties, your sorrows and your fears, your frailties and your sins. And as you grow in knowledge of the living Christ, it will become to you a far-off and secondary affair, the contest about Christianity. Whilst qualmy voyagers are debating whether it is the cliff or their own shallop which is undulating up and down, you will have already got far inland—far up the hill; and though waters roar and are troubled, though the coast resound with the exploding thunder, though Marshland and all such low levels quake for fear of a second deluge, in the peaceful seclusion and amid the pastures green of your happy valley, you will never taste the bitter spray, and will hardly surmise the distant hurly-burly.

The Bible is a book, and the Gospels are a history, and therefore when we want to know whether that book were written by the men whose names it bears, and whether that history be true, we must resort to the laws of evidence. But apart from this, and over and above this, I deeply feel that Christ is His own witness. In other words, He who made the mind of man made there a throne-room or sanctuary for Himself, and, long as He is absent, desolate and dusty, purposeless and useless, it gives a hollow, vacant feeling to the rest of the dwelling. But soon as to a mind sincere and lowly the Christ of the Evangelists is presented, He commends Himself to all its consciousness; and soon as into

the faith and affection He finds admission, like a sign from heaven the fire descends, the altar glows, the incense wreathes upward a pleasing sacrifice. Self-commending, soul-conquering, the Saviour has come in, and whilst to the nobilitated nature new and king-like feelings are imparted, the soul is once more a sanctuary, and before Him who sitteth on the throne in the Holy of Holies it falls prostrate, exclaiming, "My Lord and my God !"

A Christianity thus personal, experimental, vital—a Christianity of which Christ Himself is the chiefest evidence,—is attainable to all who have the Bible in their hands, and who have not some sinful preoccupation in their hearts. And any other Christianity than that of Christ's own creating is a pitiful possession, a comfortless abode. Like some towns of the Netherlands, which are built upon piles ; like the Halligs of Denmark, where the houses stand upon stilts, and when the ocean rises the sheep are sent up to the garrets ; there is great danger lest a Christianity which is merely denominational, merely conventional, merely the right side taken in an important controversy ; there is great danger lest a Christianity which stands merely in the wisdom of man should have long periods of submergence, and should at last be swallowed up in some tremendous storm. But if it be on the Rock of Ages Himself that you are resting, your religion will survive till faith is exchanged for sight ; till with the moon under your feet, you find yourself where lights do not wax and wane, where tides do not turn, where opinions do not come and go.

A firm faith and fixed principles, as elements in a sound mind, we have specified first and foremost, because you cannot make the most of this world unless you belong to a better ; because a right relation to God is the prerequisite to every other. In faith, in loyalty to God, in abstinence

from evil be firm and rigid ; but to your faith and virtue add brotherly kindness, charity. Lebanon himself does not shake, but his cedars wave. Hermon himself does not melt, but his snow dissolves in Abana and Pharpar, and his dew comes down on the mountains of Sion. And the grandest union is the majestic integrity which, gracious and obliging and dutiful to all around, says at once to temptation, "Can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" the Daniel who rather than renounce his religion would go to the lion's den, and yet, to his brethren and his God is a man greatly beloved ; the Joseph who in horror flings from him the temptress, and who stands out withal a paragon of filial piety and generous forgiveness, and every attribute which makes the patriot heroic, and the believer sublime ; the prompt unhesitating decision which, having spoken to God the great Yes, is able to say No to the devil.

Firm conviction, faith, an enlightened conscientiousness, a will rightly directed, such is the right basis or substructure of character ; and the more rigid it is, the more rock-like, it is all the better. But, as we hinted, the humus or vegetative mould from which spring up the beauties of holiness, the graces and adornments of character, is the devout and benevolent affections. Rigid principle makes the man of worth ; when there is superadded loving-kindness, a rich fund of grateful feeling Godward, and of cordial forthgoing feeling towards those around, it makes the man of winsome and endearing goodness.

A heart open Godward is the greatest gift of heaven, ready to believe all that God says, and willing to accept all that God gives, and seeking to bask in the beams of that countenance which we see in the Gospel so pleasant. Such a Christian is an excellent sermon. With a soul facing sunward, contented, and cheerful, and thankful, in his undis-

sembled happiness, as much as in his devout acknowledgments and songs of rejoicing, he publishes God's praise, and gives a good report of the gospel.

But on the devout affections we must not dwell. Nearly allied and necessary to any Christian completeness are the benevolent dispositions—the desire of doing good to others. Indeed, a true philanthropy and a genuine piety cannot well be severed, and although we cannot enlarge upon it, we would urge on all to cultivate a gracious disposition. Make it a rule to let no day pass without some practical effort in the way of kindness, any more than you would let a day pass without prayer. Whether it be substantive relief to the indigent, or a sympathetic word to the oppressed and dejected; whether it be a hint to a puzzled scholar with his problem, or a little help to an awkward neighbour—a novice in the counting-house or a new-come assistant in the shop; whether you guide the blind man over the crossing, or with George Herbert put your shoulder to the wheel and hoist the huckster's cart from the ditch; whether you lay aside something to buy a present for your sister, or write a long letter home,—like the Roman emperor never lose a day, but pay a specific tangible tribute to the second great command.

Soundness suggests good sense. There is a book of the Bible which was written avowedly with the view of supplying this attribute. "To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; to receive justice, and judgment, and equity; to give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion," is the title or inscription of the Proverbs of Solomon; but it is not every one who has understanding enough to profit by its wise and holy maxims. The foundation of it all is fair-mindedness, the sincere desire as in God's sight to judge righteous judgment and give to each his due. Usually where the eye is thus single, the whole being fills with light; and taking good

heed unto his path, according to God's word, the traveller has no difficulty in keeping the track, and finds stepping-stones at the most perilous passages.

Nevertheless this union of fair-mindedness with considerateness and sufficient mental capacity is not so common. One is the victim of inordinate self-love, and, tenacious and touchy, is continually taking offence; his toes are so long that they are trodden on even by people who keep the other side of the street. Another is weak in arithmetic. He has somehow got it into his head that there are eight days in the week and thirty shillings in the pound, and consequently everything in this world is too short for him; he can never make ends meet. Another wants the organ of perspective or proportion. He recognises no distinction between mountains and molehills; for they are both excrescences on the surface; the mud on his own spectacles he mistakes for a miry state of the public street, and the gnat which has alighted on his prospect-glass he hails as an eagle soaring in the heights of ether.

Good sense, good feeling, and good taste are nearly allied. They have their common root in the meekness of wisdom, and, when combined, they make a charming union, and they can be increased by culture. "A wise man will hear, and a man of understanding will attain to more wisdom." Even his blunders he will turn to good account, and will avoid the same mistake in future. Rubs and rebuffs will not be altogether lost, and for friendly counsel he will be truly thankful. In the intercourse of superior minds he will be continually improving his own, and as self-conceit is evermore waxing weaker and weaker, so magnanimity, good-nature, and good sense will be evermore growing stronger and stronger.

For success in life this right-mindedness is invaluable—this faculty of deciding wisely and fairly. It is this which

makes the statesman, the judge, and the general ; it is this which makes the man of business, the mastery of manifold details, and the perception of various possibilities, with the clear conclusive choice of the right alternative.

At the battle of Meeanee, if we remember rightly, Sir Charles Napier observed the Scindian cavalry behind a stone wall which they had neglected to loop-hole, and through which there was only a single gateway. He instantly detached a few dozen grenadiers to guard this exit, and so kept safely bottled up till the close of the engagement the 5,000 horse of the enemy ; and so with his own 2,600 was the better able to beat their 30,000. And whether it be the eagle glance and intuitive action of a Napier, or the slow ponderings of an Eldon, protracted through years, and resulting at last in a cautious pronouncement, you will find that the attribute called judgment, though not deemed the sublimest of the faculties, has been the principal architect of some splendid reputations. A judicious investment founded the golden house of Rothschild. Judicious movements, well-planned campaigns, and master-strokes at the critical moment, created the military renown of Julius Cæsar, of Marlborough, of Wellington. Judicious deliverances, emphatically called judgments ; the enucleation of the lawful and the right amidst perplexing elements, has created the imperishable fame of L'Hôpital and D'Aguesseau, of Marshall and Story, of Mansfield and Stowell.

Like everything else, good sense or judiciousness grows by culture. Some minds are not rapid. When the late Sir Fowell Buxton had any important matter brought before him, he could seldom determine off-hand. He shut himself up ; he mastered all the details ; he gave full force to every difficulty ; and it was not till after hours of anxious cogitation that his mind was made up, but then it was made up for

ever. Gentlemen, it is of first-rate importance that you cultivate the habit of calm, dispassionate judging and thinking. You will by and by be acting as electors and jurors, influencing the fate of your country, adjudicating on the reputation, the liberty, the life of your fellow-citizens. And before the present year is ended, you may be called to take some step in which your whole future happiness is involved, and where all may be thrown away by a rash word,—a precipitate or passionate impulse. A few fail in life from want of friends, and a few from want of talent, and not a few, I fear, from want of principle; but it is surprising and mournful how many fail from want of sense and self-command; as Solomon expresses it, “destroyed for want of judgment.”

A sound mind: that is to say, a mind morally right, with a faith firm and intelligent, and with first principles fixed and definite; a mind devout and benevolent, loyal to its God and forthcoming to its fellows; a sensible mind, a sagacious mind, a mind possessed of self-knowledge and self-control. And now we might add, a mind symmetrical: lacking none of the great attributes or organs, endowed with a fair share of imagination and taste, able to appreciate the sublime and the beautiful, susceptible to wit as well as to pathos, and at once hopeful and calm, gentle and strong, practical within the sphere of the dutiful, but in the sphere of the possible aspiring, idealistic, poetical, (if you please) or romantic.

But be not alarmed. Here is a whole series of subjects on which we have no purpose to enter, and you will perhaps allow us to conclude with a few plain and homely suggestions.

The first help to mental soundness which we are disposed to mention, is bodily health and vigour. If you sit up over-night reading romances, if you smoke the long evening, building castles in the clouds and Towers of Babel in the

embers, you are likely to grow nervous and dyspeptic. You will take in succession all the diseases in the bills of mortality, and you will need all the drugs in the pharmacopœia. No sooner shall you be cured of consumption, than you will detect clear symptoms of apoplexy, and you may be very thankful if—as in the case of some fellow-sufferers—you are not at last obliged to keep within doors, because your legs are made of glass, or compelled to keep in a cold room, because your brain has turned to wax, a very natural consequence of a “bee in the bonnet.” What is worse, your view of men and things will become quite morbid. At the very moment when your little niece is airing your carpet shoes, and your good mother is putting an extra spoonful in the tea-pot, you will say, “I wish I were dead, for nobody cares for me;” and then, as you ring for another muffin, you will sigh, “O for a lodge in some far wilderness!” And you will make a great many remarkable discoveries. You will begin to find out that Mr. Spurgeon does not preach the Gospel, and that the *Record* newspaper is subsidised by the Jesuits. Nothing will convince you but that Lord Palmerston is a Russian spy, and that Dr. Cumming is in the pay of Pio Nono. Because the preacher is always making personal attacks, you will have to give up attending the service in St. Paul’s, and as the metropolitan police are plotting against your life, you will need to take lodgings in the country.

These miseries would be escaped by timely hours, by social intercourse, and, above all, by healthful exercise. With a long road to travel and a rough campaign, we are all the better of a trusty charger; and to the willing spirit a nimble, hardy frame is more essential than to the warrior his steed. “Childe Harold” is not a worse poem because its author swam the Hellespont, nor was Buxton the worse philanthropist because he could hold at arm’s length in the

air arabid mastiff. It did "Christopher North" no harm that he could take a level leap of eight yards across the Cherwell, and Waterton was all the better zoologist that he could ride upon a crocodile or wrestle with a boa-constrictor. And whether it be the winter walk in search of mosses, or the butterfly hunt in summer, or the pursuit of fair landscapes and striking objects all the year; whether it be the volunteer's march or the gymnastic feats of the "Turner Verein," those of you who, at once hardy and temperate, keep under the body and keep up your health, will find a rich reward even as regards mental and spiritual soundness.

Another great help is order, method, system. A biographer thus describes his first visit to Shelley in his apartments at college: "Books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition, and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags and boxes, were scattered on the floor and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyze the mystery of creation, had endeavoured first to reconstruct the original chaos. Upon the table by his side were some books lying open, several letters, a bundle of new pens, and a bottle of Japan ink; a piece of deal lately part of the lid of a box, with many chips, and a handsome razor that had been used as a knife. There were bottles of soda-water, sugar, pieces of lemon, and the traces of an effervescent beverage. Two piles of books supported the tongs, and these upheld a glass retort above an argand lamp. I had not been seated many minutes before the liquor in the vessel boiled over, adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a most disagreeable odour. Shelley snatched the glass quickly, and dashing it in pieces among the ashes under the grate, increased the penetrating and unpleasant effluvium." After that we ought to wonder at no strange-

ness in his conduct ; we should deem nothing startling in the opinions of the interesting visionary. The universe itself is a cosmos, and no man can be in full unison with his Maker who is content to live in a chaos ; and just as confusion and irregularity are signs of a disordered mind, so there is something wonderfully sanative and tranquillizing in neatness, arrangement, and method.

Cultivate an open eye and observant habits. When the late Professor Henslow was spending a holiday at Felixstowe, he noticed that some of the stones on the beach were singularly light. He sent a specimen to London to a chemical friend, with a request that he would analyze it ; but as no fee accompanied the request, the trash was thrown aside. Next summer, however, returning to the coast, the professor was so struck with these stones that he made a rude analysis himself, and then proclaimed to the farmers of Suffolk that whole quarries of fossil guano could be found at their threshold. Likely enough they used to smile when they saw the professor poking and pottering among the rocks and shingle ; but now they allow that he poked to some purpose, seeing that his brown stones have put £200,000 in their pockets, and he did not put any in his own.

An open eye. You know the revolution wrought in chemical philosophy and practical engineering by the doctrine of latent heat. We have been told that when its discoverer, Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, was asked how he had ever hit upon it, his answer was, that he had never missed it. In passing from the solid to the liquid state he had always seen that water absorbed a great deal of heat, of which it gave no account. This trick of ice and other solids, when about to become liquids—this trick of water and other solids, when about to become vapours or gases—this greedy way of theirs, laying in and locking up a deal of heat, to all appearance needlessly, had never been any secret to him ;

for he had seen it every time that the kettle boiled—every time that a snow-shower melted. When Sir Isambard Brunel was asked to make a tunnelled roadway beneath the Thames, it was a difficult problem. He knew it would be of no use consulting the big wigs. It was beyond the Ecole des Mines in his native France, and was not likely to have occurred to the sappers at Woolwich. But he went to an early acquaintance, an old practical engineer, who had been long carrying on business in the dockyards at Chatham. The question was this :—How am I to bore through from Rotherhithe to Shadwell? What sort of machinery would you recommend? and as I proceed, how am I to get rid of the rubbish I remove, and how am I to prevent the river from bursting in from above? Without saying a word the old gentleman showed how *he* did it :—how by means of comparatively weak chisels, worked with a rasping rotatory motion, he got along sure, though slow; how, without ever quitting the tunnel, or drawing back the boring apparatus, through a tube he conveyed the rubbish to the rear; and, above all, how he prevented accidents and unwelcome irruptions, by bricking up all round and round, as fast as he proceeded. Sir Isambard's tutor was a ship-worm, and it was from a model furnished by the *Teredo Navalis* that the Thames Tunnel was completed. So, gentlemen, keep eyes and ears open. Learn the language of bees and molluscs, as well as of Frenchmen and Germans; for they have all something to tell; and nature's great grievance is spectators that won't look, and an audience that won't listen. If you want the oak to talk you must attend like Tennyson; if you want to see storms or skies as Turner painted them, you must let them tell their own story, through no mortal interpreter—you must turn where God points, and see what He shows. If ever you are to add to the treasures of knowledge it will be, like Newton, like Dalton,

like Watt, or Stephenson, by announcing to your fellows some "open secret," which after you tell them they will wonder how their own eyes were so holden that they did not see. And if ever you are to possess the philosopher's stone, and multiply gold at your pleasure, it won't be by purchasing the recipe from some hoary smoke-dried wizard, but by picking up some one of those numberless unappropriated patents which Providence scatters at your feet. If to the trite but still triumphant plan of industry, integrity, economy, you prefer the brilliant but legitimate plan of some new invention, to patient feet and observant eyes as many paths are open as there are elements in nature, as there are wants in human society. If you would build another St. Rollox, or Saltaire, or a Wedgwood's Etruria, you must be so far a fairy; you must understand what the fleece of the alpaca is saying, you must be able to translate what the stones are crying out.

A sound mind is a mind that grows. In his sixty-first year a distinguished scholar writes in his diary: "It is time to survey my own mind, to mark the gradual progress, and bear my testimony to those through whom I have acquired anything. From my father I learned not to speak about myself; from my mother how to take care of things, and in the case of disappointment to begin hoping for something else. From 'Sandford and Merton' to despise luxury; to despise flattering the great; to love labour and industry, and diligence and simplicity; to compassionate the poor, to respect the industrious poor. From Dean Jackson, the love of learning, and accuracy and energy in reading, hearing, and writing. From my sister Emma and my uncle, to take trouble for my friends." And although it may not be every mind which can analyze its acquirements as exactly as Fynes Clinton, and name the sources from which it derived its various elements, we repeat that the

healthy mind will grow, and, for anything we can tell, it will keep growing on for ever.

Brethren, do you grow? Is there anything which you did not know last year which you have mastered now? any language or science you have learned? any course of reading you have completed? Still more important than new items of information, have you gained new elements of excellence? has the hint of any friend solidified into a good habit, or has dear-bought experience cured a bad one? Are you less rash? more slow to think evil? more careful in pronouncing opinions? Are you more considerate of others? more alive to your position as the member of a society on which you are radiating influences—good or evil—hour by hour, and which, from casual words or momentary acts of yours, may derive enduring benefit or deadliest damage? Have you more watchfulness and self-denial? Is there in life more of purpose, and are you more conscious of the end for which God placed you here? and does your piety grow? Does the better country brighten on your faith? Does the Divine character take deeper hold on your affection? Is God more a father? and Christ more a friend? and is the place more home-like which He went to prepare?

The sound mind will grow. There is a limit to corporeal size. A fathom, less or more, is the average stature; the ability to lift some two or three hundredweight the average strength. But not so, according to the mental dynamometer. Most minds are so dwarfish that, like Lilliputians in a field of corn, they are completely lost and overshadowed amidst cotemporary opinions and prejudices: whilst occasionally a colossal intellect starts up, towering over all the rest, a Homer or a Shakspeare, a Dante or a Goethe—or some practical understanding, who like a Titan entering a forest where a bewildered army gropes its way, with head and shoulders above the tree-tops, tells down to the bemazed

multitude the points of the compass and the path of exit ;— the Pericleses and Fabiuses, the Washingtons and Williams of Nassau, the Somersets and Chathams, who deliver arrested nations from the dead-lock, and guide to a sound conclusion despairing senates. And many minds are so feeble, that the grasshopper is a burden. They have got no motive, no inspiration, no impulse : they are conscious of no high calling, and there is hardly a creature whom their apathetic influence can bias, hardly an undertaking which their pithless arm can keep in motion ; whilst from their vast moral ascendancy, from their intense convictions, from their faith in God, some can move mountains. And just as in trials of strength, you have seen a powerful arm pull across the line two or more resisting ; so who can tell what myriads have been drawn across the great boundary line by Wesley and Whitfield's fervour, by Luther's exulting strength, by Calvin's awful prowess ? Nay, if we may quote the men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—the whole of Christendom has been dragged to the spot where we this day find it, by master-minds who have passed from sight ; and in its faith, its affection, its devotion, confesses to the argument of Paul, to the heart of John, to the lyre of Israel's sweet singer.

Brethren, be men. Taking hold of God's own strength, be masters of yourselves ; and opening your hearts to His good Spirit, get raised above besetting sins. Fix your eye on the faultless Pattern, and press forward. Remember the illustrious possibilities, the glory, honour, and immortality which He who has called you to virtue opens before you : and whilst you stand out year by year more definite and decisive, the citizens of a better country, the Christian unequivocal, in the use of the entrusted talents, your generation will be served, and your Master will be honoured.

Defaulters.

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A LECTURE

BY

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DEFAULTERS.

IN proceeding to discuss this subject I propose that we consider who defaulters are; what defaulters do; how defaulters are made; by what means those who already are defaulters may be reclaimed; what measures may be adopted for the purpose of preserving those who are still honest from becoming defaulters.

I. Let us consider, in the first place, who defaulters are. Possibly you may think this inquiry unnecessary, because every person has some idea as to what constitutes a defaulter. It is very true that every person has some such idea, but I very much question whether that idea is, in many cases, very definite. In every case the notion formed of a defaulter may be true, but in some cases it may be too wide, in others too narrow, for our present purpose. One man's definition of a defaulter may be so comprehensive as to include many persons whose character and conduct the limits of this lecture will not allow us to discuss; another man's definition may be so restricted as to shut out some persons concerning whom, in a lecture like this, something ought to be said; and therefore I feel that our first business is to ascertain the meaning of the word defaulter, and to settle the sense in which it is to be used on the present occasion.

The word defaulter has existed in our language for a considerable period, but it would seem to have come into general

use only within comparatively recent times. It is quoted by Richardson, from works written in the seventeenth century, but so little was it known, or so little was it employed about one hundred years ago, that it does not appear in an edition of Johnson's Dictionary published in the year 1755. And, as quoted by Richardson, it does not come forward as a word of very bad character, for it seems to be applied only to Members of Parliament who had not attended the sittings of the House. The word defaulter is evidently related to the words fault and fail, and so, to take the word in its most comprehensive sense, every person who commits any fault, every person who fails to discharge any duty, is a defaulter; and since we have the best authority for believing that "there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not," we are driven to the conclusion, that every human being is a defaulter. If, then, the word is to be taken in this its most comprehensive sense, a lecture on defaulters ought to be a lecture on all mankind, with all their failings, faults, and sins. From attempting such a task as this I beg to be excused. We must give up this definition, and find another much more limited in its range. What definition, then, shall we adopt? I find this in Webster's Dictionary—"One who fails to perform a public duty, particularly one who fails to account for public money entrusted to his care." This definition appears to me about as much too narrow as that just rejected is too broad. Webster's definition applies only to public duties and public moneys. It makes defaulters of the dishonest railway director and the dishonest bank manager, but it does not make defaulters of the dishonest apprentice and the dishonest clerk, who may have nothing to do with what would be considered public money. We must therefore find or contrive some other definition which shall be neither so comprehensive as that which the etymology of the word sug-

gests, nor so restricted as that which we have quoted from Webster ; who, however, it is only just to say, gives the wider, as well as the narrower definition, because he describes a defaulter as "a delinquent ;" a word which must make defaulters of Abraham, and Moses, and David, in common with Achan, and Gehazi, and Judas Iscariot. What, then, are we to understand by a defaulter ? Shall we say a defaulter is a person who is guilty of dishonesty ? This, certainly, is nearer the mark ; but still I think that we must reject it on this occasion, because it would commit us to a subject far too extensive. Concerning all dishonest persons, and their dishonest ways, we cannot attempt to speak. Let us try again. In Worcester's Dictionary a defaulter is described as "one who is deficient in his accounts." Well, this won't do either ; for some who are defaulters it does not touch ; others who are not defaulters it condemns. An office lad, who is not intrusted with the keeping of any accounts, steals cotton, or paper, or money that happens to be left in his way ; he is not deficient in his accounts, but he certainly is a defaulter. A man who employs many hands, and is constantly being robbed by several of them, cannot bring things to a balance, he is deficient in his accounts, but he is not a defaulter. After giving us the too narrow definition, "One deficient in his accounts," Worcester adds this, which again is too wide to be handled conveniently, viz., "a peculator." So far as I can see, all the definitions suggested by the etymology of the word, or supplied by the lexicographers, fail of affording us what we want. Most of these definitions are too comprehensive, some of them too restricted. They are all true, but some give us more truth than we have time to discuss, others less than the fair treatment of the subject requires us to discuss. I come therefore to this conclusion, that I cannot possibly treat of all defaulters, because, including the whole human race, they are too numerous, and

that I must not treat merely of such defaulters as are described in Webster's and Worcester's more limited definitions, because these definitions are too exclusive; and I come to this further conclusion, that I ought to speak of this class of defaulters, viz., persons whom either single individuals, or companies, or the public intrust with property, and who defraud the owners of that property.

I hope you will excuse this discussion of the sense in which the word defaulter should be understood by us on the present occasion; but I have felt both the importance and the difficulty of settling this point, without some settlement of which it really would be impossible to proceed. I am very much afraid that the definition which I have ventured to propose is much too wide to be manageable; but you will see that it excludes a great many culprits. It excludes all those who, however dishonest, have had no definite trust committed to their care. It excludes the poacher, the smuggler, the maker of base money, the pickpocket, the burglar, and the whole gang known as the *swell mob*, because we can scarcely say that any trust has been committed to them. The only defaulters concerning whom our definition requires me to speak are persons to whom property has been intrusted, and who in any way violate that trust. Whom, then, does our definition include? It includes the office-boy, who, though not trusted with either money or merchandize, has it in his power to pilfer various small matters, and avails himself of the opportunity of doing so; it includes the apprentice lad, who is, to some extent, trusted with goods and money, and who appropriates either, in ever so small a quantity, to his own use; it includes such clerks in mercantile houses as, under the influence of dissipation, or ambition, or acquisitiveness, or poverty, or any other motive, are guilty of any kind of embezzlement; it includes the manager of a bank,

a loan society, a building society, a railway, or any other co-partnership concern, who defrauds either the public or his employers ; it includes the bank director and the railway director, who, being men of name and influence, give their sanction and support to schemes which they have or have not examined, and which are founded on fraud ! Our definition includes these and many others ; in fact, it includes all to whom property has been intrusted, and who dishonestly make away with it ; and again I say my fear is that our definition, although it excludes many defaulters, includes far more than we can deal with on an occasion like the present.

II. Now, let us see what such defaulters as those referred to in our definition are in the habit of doing.

Of course I can speak only of some of the things which defaulters are known to do—things which have been detected and exposed. Undoubtedly there are many other things which they have done, but which have not been discovered ; property has been abstracted from its rightful owners in ways that have never been explained ; for there are mysteries of fraud that long set suspicion, and sagacity, and vigilance at defiance ; and no sooner are these unravelled than others still more effectual, because still more complicated, or, it may be, because still more simple, are invented. Like other arts and sciences, those studied by the defaulter have made great progress in modern times. And as the ships, and carriages, and watches of past days were very clumsy and ill contrived, in comparison with those which are constructed now, so the tricks and artifices of the defaulter were, in years gone by, far less ingenious than those by which the nineteenth century is distinguished. And as, with respect to other arts and sciences, we have no reason to suppose that human ingenuity is exhausted, but may rather expect that future ages will witness far greater

triumphs of skill than have as yet been produced, so it seems highly probable that the greatest wonders of defaulting genius that have heretofore been discovered will be far surpassed by future workers and inventors in the same line of business. This is one of the prospects presented by what people call "the march of intellect." The chemist and the engineer are not the only men who are destined to astonish the world; the defaulter will keep pace with them. There will be other and greater Davys and Faradays, other and greater Stephensons and Brunels, other and greater Robsons and Sadleirs; and in the police courts, bankruptcy courts, assize courts, all over the country, there will be a permanent and always increasingly interesting exhibition or exposition of the industry of rascaldom.

Defaulters are very numerous, their talents are very diversified, and there is an almost endless variety in the expedients to which they have recourse in order to accomplish their designs. I think that in this matter, as in so many others, our speech bewrayeth us. I am not very sure how the case stands in other languages, but certainly the English tongue abounds in words which bear upon the subject, and show how familiar we are with defaulting and defaulters. In Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases" I find, under the word veracity, fifty-seven words of kindred meaning; and under the opposite word, falsehood, one hundred and sixty. In these latter terms our language is very rich; we have these verbs, amongst others: to cheat, to chouse, to chisel, to defraud, to do, to diddle, to dupe, to embezzle, to fabricate, to forge, to feign, to lie, to pilfer, to plunder, to purloin, to rob, to steal, to shuffle, to swindle, to thieve, to take in. Such are some of our verbs relating to the art of defaulting, and we have nouns, adjectives, and adverbs in proportion. But I wish to state most distinctly that I am not one of those who believe that "every man has his price,"

and that "an honest man has a lock of hair growing in the palm of his hand." No ; that charity which "thinketh no evil," but "hopeth all things and believeth all things," teaches me, and the result of my own observation and experience teaches me, that there are, in the world of business, far more honest men than rogues, and that for one trust that is betrayed, there are a thousand that are most sacredly kept. And I hope that we can all most heartily agree with Dr. Chalmers when he thus forcibly describes the honourable character and high position of the British merchant : "It is very noble when the simple utterance of his word carries as much security along with it as if he had accompanied that utterance by the signatures and the securities, and the legal obligations that are required of other men. It might tempt one to be proud of his species, when he looks at the faith that is put in him by a distant correspondent, who, without one other hold of him than his honour, consigns to him the wealth of a whole flotilla, and sleeps in the confidence that it is safe. It is, indeed, an animating thought, amid the gloom of this world's depravity, when we behold the credit which one man puts in another, though separated by oceans and continents, when he fixes the anchor of a sure and steady dependence on the reported honesty of one whom he never saw ; when, with all his fears for the treachery of the varied elements through which his property has to pass, he knows that, should it only arrive at the door of its destined agent, all his fears and all his suspicions may be at an end. We know nothing finer than such an act of homage from one human being to another, when perhaps the diameter of the globe is between them ; nor do we think that either the renown of her victories or the wisdom of her counsels so signalizes the country in which we live, as does the honourable dealing of her merchants ; that all the glories of British policy and British valour are far eclipsed by the moral

splendour which British faith has thrown over the name and the character of our nation ; nor has she gathered so proud a distinction from all the tributaries of her power as she has done from the awarded confidence of those men of all tribes, and colours, and languages, who look to our agency for the most faithful of all management, and to our keeping for the most inviolable of all custody." (Com. Dis., p. 29.) Thus wrote the great philosopher and divine of the north more than forty years ago ; there had been great defaulters before that time, perhaps there have been greater since ; but neither the one class nor the other, nor both combined, with all their outrages upon commercial morality, must be permitted to shake our faith in the sterling integrity of the British merchant. Taken as a whole, the men in whose hands the commerce of this country was in those days were worthy of the commendation which Chalmers bestowed upon them ; and, taken as a whole, their successors, we have reason to believe, are equally worthy of it ; and all that I may feel it my duty to say, in the attempt to expose the misdeeds of defaulters, must be taken with the distinct understanding that I yield to no man in this world in admiration of the character of those who transact the ever-augmenting trade of this great country.

I have to show what defaulters do ; and, perhaps, the most simple and most satisfactory mode of accomplishing this object is to present you with a collection of facts which I have gathered from various sources, with some of which many of you are probably familiar ; and upon the accuracy of which I have every reason to believe you may with confidence rely.

My first fact has reference to a very raw and imperfectly developed defaulter, whose experience—derived from his inexperience—it may be hoped—will effectually check his further progress on the path of dishonesty.

A very short time ago, there was, in a Loan Office in the town of Liverpool, a boy whose duty it was, amongst other things, to attend to the office while the clerk was away at his dinner. One day while the boy was thus engaged, a young man entered the office, struck the boy a tremendous blow on the head, and felled him to the floor; and then, putting his hand into a drawer, took out a considerable sum of money, and decamped. The poor lad was conveyed bleeding and almost insensible to his home. The outrage called forth the indignation of all who heard of it, until it was discovered that the thief was the boy's cousin; that there was a compact between them to the effect that in the dinner hour the cousin should enter the office, inflict upon the boy a blow sufficient to prove that he had been assaulted, and that afterwards the plunder should be divided between them. The cousin, however, hit him very much harder than he had bargained for, and the lad saw no more either of him or of the stipulated share of the stolen money.

Here is a case of very mean and heartless rascality, which has been communicated by a gentleman long acquainted with the man of whom he speaks. He says, "In 1843, he told me, as a capital joke, how, having spent his money, and being deeply in debt to his tailor, he was threatened with an arrest; how he wrote to his mother to help him, and she hurried breathless to London to release him by paying his debts; how he got the tailor to add a fictitious £10 to his bill, which he received afterwards, and spent in dissipation." You will be neither surprised nor sorry to learn that this fine specimen was seen a few months ago "dressed in a bundle of greasy rags, a hat worth less than three pence, a coat with a deep gash under each arm, and boots, the heels of which were the thinness of a wafer on one side and two inches thick on the other."

The next is a case of default in which, I confess, that I cannot help feeling rather more for the defaulter than for his employer; it is one of that extensive class of defalcations which arise from extreme poverty, the result of very low salaries. A young man was brought up before the stipendiary magistrate in Liverpool, charged with stealing a quantity of tea and coffee from his employer, a tea-dealer. As tea and coffee had been missed from the premises, the police were instructed to be on the watch. They saw the prisoner leave the warehouse with a bag under his arm, in which were found $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of tea and a $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coffee. The prosecutor stated that the prisoner was in a confidential position, and had the whole control of his (the prosecutor's) property; there was no other servant over him. His salary was 12s. a week, and he was a married man. The magistrate, in committing the prisoner to gaol for three months, said that it seemed to him to be false economy to give such small salaries.

E. W. was in the employ of Messrs. C. and Co. for about ten years, as chief clerk and cashier; his salary during this time was from £90 to £150, until the last year, when it was raised to £300. He was a very extravagant man, and kept a horse and trap. This, I infer from my correspondent's letter, he did when at the lowest salary, though every man of common sense knows that in London, where this defaulter resided, a man could scarcely venture to keep a horse and trap on double or treble the amount of E. W.'s highest salary. You will not be surprised then to hear that he embezzled his employer's property to the extent of £7,000, and was sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

The next instance is important, because it shows not only one of the most common temptations to commit fraud, but also the way in which a man may deceive himself into the belief that, though he takes what does not belong to him, he

is not guilty, because he has no intention of stealing. One of the clerks in a well-known London banking-house was found guilty of embezzlement. He had taken for his own purposes money intrusted to him for the purposes of the Bank, which, had a Stock Exchange speculation succeeded, he would have replaced. But on the discovery of his default, it was found that he had for years been in the habit of abstracting from a box in his charge certain securities, placing in lieu thereof memoranda acknowledging his indebtedness, and regularly crediting the interest. By degrees his necessities caused the removal of all the securities, and in place thereof was a letter to his (the defaulter's) wife, acknowledging the fact, and directing that, in the event of his death, the furniture should be sold and the owner of the securities reimbursed. He never meant to defraud, but his borrowing without permission grew into systematic theft. On his trial, being asked whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed, he said, "I challenge the prosecutors to say if they think I ever meant to steal." One of the firm says very sensibly, "He did not mean to steal, but he stole."

From a well known work by Mr. D. M. Evans, entitled, "Facts, Failures, and Frauds," I condense the following statement:—It was about the year 1844 that the name of Walter Watts became connected with fashionable life. Where he came from nobody knew—what were his resources nobody could ascertain. It was clear that they were ample for the gratification of the most extravagant tastes. He spent his money like a prince. He had his box at the opera, and the *entrée* to the sanctum behind the scenes, where he often gave champagne suppers after the ballet. He became the lessee of two metropolitan theatres, which, however, it was pretty certain did not pay. He kept an establishment in town in the most fashionable quarter of the West End, and he had

his country-house at Brighton. His cellars were stocked with wines of the most celebrated vintages; his equipage was faultless; his horses the admiration of Rotten Row! Who was he? All sorts of conjectures were formed. That he had a city occupation was certain, for every morning a neat carriage and pair conveyed him to the neighbourhood of Cornhill, and there set him down. And the curious inquirer who happened to be in Cornhill or Leadenhall Street, when that carriage drew up, might observe, if he followed the occupant who alighted from it for about two hundred yards, that he entered the Globe Assurance Office. There Walter Watts was, not the manager, but merely a check clerk, with a salary of about £200 a-year. But he had found in the conduct of the concern a lax system, which he saw might be turned to profitable account, and by an artfully conducted scheme, he fraudulently obtained funds to the extent of £70,000. After a career of almost six years, the defalcations were discovered, and Watts was tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' transportation. The sentence was passed on Friday, the 13th July, 1850, and on Saturday morning Watts was found to have hung himself in Newgate.

Very similar to the case of Watts, excepting in its termination, was that of Robson, whose frauds, you will remember, were perpetrated upon the Crystal Palace Company. Robson, like Watts, was lured to ruin by the insatiate love of pleasure, and, like Watts, he was a great patron of the stage; and, indeed, being a man of literary tastes, he wrote several plays. From the work whence I have extracted information about Watts, I have compiled the following brief account of Robson:—As a lad, he was engaged in the office of a law-writer in Chancery-lane, by which occupation he obtained some fifteen or eighteen shillings a-week; then he held a humble position under the Great Northern Railway Company, entering the service at the salary of £1 per

week ; and afterwards he obtained a situation at the Crystal Palace Company's offices, his emolument amounting to £150 per annum. But Robson had contracted vicious and expensive habits. His amusements were the theatre, the casino, and the gaming-table. He took a fashionable villa in one of the suburbs, and lived in grand style. He was passionately fond of the turf, and used to go to the Derby in a drag that was by no means the dullest or slowest on the road. In personal dress and adornment he was quite luxurious. All this, however, could not be kept up on £150 a-year, nor on ten times that amount. The fact is, that in little more than three years he swindled his employers to the extent of £27,000. But he knew that he was driving on the brink of a precipice, and that sooner or later he must be hurled to destruction ; and, when in the very zenith of his luxury, he wore a ring so contrived that it held poison enough to take away his life when the moment of detection came. That awful moment did come, but Robson, restrained, perhaps by cowardice, perhaps by conscience, did not swallow the poison. He absconded, and, under the much-abused name of Smith, managed to escape to Sweden. There he was found, enjoying himself at an hotel ; he stoutly denied his real name ; but the officer, seeing on a chair a shirt with the initials "J. W. R.," felt sure of his man, and apprehended him. The remainder of the story is soon told—he was sentenced to twenty years' transportation.

Redpath, the Great Northern defaulter, was in some respects a different man from Robson. He loved the luxuries of wealthy and fashionable society, but he was not given to dissipation. He was very munificent in his charities, and a great supporter of many benevolent institutions. His home expenditure was undoubtedly very great, for the rent of his house was £400 a-year, and all its appointments were of the most expensive kind. But he was withal a phi-

lanthropist. As the author of "Facts, Figures, and Frauds" observes, "He was a governor of Christ's Hospital, a governor of the St. Ann's Society, and, moreover, an auditor of its accounts." But, all the while, Redpath, whose career had from the first been dark and doubtful, was, with masterly ingenuity, defrauding his employers. So successfully did he conceal his machinations, that, three years after he had commenced his depredations upon the company, the auditors declared that the books and accounts in every department were so satisfactorily kept, that they had simply to express their entire approval of them. Redpath's peculations must have been discovered at some time, but the manner in which it is said they were discovered was very remarkable. Again I quote from Mr. Evans's work :—"Mr. Denison, the chairman of the line, was standing on the platform conversing with Lord D——, when Redpath happened to come up, and lifted his hat to Mr. Denison. The nobleman, however, was on easier terms. Taking Redpath cordially by the hand, 'Ah, my dear fellow,' said he, 'how are you?' Having parted, the Chairman turned to Lord D——, and asked what he knew of their clerk. 'Oh,' said he, 'he is the jolliest fellow in life; he gives the most sumptuous dinners and capital balls that I know of.' " This anecdote has been contradicted; but Mr. Evans says that it is believed something of the sort took place. But whether the anecdote be true or not, the game was up. Redpath's career was now cut short. Thousand after thousand was discovered to have been forged by this insatiable and luxurious schemer. He managed to get off to Paris; but, probably finding escape hopeless, he returned to England, and was arrested; and it was ultimately discovered that he had defrauded the company to the extent of between £20,000 to £40,000. He was sentenced to transportation for life.

The case of Sir John Dean Paul is not likely to be soon

forgotten. He differed widely from both Robson and Redpath. He was not extravagant in personal expenditure, but appears to have been a man of quiet, unostentatious habits. Paul was in desperate difficulties, for all of which he was not responsible, but which had arisen in the ordinary course of business. His father died in 1852, and the bank was then in a state of hopeless insolvency, and, as Mr. Evans observes, "Sir John's inheritance was, in fact, the chief partnership in a concern, the accounts of which to the close of the preceding month exhibited a deficiency of £71,990." It was by his predecessors that that course had been initiated which led to ruin, and against that result he had to struggle, and in the struggle was tempted, yielded, and was lost. His sin was great; he tampered with trusts committed to his care; it is true he most sincerely intended to replace these securities; he thought he saw the certainty of being able to replace them; but, certainty or no certainty, they were not his, and the crash came before they could be replaced.

Now I have to lay before you the case of a man who made a far louder profession of religion than Sir John Dean Paul, and who, unlike that unhappy baronet, combined with religious profession the most scandalous and abominable vice, as well as the most outrageous speculation. A friend has supplied me with particulars, of which the following is an abstract:—"W. S. C. was a journeyman baker, and being a man of pleasing address and considerable ability, desired to improve his position in the world, and adopted means for increasing his knowledge of business. He became a member of a religious body, and a total abstainer; he was made a local preacher, and his preaching was highly acceptable to many; and he was a leading man in connexion with the temperance cause. He obtained a situation as secretary of a loan society, which, under his

care, flourished so greatly as to accumulate a capital of £30,000. The business increased ; good dividends were paid ; the utmost confidence was reposed by all parties connected with the concern ; when one day C. was away from post, and it was discovered that the whole of the capital, with a considerable amount in addition, was gone. The question naturally arises, How could a man abstract so large an amount without its being perceived in his habits or expenditure ? He continued his strict teetotalism and his preaching ; lived in a small and poorly furnished house, and appeared to be strictly economical. It was found, however, that he had sunk a large amount of money in mining speculations, which were utterly worthless ; he had hoped that they would realize large profits, and he intended out of the returns to make up his defalcations, and so conceal his guilt. He got away to America, but, after an absence of two years, was found in Southampton, brought to Liverpool, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude. After he had absconded it was discovered that his outwardly religious character was a cloak of hypocrisy. It was shown that, in his visits to various places, whither he went to preach, he had been secretly practising most licentious conduct, and that he had been intimately connected with a notorious woman, who kept houses of ill-fame in Liverpool. On his return there was found in his possession a certificate from the American Methodist Church, commending him, as their esteemed brother, to the brethren whom in his journeys he might visit. Why he returned is a mystery. Such a creature's word is not worth much ; but he stated that he had come voluntarily to surrender himself to justice, that he was very miserable, and irresistibly compelled to come back."

It is bad enough when a clerk defrauds a wealthy firm, and when a manager makes away with the property of

a great company ; but to rob the poor, the sick, the mangled and the dying of the comforts which beneficence designed for them, surely a worse villany than this the human heart, with all its desperate wickedness, never ventured to commit, or found it possible to conceive. But this was what was done not long ago by a gentlemanly, plausible man, one of the vice-presidents of a hospital in Liverpool, and a man who had for a quarter of a century enjoyed the confidence of all concerned. He was about sixty-eight years of age when his defalcations were discovered, which amounted to about £4,000

Not much inferior to the cruelty of robbing the sick and dying of the relief that is due to them, is that of defrauding the poor of their hard-earned savings ; but this kind of fraud has often been committed. In the year 1830, the town of Bilston was first favoured with the presence and the preaching of the Rev. Horatio Samuel Fletcher. In 1832, the town was ravaged by cholera, and Mr. Fletcher, to his praise be it spoken, devoted himself most earnestly and courageously to the succour of his afflicted flock ; and he well deserved the reward which the parishioners bestowed upon him in the shape of a benefice worth £700 a year. A few years afterwards, a savings' bank was established in the town, and Mr. Fletcher was appointed one of its trustees. Had he rested satisfied with this, acting simply as a trustee, and never allowing his fingers to touch the money, all might have been well. But in an evil hour he accepted offices which ministers of religion should, I think, most carefully shun ; he was made secretary and treasurer of the savings' bank, as well as trustee ; and in these capacities he acted until the year 1861, when it was found that under Mr. Fletcher's management, £8,000 had disappeared.

So far I have spoken, for the most part, of individual

defaulters, who, without any accomplices, pursue in perfect secrecy, their tortuous courses ; but there are many fraudulent schemes which can succeed only through a conspiracy on the part of several persons, who, bringing their united talents into operation, generally are more successful than the ablest solitary defaulter. With a few cases of this character I will conclude my statement of facts.

From Mr. Francis's "Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange," I compile the following short account of the Independent West Middlesex Fire and Life Insurance Company. It was formed in the year 1837 ; its capital was stated to be £1,000,000. As such names as Drummond and Perkins appeared on the list of directors, simple people thought that the one was the extensively known banker, the other the far more extensively known brewer. The deed of the Company was signed by any one who chose. Any one who asked for a situation was made a governor. A school-master who required a clerkship was made a director ; an errand man was employed as manager ; a boy of sixteen was appointed to a seat at the board. One director had been tap-man to a London pot-house ; another had been dismissed from his employ as a journeyman bell-hanger ; a third had been a gentleman's servant. All had orders to dress well, to place rings on their fingers, and to adorn themselves with jewellery, fines being imposed if they omitted to wear the ornaments prescribed. The concern lasted but a little while ; the bold editor of a Scottish newspaper exposed the den of robbers ; and one fine morning the whole gang absconded, taking with them from the premises every article of furniture, after having realized in four years a booty of £250,000.

The Royal British Bank was another nefarious conspiracy of defaulters. To enter into an investigation of its ingenious frauds would occupy too much time ; but here is a

specimen : one gentleman, a member of Parliament, having had shares assigned him, for which he gave a promissory note, which was never paid, was made a director, and of course thought it his duty to open an account at the bank. He did so by paying in the sum of £18 14s. ; and on the same day he borrowed upon his note of hand £2,000. He went on upon the strength of this drawing account begun with £18 14s., and only replenished by money taken from one bank drawer and put into the other, until he was debtor to the Company to the amount of £70,000. When matters began to look dark, the governor wrote to the deputy-governor in these terms ; “ Our highest policy is to present a solid front to the public, our weakest conduct is to dangle a rope of sand before them. P.S. We want courage and coolness, and, with God’s blessing, our difficulties will be surmounted.” They did not obtain God’s blessing, however, and the concern stopped, having, during its brief existence of six-and-a-half years, exhausted the whole of £158,000, subscribed by the unfortunate shareholders, leaving them besides some £500,000 in debt. Cameron, the manager, was said to be outwardly a very religious man. Very just was the sarcasm of “ Punch,” when, in reference to that person, he published the following : “ Mr. Cameron, we hear, sojourns at present in the Holy Land ; whilst engaged in the Royal British, it was not possible for him to give more than a piece of his active mind to religious matters ; but, released from the entanglements of mammon, he now devotes the whole of his time to serious subjects. The worthy gentleman has been busy carrying on excavations in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem ; and has discovered the country seat of Barabbas, which, it is said, he intends to occupy. Such a mansion must, to such a mind, abound with the most impressive associations.”

The Bank of Deposit—who does not remember the

prominence and importunity of its innumerable advertisements ! This concern deserves notice, because it reveals the disgraceful fact, that men in high position sometimes not only lend their names to bubble speculations, but also make a profit out of them. From one of the daily papers I extract the following :—

“ It was in 1852 that Lord A. first lent the association the influence of his name, and in virtue thereof took a seat at the board as a holder of £500 stock, for which he never paid ; but the holding of which entitled him to the position and pay of a director, and on which his brother directors generously advanced him a loan of the same amount. As a matter of course, similar arrangements took place with regard to them. The Marquis of B., Lord C., &c., &c., all having stock in the Company allotted to them, for which they never paid, and loans advanced upon the same unsubstantial security. . . . By widely-published and skilfully-worded advertisements, decorated with aristocratic names, by well-planted agencies, and by continual canvassing, the managers and directors of this monstrous imposture contrived to get into their hands above £300,000, consisting to a great extent of the hard earnings and hard savings of the industrious poor.”

With one case more I close this collection of facts. This also is a case in which a nobleman figures at the head of the direction ; but I am happy to be able to say that his lordship was not a swindler ; he was merely the ignorant instrument and victim of other men’s chicanery. A few years ago a gold and copper mining company was got up ; the scene of its operations was in Devonshire ; the capital, £50,000, in shares of £1 each. The prospectus announced that gold in considerable quantities was to be obtained from the ore dug out of the mine. About 100 tons of the ore was forwarded to a town in the north of England ; there a friend

of mine, a chemist, melted the ore, and certainly did obtain from it about £600 worth of pure gold. The shares immediately went up; the smelter and some of his friends did not hesitate to purchase, expecting soon to realize their fortunes. Up, up, and still up went the shares, when the cakes of gold had been exhibited in London. At length my friend received another cargo of the precious ore, but, to his consternation, not a particle of gold was to be found. It was believed that the gold which my friend sent to London had, in the first instance, gone from London; had been purchased there in the form of gold dust, had been mixed with the first 100 tons of copper ore, and was, to a dwt., extracted by my friend's skill as an assayer; but before the second cargo was forwarded, the fellows who were in the secret had all sold out at the top price of the shares; they had thrown a sprat and caught a salmon; the £600 worth of gold dust had made their fortunes. It was verily a case of throwing dust into the eyes of the public.

Facts similar to those which I have now stated might be quoted in great numbers, but I think that I have gone quite far enough into these mysteries of iniquity to expound the second division of this lecture, viz.—What defaulters do.

III. In the next place we have to consider how defaulters are made.

Defaulters are made partly by the intense ignorance, the unbounded credulity, and the ill-regulated acquisitiveness of the general public, or of such of the public as have any money to invest. Most men are desirous of obtaining the highest possible per centage for their money. Three per cent. is a beggarly affair, five is not much better; here is a concern which for years has been paying ten, fifteen, twenty per cent., why should not we invest in this active, enterprising, go-a-head company? They do not see, they will not see, that

a great interest generally means a great risk. They will not be warned, they will not be taught. Notwithstanding all the manias and the panics which have resulted in such havoc and desolation, they still believe that by some ingenious process two and two can be made, and made at once, into five, six, seven, ten, or any higher number, according to the wisdom of directors and managers. Such swindles as the British Bank, the Bank of Deposit, and half the railway schemes of 1845, would never have been brought into existence but for the combination of ignorance, credulity, and cupidity on the part of the British public.

Defaulters are also made by negligence on the part of directors in public companies, and of principals in private firms. There is an old proverb which says, "Opportunity makes the thief." Now, I do not undertake to say that it is possible by any system of checks to stop up every chink, and crevice, and cranny through which the spirit of fraud might seek admittance. I am afraid that such a thing is not possible, for, as I said before, I have a very high opinion of the intellectual resources of the defaulter. But still I believe that it has often been shown and often been confessed that more wisdom and more care would have effectually checked the defaulter. In an article which I find in a recent number of a journal devoted to trade and commerce, I read the following under the head of Business and Balancing:—"How many men have we known who were supposed by themselves and others not only to be making a comfortable living from their business, but actually amassing a competency, who, when death or some other crisis occurred which necessitated the winding-up of their estate, were found not only to have no surplus, but barely sufficient to pay their confiding creditors a decent composition. . . . The evil of defective book-keeping, or no books at all, is not confined to any particular class. Many merchants proceed

in business from year to year without ever balancing their books." Now, if such be the state of things in any concern, whether great or small, there certainly is in that concern the "opportunity that makes the thief."

Defaulters are made by the penuriousness of employers. I am well aware that it is a difficult matter to say what is a fair remuneration for service of this kind or of that; and I know that the political economist may come down upon me with his everlasting maxim, Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Very well, Mr. Political Economist, but will you please to tell us which is the cheapest market? We have discovered that the cheapest markets for clothes, for food, for furniture, are not those in which the things we require are sold at the very lowest figure. The cheapest markets for these things are the places in which a rather high figure is asked. And may it not be so in the labour market too? You may buy cheap and nasty coats, cheap and nasty meat, cheap and nasty wine, and you may buy cheap and nasty service too. If you grind your servant's face, depend upon it he will grind yours. I say, not in palliation but in explanation of crime, that miserably small salaries paid to men who have families, and who are required by their employers to present a respectable appearance, have made thousands of defaulters; and made defaulters, not of rascals who were born with the halter round their necks, and who, under any circumstances, would be dishonest, but those disgraceful salaries have made defaulters of thousands, who, had they been paid as much as would have enabled them to live respectably, would have lived respectably, and would have rendered a service all the more cheerful, and all the more active, and all the more valuable, because rendered in a spirit free from the bitterness, the discontent, and the hatred, which a sense of oppression and injustice always inspires.

Defaulters are made by the bad example of their employers. Are you an employer—wholesale or retail? A merchant at the head of an office containing clerks from one to fifty? A draper having assistants, perhaps three—perhaps three hundred? Well, no matter what the business is, but is there in your establishment any recognised trick, artifice, dodge, unfair mode of dealing? Then I tell you, and your conscience tells you, that, so far, you are bringing up every one in your concern to be a defaulter; that, sir, is a part of the education you are giving them, and your place is a school of scoundrelism, of which you are the head-master! And can you be surprised; can you even be displeased; ought you not to be highly gratified, if your pupils profit by your instructions? My puffing friend, don't your assistants see your great advertisement in which you declare that you are utterly sacrificing yourself to the public? Do your assistants believe that? If they did they would either address to you a letter of condolence, or, more probably, would instantly demand their wages and be off. Did such a placard ever create the panic and consternation in the house from which it came forth, which it certainly must have done had it been true? Did any assistant ever think his master the less happy, or his own situation the less secure, because of that ruinous and appalling sacrifice? No; they are all perfectly aware that it is, as some of them say, "All gammon." Or if they do think that you are so willing to be sacrificed, don't blame them if reasonably supposing that you might as well sacrifice yourself to them as to anybody else, they appreciate your magnanimity, and take their share of the offering which you are so generous as to make in so unreserved a manner.

Now just look here. According to the "Third Annual Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue," we have an account of these amongst other adulterations. A large

number of packets, properly labelled, as a mixture of chicory and coffee, were found to contain from 80 to 100 per cent. of chicory. Pepper is adulterated with red and white mustard husks, capsicum, pea meal, linseed, sago, rice, Indian meal, wheat, and other cereals. Tobacco (manufactured in Ireland) is adulterated with malt, ferruginous earth, carbonate of soda, liquorice, sugar, molasses, aloes, the leaves of burdock, butter-bur, colts-foot, rhubarb, liquorice, and cabbage. There, my friends, put all that into your pipes and smoke it! From the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (8th edition), we learn that tea, after being greatly adulterated by its heathen growers in China, is subjected to further adulteration on the part of its Christian importers, merchants, and retail dealers here. The "cup that cheers, but not inebriates," sometimes contains leaves of the beech, the elm, the horse-chestnut, the hawthorn, the plane, the willow, the poplar, the sloe, and a liberal mixture of other leaves gathered from English hedges. Exhausted tea-leaves mixed with a solution of gum, and glazed with a mixture of rose pink and black lead, are used to an enormous extent. Logwood also, and powdered tale, or soapstone, are employed. The colouring and glazing matters, it may be added, which are commonly used by the adulterators at home, are of a more injurious kind than those used in China. The heathen adulterators cheat us; the Christian adulterators poison us. A gentleman in the iron trade furnishes me with the following:—"Common iron is often stamped 'Best.' A dealer when purchasing will ask the maker whether the iron is stamped 'Best.' 'No,' says the maker; 'but I will do so if you like, omitting my mark, and putting on any other you please.'" It was a common saying of a certain iron merchant that he would "put as many 'Bests' on as you like for 5s. per ton." Common iron has for years been made in Wales, and

stamped "P.S.I.," then shipped to Odessa, and re-exported thence as Russian iron ; the genuine "P.S.I." being a product of Siberia, and worth £15 per ton, while the imitation would cost in Wales, from £5 to £6 per ton. Nor is this species of fraud confined to the iron trade. It is, I am informed, a common practice amongst drapers to have British goods ticketed "foreign," because the public have a notion that foreign goods are better than those of the same class manufactured at home. A friend, on whose knowledge, judgment, and veracity I place the utmost reliance, informs me of this practice, as one often adopted by men, who, in many instances, stand very high in social position. A needy manufacturer, obliged to go on producing an article for which there may be no present demand, falls into the hands of a wealthy customer, and the latter improves his opportunity, by making a good bargain in a cheap purchase ; this is, according to custom, one of the "fair chances" in trade. But your merchant easily gains the poor manufacturer's confidence ; he accepts another good bargain, and whenever another sale is required, resort is had to his assistance. Your shrewd dealer discovers that it is not convenient to buy just at a certain time, and a consignment is made, upon advance of portion of the amount of value. A large property, in a dull state of trade, accumulates in the merchant's hands ; and he becomes the sole agent who can supply the particular class of goods. He now manages to return the sales on his own terms ; or, rather, to take, from time to time, such portion of the stock as may suit his purpose. In a fluctuating market, the rise is made to tell in favour of the buyer, the fall against the unfortunate seller, who has no escape ; for, week by week, his wages must be paid, and his friend kindly finds him the money. Years roll on, and the victim falls entangled in a net which he has long and vainly struggled to break.

Creditors meet and find the stock under advance, the plant and machinery under mortgage ; the secured creditor, of course, is quite willing to give up his securities on being paid his advances,—but who is to do that ? Or he will allow the insolvent still to go on, in the hope of retrieving himself. He is very sorry for him and his family ; he has always found him a striving, worthy man, who, with time, might possibly extricate himself from existing difficulties ; he would indeed, for the sake of his family, be very glad to help him to continue, if the creditors can see their way to permit it. See their way, indeed ! What can they see, but a miserable wreck in the estate, if forced into bankruptcy ? No, that will never do ; and an obliging creditor moves that your merchant's kind offer be accepted ; another ready supporter seconds this ; and so the estate is allowed to remain, under assignment, in the clutches of the smooth-tongued gentleman, who has been so kind throughout. He, of course, has now all in his own hands ; the works are carried on, full swing ; the merchant can undersell all competitors, and makes a famous purse out of the poor wretch who is thus managed, and kept with a millstone round his neck, to the end of his days—flattered at one time, feasted at another, but ruined at last !

Now, if such practices could be concealed from the assistants, and conducted entirely by the principals, in their private office, they would be quite bad enough ; but concealed they are not, they cannot be ; many of them must be patent to the whole establishment, every one of them must be known to a few of the hired servants. I ask, then, is there not a fearful responsibility here ? Are not masters who act in these dishonest ways guilty of making defaulters ? I say to such men, Sirs, if you will have your great game, your servants will have their little game. Again let us hear Dr. Chalmers : “What right have they (dishonest em-

ployers) to complain of unfaithfulness against themselves, who have deliberately seduced another into a habit of unfaithfulness against God? Are they so utterly unskilled in the mysteries of human nature as not to perceive . . . that the servant whom you have taught to lie has gotten such rudiments of education at your hands as that, without further help, he can now teach himself to purloin? And yet, nothing more frequent than loud and angry complainings against the treachery of servants; as if, in the general wreck of their other principles, a principle of consideration for the good and interest of their employer . . . was to survive in all its power and all its sensibility. It is just such a retribution as was to be looked for. It is a recoil upon their own heads of the mischief which they themselves have originated. It is the temporal part of that punishment which they have to bear . . . but not the whole of it; for, better for them that both person and property were cast into the sea, than that they should stand the reckoning of that day when called to give an account of the souls that they have murdered, and the blood of so 'mighty a destruction is required at their hands.'" (Com. Dis., p. 235.)

While the sin of making defaulters is thus shared in by many large sections of the public, let it not from this be supposed that I would in the least exculpate the defaulters themselves. To the question, how are defaulters made? I have given several answers, and I must now give this as indeed the chief;—men make themselves defaulters. There may be some cases in which the measure of blame fairly attached to the defaulter himself is much smaller than in others. Remember the married warehouseman with 12s. a-week. Starvation is a plea, which, though it cannot be admitted by justice, will find some consideration at the hands of mercy. But, in the great majority of instances, the defaulter "is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." Yes, "the lust

of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and," perhaps, above all, "the pride of life," these are the things that make defaulters! Occasionally, perhaps rather frequently, the defaulter is not what men would call dissipated; he is not a rake, a *roué*, a fast man, a spendthrift; he lives at a small expense, he frequents no places of amusement, his name is not known in betting circles; but in his heart there is the love of money, which is the root of all evil, and, coveting after this, "he errs from the faith, and pierces himself through with many sorrows." Generally speaking, however, men who love money for its own sake are too shrewd to commit themselves to a course of daring fraud; they calculate the chances, they see that it is highly probable that such a course would end in detection and ruin; they believe that honesty is likely to prove the best policy; and, although with the utmost faith in this piece of proverbial philosophy, they may be rogues at heart; still, believing that honesty will pay better than dishonesty, they *are* honest; their hands may be very hard, but they are moderately clean. The defaulter, therefore, is not usually a shrewd, far-seeing, and miserly man; but he is very often a licentious man; and, as one vice is more expensive than ten virtues, he finds it impossible to gratify his passions unless he has more money than he can earn by honest work. Riotous living has brought the owners of the vastest and most lordly estates to debt and beggary. Nothing can stand it; a rent-roll of £1,000 a-day cannot supply its insatiable demands; and, of course, salaries of £100, £200, £300, £500 per annum very soon disappear. But I do not know that either "the lust of the flesh or the lust of the eye" is as strong an incentive to default as "the pride of life"—that irrational and unhappy love of display which takes possession of so many hearts. There is a feverish impatience which impels men to extravagance. It is an

age of short and easy methods—short and easy methods of learning French ; short and easy methods of learning music ; short and easy methods of setting up in a great style. Here is German in six days ; there a mansion, a carriage, a cellar of wine, servants in livery, shooting in the Highlands, and all the appurtenances of luxury and splendour, in six weeks ! Now it is very well for middle-aged gentlemen, who have spent twenty or thirty years in business, and have realized twice as many thousand pounds,—I say it is very well for them, good easy souls that they are, to gratify their tastes in this way ; but youngsters just out of their teens, and on salaries of £100 a-year, must needs vie with Mr. Smith, who is fifty years old, and who has made a handsome fortune ; nay, it is probable that Mr. Smith's young shopman has an establishment more costly than his master's. So these lads begin where they ought to leave off, and consequently have to leave off where they ought to have begun. Poor, weak creatures, they cannot see a ring on a friend's finger, but they must have one as good, or better ; the sight of a neighbour's drag and fast-trotting horse makes them wretched until they have a drag as stylish, and a horse that can trot as fast. Like children, they must have this, they must have that, they must have everything they see. They have no manly self-control, no idea that one of the noblest things in life is the battle with temptations to excess. And so they run into debt. They have brass in their faces, if they have none in their purses, and the tradesman takes the risk ; and that is very often all that he does take. As I have walked along a fashionable street, or sauntered on the promenade of a gay watering-place, I have often thought, while I looked at the people around me, How many of these coats belong to the tailor ? If every man had his own, many a finely-dressed, haw-hawing swell would be stripped to the skin, and then have his body

divided between the baker, the butcher, and costermonger, whose bread, and mutton, and cabbage, all unpaid for, constitute the creature's mortal coil. I would say to him, "Sir, even that moustache, which you are continually twirling and twisting, is not your own. Don't say you have grown it! No, sir; it has been grown, every hair of it, by those dealers in human food who have been foolish enough to invest meat and drink in such an unprofitable concern as you. "There's my place at Chester-terrace," said Redpath to the police-officer; "there's my place at Chester-terrace; if they sell it well, it will at least fetch £30,000." "My place," indeed! Did not the fellow know that everything in it, from the plate-chest to the coal-scuttle, was the property of the Great Northern Railway Company? Credit, and far too much credit can be got; but still, credit will not last for ever; and so there follows speculation, or speculation, which, as in most of the cases I have referred to, has speculation for its basis. Thus, yielding to the love of money, the love of pleasure, the love of display, men make themselves defaulters.

IV. Well, now we have, perhaps, said enough about the evil and its causes. What can we say with reference to its cure? And first, what can we say with reference to such as already are defaulters? Can they be reclaimed?

The answer which most persons will be disposed to give to this question is very short. They will say, "No." And I must confess that I have my doubts, and that, from all that I can gather, the chances of reclamation are very small, if the defaulter has gone far. Indeed, this is one of the strongest and most solemn warnings that I can offer to those whose hands are still clean, but in whose hearts the temptation to go astray is beginning to do its fatal work. If I could give you a long array of facts showing how this defaulter and that, after serving their periods of im-

prisonment, came out reformed characters, regained the confidence they had lost, and became respectable and respected men, you might then say, "Well, default is not destruction; we, too, even though we were to go astray, might recover our position." But I have very few such facts to offer. And this does not arise from my having made no efforts to obtain such facts, for I have tried to get them, and almost failed; and of such as I have obtained it may be said that they are just barely sufficient to encourage a defaulter not to despair, but not at all sufficient to encourage a man contemplating default to presume. On this subject my good friend Mr. Carter, the excellent chaplain of the Liverpool Borough Gaol, writes to me as follows. Referring to discharged defaulters, he says,—“I occasionally see two or three about the streets of Liverpool making a strong effort to recover themselves, but evidently under great difficulties.” Yes, the difficulties must be great. Every man knows that it is not too easy to get on, even when there is not a stain upon the character, and when a young man possesses the confidence of all who know him; and therefore it is only reasonable to suppose that a man who has once lost his character should find it almost impossible to succeed in life. Perhaps we could see in our colonies, better than we can see here, how far recovery is practicable. Mr. Carter says of defaulters belonging to the more respectable classes—“In almost all cases their friends remove them to a distance, sometimes sending them abroad, and, when surrounded by new circumstances, and where they are unknown, I have no doubt they do well.” But the communication with the most distant parts of the world is now becoming so frequent and so rapid, that even in our colonies the defaulter will find himself almost at as great a disadvantage as at home. However well-inclined he may be, in the streets of Melbourne or Sydney he may at any

moment be brought up face to face with some one who knows his history, and who, not from spite, nor from the love of tale-bearing, but from a stern sense of duty, may deem it right to put people upon their guard. Moreover, defaulters are not generally a class of men who will find colonial life easy. In the colonies they want men who can work, and work with a will; brawny, muscular, strong-handed men—men who have learned some useful art, carpenters, masons, smiths, engine-drivers; the defaulter is generally a quill-driver. The colonies want men who can endure fatigue, and who can put up with many discomforts; the defaulter is often a man whom effeminate and luxurious habits have made incapable of such a mode of life. In the colonies, too, honest men often find it hard to get on; the defaulter will find it harder. Wherever he is, he stands at a disadvantage, excepting there be some extraordinary combination of circumstances in his favour. It would seem, however, that the efforts of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society have not been without encouraging results. From the Social Science Papers of 1858, I extract the following:—"With very few exceptions the society has received most satisfactory accounts of the well-doing of both the men and women it has been instrumental in gaining employment for. . . . Many letters have been received from discharged prisoners and their employers, testifying to the gratitude of the former for the aid afforded to them, . . . and to the satisfaction of the employers with their services."

But some defaulters, although detected, are not exposed and punished. Their employers have mercy on them. Mr. Carter says, "I know some instances wherein the employers on discovering the defalcations have wisely and considerably not proceeded to extremities, but remembered Gal. vi. 1, 'Brethren if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are

spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted ;' and the result has been fidelity on one side and confidence on the other." Certainly, if, without any compromise of public justice, the defaulter can be kept from prison he has a chance of being reclaimed; and I would earnestly appeal to employers to show mercy, and to forgive at least the first offence of a very juvenile delinquent; to consider how far, in the event of their sending a lad to gaol for some act of peculation, they are themselves involved in the guilt of making him a thief for the rest of his days. Gentlemen, if you can save these lads, I am sure you will not allow a sense of the wrong they have done you to consign them to destruction. As men, you ought not to let your anger burn like fire against a boy. It is not Christian conduct to wreak your vengeance upon any one; it is not manly conduct to wreak your vengeance upon a youth. There stands the culprit, trembling in your presence; you can convict him—you can send him to prison. It may be that the interests of society demand that he should be delivered up; and if you are sure of this, I have no more to say; but, if otherwise, reflect upon the awful consequences which will follow that conviction. What are they? Six months in gaol on prison diet. Ah! my friend, if that were all, perhaps you might have no occasion to hesitate; but that is not all; there is the loss of character, the loss of self-respect, the loss of friends, the loss of everything that is of value to that lad. Save him; save him, if you can! No; you say, "If I forgive him he will do it again, and he will corrupt his fellow-clerks." Well, I confess that is very possible, but still, if the habit of thieving has not been formed, this one act of theft does not make the case hopeless. If it were an invariable law that one act of theft led to another, and that again to another, until the man became a hardened scoundrel, I wonder what sort

of characters most of us would be by this time. No, Mr. Robinson, you are, and you long have been, a man of unspotted honesty ; but tell me, did you never violate the sanctity of your mother's sugar basin ? Did you always remember the eighth commandment as on your way to school you passed Mr. Jones's orchard, or Farmer Brown's turnip field ? No, sir, you once or twice, perhaps fifty times, were a young thief ; but your parents did not suppose that because you stole the sugar, and the apples, and the turnips, the gallows or the hulks would inevitably be your end ; they did not despair of you ; they reproved you ; they corrected you ; they forgave you ; and you grew up to be an honest man ; and so, in your own history, you have a refutation of the assertion that one act of dishonesty will of necessity be followed by others. A friend of mine some years ago had an apprentice, protruding from beneath whose cap he one day saw what looked much more like cherry stalks than hair ; on lifting the lad's cap he found that he had conjectured rightly ; the cap was full of cherries which had been bought with money taken from the till. My friend, however, did not send him to prison ; he did not expose him to his fellow apprentices ; but he reproved him and forgave him, and he is now one of the most flourishing men of business in the city of Manchester. If masters will forego revenge, repress anger, and exercise kindness and prudence in the treatment of young defaulters, there is little doubt that many of them may be reclaimed.

V. But prevention is better than cure ; and, however important it may be to consider how far it is possible to reclaim those who already are defaulters, it is much more important to inquire by what means those who are honest may be kept so ; and with a few remarks on this topic I shall bring the lecture to a close.

Ministers of religion already do much towards check-

ing the evils of dishonesty, but perhaps they might do more if they gave their preaching a more practical tone than in many cases it assumes. They are called upon to preach the Gospel ; it is their duty to preach the Gospel, and God forbid that they should ever cease to preach the Gospel as long as they preach at all. But some people have very narrow notions of the Gospel ; they pick out one or two truths—great truths and, indeed, the greatest truths of the Gospel—and if they do not hear these in a sermon, they do not hear the Gospel ; or if with these they do hear other truths, those other truths are hardly worth hearing, for they are not the Gospel. Now, let us have the Gospel, but let us have the whole Gospel ; and I think morality is a rather important part of the Gospel, and that no minister of Christ should shun to declare this part of the counsel of God. We in this country, and especially in the great towns of this country, have to speak to business men, and should speak truths that will come home to them as business men, that shall go with them to the market, and shall shed their light upon the ledger, and shall indorse every bill and every bond. Now, here is a specimen of practical preaching, which, I dare say, will shock a good many people ; they will say it is perfectly outrageous that such themes should be introduced into the pulpit ; they will cry, This man knows nothing of the Gospel ! Stay friends—this man is Hugh Latimer, who died at the stake for the Gospel. Listen to him. “ There never was such falsehood among Christian men as now ; the merchant, commonly, in every city, teaches his ’prentice to sell false wares ; no man setteth anything by his promise ; yea, writings will not bind some ; they be so shameless that they deny their own handwriting.” Latimer did not hesitate to expose from the pulpit the tricks of the market. It seems to have been a common practice to take to a fair a cow that gave no milk ;

and in order to sell her, a calf was taken along with her under a pretence "that this cow hath brought this calf." "The man which buyeth the cow cometh home; peradventure he hath a many children, and hath no more cattle but this cow, and thinketh he shall have some milk for his children. But when all things cometh to pass, this is a barren cow; and so this poor man is deceived. The other fellow which sold the cow thinketh himself a jolly fellow and a wise merchant. But, I tell thee, whosoever thou art, do so if thou list—thou shalt do it of this price; thou shalt go to the devil, and there be hanged on the fiery gallows; world without end!" Quaint but strong. Let preachers of the present day not be afraid to take a leaf out of Latimer's sermons. There is more good sense, and, perhaps, more Gospel truth in what Latimer says about "the fellow which sold the cow," than in many an elaborate discourse, which in these times is regarded as a perfect model of the homiletic art. We, ministers, cannot say that there is a lack of texts bearing on such subjects. No; the Word of God was constructed with too much wisdom to be deficient in this respect. Is it not written in the Old Testament, "Thou shalt not steal"—"A false weight and a false balance are an abomination to the Lord"—"The getting of treasures by a lying tongue, is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death"—"As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool?" Is it not written in the New Testament, "Owe no man anything"—"Let him that stole steal no more"—"Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds"—"This is the will of God . . . that no man go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter, because that the Lord is the avenger of all such"—"Therefore, all things, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye

even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets?" Men of business! if we preachers are not practical enough for a commercial age, the Bible is. Conduct your business according to the principles embodied in the verses just quoted, and defaulters will be almost unknown; like the Dodo and the Megatherium, they will be numbered with the things that were. And let ministers take such texts as these, and apply them with all the force that they possess: let them take texts from Solomon's Proverbs, as well as from Solomon's Song,—from the practical parts of the Epistles, as well as from the Apocalypse, and they will send the shot and shell of Divine truth crashing and shattering through every stronghold of dishonesty.

In considering how men are to be prevented from becoming defaulters, I am naturally led back to what has been said with regard to the causes of default. If these can be stopped there will be no more defaulters.

We have seen that one of those causes is the credulity and cupidity of the public. Remembering the warnings which the public have had from the days of the South Sea bubble until now, it seems very unlikely that they will ever learn by experience. The public is a burnt child that does not and will not dread the fire. Still, if, by any means, people who have money to invest, and especially those who have but a little, can be made cautious and wary; if they can be made to believe that interest and risk are proportionate; if they can be made to see that a prospectus got up by a lawyer, an accountant, a miner, or an engineer, can make a large profit as clear a matter of demonstration as that all the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, but that still it may turn out, and in all probability will turn out, that the prospectus is a lie and a swindle from beginning to end; if the public can be persuaded of these things, men of the Hudson and Sadleir stamp will lose their occupation.

We have seen that another encouragement is given to defaulters by the negligence of employers with regard to the state of their accounts. This remark applies, perhaps, more especially to great companies and to public charities. In these last the conduct of trustees and committees is often really shameful. The names of these gentlemen are the only guarantee that the public have. And what is the fact? These gentlemen in many cases know absolutely nothing of the state of the books. It may be very gratifying to the treasurer and secretary to find such confidence reposed in them, and it may be that such confidence is not undeserved; but as trustees, committee men, directors, you have no right to expose the property entrusted to your care to any avoidable risk, and, as men, you have no right to expose a fellow-man to a temptation from which you can save him. "Let no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." Once you have given your subordinate such unquestioning confidence it is very difficult, without giving offence, to withdraw it; therefore never give it at all; begin with the understanding that you will fulfil your duty towards those who trust in you, and regard your name as a pledge that all is right. As I have already said, it may be impossible by any amount of vigilance, by any system of checks, to prevent fraud, but still let every precaution be adopted. You owe it to yourselves, and you owe it to your servants, that, as far as practicable, temptation should not be placed in their way; they have temptations enough outside without any additional ones in the office, arising from a careless method of conducting the business. "An open door will tempt a saint." Well, then, shut the door if you can.

We have seen also that defaulters are made by the penuriousness of employers. It is not for me—it is not for any man—to dictate to another how he should pay his servants; all such dictation is an impertinence and an interference with

the freedom of the labour market. I have no more right to say how much per annum a merchant should pay his cashier, than to say how many turnips a greengrocer ought to sell for twopence; but I would venture to say — For your own sake and that of others, do not put the screw on too hard. If you meet with a poor, hard-up wretch who is willing to do for £50 a-year work for which £100 is generally paid, and if you accept him on such terms, I admit that you are just, but I question whether you are wise, and I am very sure you are not merciful. Make every one about you feel that in your service he has a place too good to be lost, too good to be risked, and you will not have many defaulters.

I referred to the bad example of employers as one great encouragement to default. On this I have said so much, that further remark is, perhaps, needless. But I feel very strongly on this point, and cannot dismiss it without a very earnest appeal to employers to conduct all their business on principles of integrity and honour. Let there be nothing false, nothing deceptive, nothing shabby. There are people in trade who will say, that to conduct business in a strictly honest manner is impossible. If that be true, I can only say that it is a truth of a very horrible description. But it is not true. Probably a man may not get on quite as fast by strict honesty as by the help of a little knavery; but if he will only cherish a spirit of patience and moderation, he will find it possible to live honestly, and that there is no necessity for condescending to falsehood and deception in order to his prospering in trade. And, under any circumstances, a business man, if he has either a heart or a conscience, must surely feel that he is responsible before God for the education which young men receive from him through transacting his business. It does appear to me, that if employers never attempted to swindle the public, their

assistants would, in comparatively few instances, attempt to swindle them.

Finally, we have seen that men become defaulters through their evil propensities and passions, through the love of money, the love of vice, and the love of display. Let me address to young men especially a few words of earnest warning. My friends, I might say much upon the danger of detection, and by this dehort you from entering upon the path of the defaulter. I do not say that all defaulters are found out, for I believe that not a few successfully conceal their villanies to the last, that many instances of default are not discovered until the defaulter has passed into the other world. And I would observe that such a man's case is far worse than that of the man who is detected and sentenced to transportation for life. Do not call that successful impostor lucky; if we accept the word luck at all, the very worst luck is to be so successful in crime as to live and to die without detection. Such, however, are the checks upon dishonesty, and such the tendency of sin to expose the sinner, that in the great majority of cases it may be well believed the defaulter is discovered. And the degradation and the misery of discovery can neither be described nor imagined. But here is an extract from a letter written by John Sadleir just before he went out on that Saturday night to destroy himself on Hampstead Heath: "I cannot live. I have ruined too many. I could not live to see their agony. I have committed diabolical crimes unknown to any human being. They will now appear, causing to all shame and grief, that they should have ever known me. I would go through any torture as a punishment for my crimes, . . . but I cannot bear to see the tortures I have inflicted upon others." In another letter he says: "If I had had less talents of a worthless kind and more firmness, I might have remained as I once was, honest and truthful, and I would have lived to see my father and

mother in their old age. I weep, and weep now, but what will that avail?" But I must appeal to better motives than the fear of detection and punishment. I would appeal to your love of independence—a property which, as Englishmen, we are proud to consider a national characteristic. But a true love of independence will never allow a man to run into debt if he can possibly avoid it. In your love of independence, cherish resolutely, and I would even say proudly, the determination to pay for everything you have. Thomas Fuller says very wisely, "Better to lap one's porridge like a dog than eat it mannerly with a spoon of the Devil's giving." I honour the young man who has the pluck to wear a shabby hat and a threadbare coat amongst shop-mates who are well dressed, and to carry an old-fashioned rotund silver watch which his grandfather carried sixty years ago, while every one else in the office has a gold one of the most recent and improved construction. My friend, you can say of your hat, and coat, and watch, "Well, they are *mine*," and that is more than some of the bejewelled monkeys who sneer at you can say of the things they wear. Repel with contempt and with disgust every extravagant desire, much more every vicious desire, and keep aloof, as much as possible, from men who are extravagant and vicious; "Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners." Even with regard to things that are harmless enough; young men who have to make their way in life, must exercise self-denial, and wait till their time comes. "Let patience have her perfect work," is a maxim for secular, as well as for spiritual life. And thus self-contained and self-controlled, the chances of the gaming-table, the turf, the stock-exchange will have no temptations for you. You will not be led into the fearful vortex of speculation, and you will not be deceived by that thought which has proved the destruction of many, that although

you use other people's money for a temporary purpose, you have no intention of retaining it; but will, as a matter of course, return it in due time. Be very careful to avoid the beginning of evil. Theft may be small, but still it is theft, and "he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." Dr. Chalmers says, of the man who would comfort himself with the thought that he has gone only a little way upon the wrong side of the line which separates truth from falsehood,— "But why is he upon it at all? It was in the act of crossing that line, and not in the act of going onwards after he had crossed it; it was then that the contest between right and wrong was entered upon, and then it was decided. That was the instant of time at which principle struck her surrender." Again, he refers to the small defaulters, "a very numerous class of offenders in society those, who, in the various departments of service, or trust, or agency, are ever practising in littles at the work of secret appropriation, and who . . . have both a conscience very much at ease in their own bosoms, and a credit very fair and very entire among their acquaintances around them. They grossly count upon the smallness of their transgression, and they are just going in a small way to hell."

I have found this subject grow upon my hands until my lecture has become much longer than I at first intended. I must now bring it to a close: and I do so with the expression of my firm conviction, founded upon the testimony of Scripture, and upon many facts that relate to this and other species of crime, that nothing can set us straight and keep us straight but the wisdom and the strength and the holiness that come from above. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" and however pure and honourable a young man's principles are, however strong his aversion to debt, to extravagance, to dissipation; however abhorrent to him the thought of committing any dishonest

act, still "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" let him remember that "he who trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Hence the absolute necessity for our safety of some wisdom, power, and virtue greater than our own. I hope that I do not undervalue education, that I do not despise such principles as self-respect and love of independence, nor do I desire to ignore the fear of detection and punishment, for although this is a mean and dastardly motive, still it has some strength and some effect, if not in keeping the heart pure, in keeping the hands clean; but, the more this subject is investigated and reflected on, the more deeply will it be felt that *there is no guarantee for honesty excepting the grace of God in our hearts*; and well may every person in business, from the poorest parish apprentice up to the head of the wealthiest and most honourable firm, daily, hourly, continually breathe the prayer "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

I have now attempted to discuss the points laid down at the beginning of the lecture; to show who defaulters are, what defaulters do, how defaulters are made, by what means defaulters may be reclaimed, and what measures may be adopted to save the honest from becoming defaulters. In the treatment of this extensive topic I have not been ambitious of an ornate and elaborate style. Of tropes and metaphors and carefully rounded periods the lecture is very destitute. This defect I hope will be excused. My only desire has been this, and in this I hope I have not altogether failed, to discuss the principles of common honesty in the language of common sense!

Italy and Her Rulers.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. WM. M'CALL, M.A.

ITALY AND HER RULERS.

THIRTY years ago—nay, even twenty years ago—Italy, as a subject for a lecture, would have had many topics belonging to it, any one of which might have been reasonably expected to be brought before the audience. Thus, for instance, her antiquities might have suggested themselves; the wondrous remnants of ancient art, which from time to time have been recovered from the soil, where for centuries they were buried, or the ruins that stand in solitary dignity on hill-top or on sea-shore, or nestle in woods, or cluster together in decaying towns; or it might have been her arts, her painting, and her sculpture, and then a list of names might have been cited to show how art illumined that sad period when civil war, and worse than feudal hate, masking themselves under the names of patriotism and love of liberty, darkened all the land; or, later still, we might have had a story of the wretched intrigues and wars of which Italy was the scene during the last two or three centuries, when it was parcelled out into little states which were looked upon as fitting endowments for the landless princelings of the Royal Houses of Europe; or it might have been a story of stilettoes and carbonari, conspirators and murderers; but in the sight of the events which have taken place within the last few years, that have happened almost before our own eyes,

there is one topic which must be attended to, which demands our consideration ; and it is—Italy, once broken, but now resolved to be a nation and a free one. And the question that awaits our consideration, and which I propose to discuss, is, How is it that this country, so ancient in renown, so mighty in her past, is yet the youngest-born in the family of European nations ? We see her struggling even now with difficulties in the way of unity and independence, and we ask, how is it that she has been hitherto kept back, and how is it that now, in this late period of the world's history, she is assuming a place that she ought to have held so long before ?

For the nations of Europe were not always as we see them now. Five hundred years ago, for instance, Europe was indeed divided into countries, bearing the same names that they bear at present, but not inhabited each by its own united people. France had its dukes and counts ruling over their separate states, scarcely acknowledging allegiance to the king who reigned at Paris ; rivals to each other, and often rivals to the sovereign. Spain was a nest of kingdoms, jealous of each other, and some of them alien from the rest in race and in religion. England, besides her feudal chiefs, who were strong enough, some of them, to think that they could take away or give the crown, had her neighbours, Wales and Ireland, ever restless, and Scotland continually hostile. Germany, too, was split up into principalities, each feudal lord holding himself independent of his neighbour in his own castle or domain. Russia was in the very arms of barbarism, barely escaped from the Tartar yoke, and the present Russian empire was represented only by the Grand Duchy of Muscovy, one among a number of small dukedoms ; while as to Prussia, she had not emerged into history at all. And yet all these separate peoples have been welded into nations. It was in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth

centuries that these changes were wrought, the fruits of which we see this day. In France, Louis XI. began the work which in a few generations was completed, when the old rivalries of Breton against Norman, and Gascon against Frank, were completely set aside, and the whole merged in the common name and nationhood of Frenchmen ; Ferdinand of Arragon, by his inheritances, by force of arms, and force of character, made Spain a nation ; while in England Henry VII. may be said to have begun that succession of events which God in his mercy perfected, and which stilled the long war of the Scottish border, and bound three kingdoms into one. And if Germany has not experienced the change to the same extent, still in her we see consolidated strength in the place of the many petty principalities ; while Prussia has become a nation, and Russia has grown into a strong one.

These facts give force to our question,—How is it that Italy has not undergone such a change ? Nations which started later in the race, inferior to her in many respects, once broken and weakened by division, have outpassed her ; they have become strong in union, while down to our own day she has remained weakened and broken by disunion, and, in the sight of Europe, a land where each man might take his prey. And we ask the reason why ?—In some of the debates in Parliament our question was answered, and causes were assigned—we were told of local jealousies ; the Roman looks down upon the Neapolitan, the Tuscan scorns the Lombard ; and therefore these never can form one nation. But this is absurd. Rivalries great as these, and enmities far more fierce, once raged between Breton and Frank, between Scot and Englishman, and yet we have lived to see loyal attachment to the throne of France becoming the very characteristic of the men of Brittany ; and our Queen does not feel one whit disturbed in her Highland home, because around her live the sons of those

clansmen who broke the English line at Preston Pans, and carried the Stuart banner down south to Derby.

But we are told again that they differ in dialect—that the Neapolitan cannot understand the Piedmontese, while the Tuscan looks on his pure language as separating him from all the rest ;—but this difference of dialect is even more ridiculous still, as a reason for the continued separation of Italy. There are millions of Frenchmen who do not speak French, and yet are Frenchmen still ; and I dare say there are many of you, that if you were set down in the Briggate of Leeds, or in some of the dales on the Lancashire side of Blackstone Edge, would need an interpreter—and yet you would not repeal the union between sturdy Yorkshire and imperial London for all that ; nor would you, notwithstanding the uncouthness of the Lancashire tongue, stay your hand from helping Lancashire men ; or, what is better still, refuse to acknowledge as countrymen those who have refused to raise the cry of war, though to them war meant work and plenty, and peace meant idleness and starvation.

Still, we ask the reason why ? And then we are told of another ; it is a very popular reason—Lord Byron gives it in these words,—

“——The fatal gift of beauty,
Which became a funeral dower of present woes and past.”

And he has borrowed the idea from an Italian poet. It is a poet's reason, not a politician's. Italy has, indeed, much to tempt an invader. Seated in the midst of the Mediterranean—once the highway of nations, and which has again, by the revolution caused by steam, become a highway of commerce, with her long line of coasts stretching on either hand, and her harbours wherein mighty navies might ride, with fertile plains, and wooded heights and temperate skies—she has much to tempt an invader ; but other lands have been invaded, have suffered beneath invasion, and have yet grown

stronger. We know it at home. Saxon, and Dane, and Norman, have come in their turn to England as foes, and learned to abide as brethren, and the nation has grown stronger for the mixture, nor do we care to count back our kin, except when some one says, "My ancestor came over with the Conqueror," though for aught he knows, the better part of his ancestry were quietly at home when the Conqueror came. There is no one in this land can say, "I am Dane," "I am Norman," or "I am Saxon;" we do not care to mark this difference between one Englishman and another. There is a wondrous power in every people that is strong in self-reliance, and strong in its characteristics, to absorb the invader, and make him and his kindred of the soil. The grandsons of an invader will turn round and resist any fresh invasions, will stand up for the land wherein they have drawn their breath, counting themselves its sons; and thus, so far from invasion—"the fatal gift of beauty" drawing invaders—being an adequate cause for the dismemberment of Italy, and its not growing into a nation like other countries, it increases the difficulty of the problem.

We must seek the reason farther back in her history. But before I go into the story of Italy, permit me to draw the moral, or rather to draw a moral—not the moral of the story, but the moral of our having to inquire into her story. Italy was a conqueror once—a conqueror and an oppressor. The nations of the world felt her power, fed her pride, and gave to her the tribute that she demanded in precious gold, and still more precious lives. But, in God's judgment, the oppressor became the oppressed; she that interfered with other nations was interfered with in her turn; and though we may not dare to point the thunders of the Most High, or attempt to pierce His secrets, yet we ought to observe the things that He does, and to read the lessons that He has written on the broad page of history. And when we see, for instance,

Paris, where once betrayed Huguenots were slaughtered in the outraged name of God, forced again and again to see civil war raging in her streets, and murder in its cruellest guise stalking abroad; when we see Spain, where the inquisition for so many years rioted unchecked—unchecked?—encouraged and supported, and honoured!—when we see her sinking down to the lowest place in the scale of nations, torn with civil war, and even now a by-word for insolvency in the market-places of Europe; or when we see Austria, that lent herself so gladly to the thirty years' war of extermination against the Protestants of Germany, now staggering under the load of her misfortunes, while her sovereign asks and seems to ask in vain the confidence of his subjects, even when he is striving to do right;—when we see these things, and put them all together, I do not think we go far wrong when we say that there is a moral in them, that there is a lesson here which nations would do well to lay to heart: that unrighteous deeds may purchase success, but they leave behind them an inheritance of woe.

After the fall of the Roman Empire various nations found their way into the north of Italy; the south and the eastern portions still remaining subject to the Roman emperors of Constantinople. But about the beginning of the seventh century the Lombards, whose name survives in Lombardy, made their appearance. In the south their Duchy of Beneventum soon dominated over all the Greek settlements there. In the north their kingdom at last became so strong as to thrust out the last of the lieutenants of the Emperor of Constantinople. There remained only Rome, and in a short time no doubt Rome would have followed the example of the rest of the country, and become incorporated in the Lombard kingdom, had it not been that there was already in existence there the influence which all through the centuries that followed has been the cause of disunion,

of foreign intervention, and of weakness and distress at home. The position claimed by the Roman Pontiff left him no alternative but to be jealous of all native power. He could not bear a strong power in Italy, for already he had become master in Rome. The overthrow of the western empire, the distance of Constantinople, the sole remaining seat of the Roman power, left him the chief man in the Imperial City ; and the dignity which had been assigned to him by some of the emperors of Constantinople, that of universal bishop, placed him as he deemed in such a position as not to be subjected like any other bishop to the civil magistracy of the city wherein his see was placed. Differing, as he pretended, from other bishops, in dominion and in jurisdiction, he must needs differ from them in domestic position ; hence it was, that whenever any native power rose to strength, we find the Roman Pontiff moving against it, and calling out for foreign interference. Whenever we discern a hope for Italian union, then we find this influence at the capital acting for disunion ; and that very claim to universal power, which rendered him the foe of domestic unity, gave him an influence with foreign nations, who venerated him the more the farther they were removed from Rome itself. For it was with the Bishop of Rome as with everything else—familiarity did breed contempt. The Romans often treated him with great indignity, while the nations at a distance looked on him as a demi-god, and were willing to hear and ready to obey every call that he made upon them ; the spiritual power becoming, as we have seen it in our own days, the recruiting sergeant for the maintenance of the temporal power

The Lombards were strong and dangerous neighbours—but, for the sake of fairness, let me say that there might have been a theological pretext for the Bishop of Rome's interfering against them—I do not say a theological reason, but a

theological pretext; for he, as a Christian bishop, had, or rather ought to have had, nothing to do with summoning foreign invaders into his native country. They were Arians, and did not acknowledge his supremacy; their kings did on occasion give him honour for his character, but they would not acknowledge his supremacy as a bishop. Even the orthodox of the north of Italy were very unwilling, at that early period, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome.

Pepin, the most powerful chief of the Eastern Franks, who inhabited what is now called Germany, wished to get rid of the shadow of authority possessed by the kings, the descendants of Clovis, whose existence was a barrier to the extension of his power over the Western Franks inhabiting what we now call France. There was a certain sanctity attached to these Merovingian kings; they were the "long haired race," connected by vague tradition with the ancient gods of the nation, and they alone had been held worthy to reign over the free tribes of the Franks. To get rid of them was a very desirable thing, for they had become worse than worthless; but it was necessary to have some influence to overbear the attachment to them, founded upon the supposed sanctity of their family. Hence it was that Pepin applied to the Bishop of Rome, and asked him to sanction the transfer of the crown from their family to his; while the Bishop of Rome, nothing loath to be engaged in so mighty a work, journeyed to France, and crowned Pepin king of the Franks. Thus, when the Lombards had advanced to the very gates of Rome, and the Pope sought help against them, there was a good claim on the assistance of the Franks; and Pepin and his son Karl, better known by his romance name of Charlemagne, acknowledged the claim, and did the work — invading Italy, overthrowing the Lombards, ruining their duchy in the south as well as their kingdom in the north,

and finally bestowing upon the Bishop of Rome those estates which afterwards were called the states of the church—Charlemagne being crowned by his ally in Rome as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. This was in the year 800, and from this time there were two disturbing powers in Italy. The Bishop of Rome was now more than ever bound to resist the growth of Italian unity, because he had states which would be absorbed in any Italian kingdom ; while his ally the emperor had rights—vague and undefined, and very difficult to be discovered, but not the less precious on that account—which authorized him to interfere in the government of Italy, and gave him sovereignty over all the princes within her. These rights soon became weak, and were for a time in abeyance. The civil wars between the sons of Charlemagne and among their descendants broke up the power of the Franks. There were for a time emperors crowned by the Pope, but their ability to interfere became less and less. The Lombards being ruined, and the Franks occupied at a distance, feudal lords grew up in strength in Italy ; the Bishop of Rome became as one of them, often less than one of them, the nominee of some Tuscan marquis, or of even baser patrons. At the end of one hundred and fifty years the family of Charlemagne had died out in Germany, and became almost extinct in France.

The Frankish empire had been divided, and France and Germany had become separate kingdoms. The title of Emperor, once borne by the strongest of the Carlovingian sovereigns, had been of late assumed by princes who were not masters of either France or Germany. A new family had been chosen by the Franks of the latter country, and the kings of the Germans were fully occupied in establishing their power at home. There was a kingdom of Italy, comprising Provence and Lombardy, which might have grown and absorbed the rest ; but John XII.—

a miserable and degraded wretch, thrust early in life on the papal throne, which he dishonoured, as he dishonoured the very name of man, by his vices—having quarrelled with Beranger, King of Italy, called to his aid Otho, the King of the Germans—not Emperor, but simply King of the Germans, having no connexion whatever with Italy. He came and overthrew the kingdom of Italy, and in 962 was crowned at Rome Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; and from that time almost to our own day, the claim to interfere in Italy has been maintained by the chiefs of the German confederation. As Charlemagne and Otho had been crowned at Rome, the notion grew up that here only could an Emperor be crowned; and thus, during the eighty years which followed the coronation of Otho, there were no fewer than twelve invasions of Italy. The Emperor elect came to Rome at the head of his army, having to fight at least one battle on his journey; he entered the city amid the shouts of the people, was crowned, and after a longer or shorter stay hurried off in the midst of tumult; the almost invariable rule being that the Romans showered garlands on him at his entrance, and stones at his departure. On his way home, the Emperor generally held a council on the plains of Lombardy, to receive the homage, and decide the complaints of the feudal lords who held estates in the north. No country could grow up under this operation; therefore we need not be astonished to find that during those years, down to the year 1200, there was no native power that had any name, or authority, or strength in the north of Italy. The towns, indeed, began to grow into power about that time, but quarrels between the Pope and the Emperor broke these towns into factions. This city was Guelph, as adhering to the Pope; that was Ghibelline, as adhering to the Emperor. Not only were cities thus arrayed against each other, but even streets and houses; so that at

length the fair promise of liberty that seemed to show itself in Florence, and other flourishing towns in northern and central Italy, was blighted, and they fell an easy prey to tyrants.

But about this time the Normans, who gave kings to England, had found their way to the south of Italy, and founded a kingdom there. The most far-sighted and politic of the many conquering races of that time, their kingdom soon became strong, and commanded respect. They were sometimes favoured, sometimes opposed by the Bishop of Rome; but they grew in strength, and established what is now called the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The male line of this Norman kingdom died out; the next heir was Frederick the Second, of the Suabian house of Hohenstauffen, the last Emperor of that line. He was lord of all Italy, as well as ruler in Germany, and as such had many conflicts with the Pope; he was excommunicated, called a heretic, accused of infidelity, sent on a crusade, and blamed for having gone, and then blamed for not having stayed. The position which he occupied as rival chief of the Holy Roman Empire—he wielding the sword, and the Bishop of Rome wielding the spiritual power—caused continual strife. He died. The empire passed to another house; but his son was heir of the south of Italy, of the influence of his family in the north, and of the quarrel with the Papacy. Manfred, an illegitimate son of the last king of the Two Sicilies, held the throne in trust for his nephew. He—by his character, and by his fame as a ruler—bound in attachment to his family not only the south but also the north of Italy. All the Ghibelline cities and all the Ghibelline factions were with him, as a matter of course; but such was his justice and his general character, that the Guelphs themselves were conciliated. There was again a chance for Italy, a native power in strength, and rival factions willing

to be at peace ; but the old influence, that had called in first Frank and then German, now interfered to mar this fair prospect. The Bishop of Rome offered the crown of the Two Sicilies to Charles of Anjou, brother to the king of France, who had some connexion by marriage with the late family, claiming to dispose of the crown of Naples as a fief of the See of Rome. Accordingly, in 1260, the French invaded Italy, and seized on the kingdom. Driven out of Sicily, they held their ground in Naples. Conradin, the last heir of the house of Hohenstauffen, was taken prisoner ; and, though only sixteen years of age, was cruelly executed. His adherents carried their allegiance to the house of Arragon, which now seized on Sicily ; and thus we have, at the close of the thirteenth century, the German Emperor ever interfering in the North, in Naples the French in power, and in Sicily the Spaniards.

Nor was this all. This was in 1260. Two hundred years after, in 1494, Charles VIII. of France used this very invasion as his plea for invading Italy anew. From his invasion, modern historians date the ruin of Italy's hopes as a nation. Sismondi dates it from the wars of Charles V., in the sixteenth century ; but we see that it must be dated, at the latest, from the invasion of 1260.

Through the centuries that follow, down to our own time, there is nothing but one wearisome round of war and faction at home, and interference from abroad. Only one Italian state had power and independence, and that was Venice. But she owed her position mainly to being a maritime city ; when she attempted to hold possessions on the main land, she invariably did herself harm. One gleam of sunshine broke for a moment across the cloudy storm of war ; it was when Pope Julius II., who had formed a league against Venice with the Emperor of France and with England—disgusted at the mastery assumed by his allies, and being a

man of fiery temper—broke with them, and formed a league with Venice “to drive,” as he said, “the barbarians out of Italy.” But so hampered was he with the traditional policy of the Roman See, that, instead of seeking to drive the barbarians out of Italy by the strength of Italian arms, he had no plan to think of save calling in an auxiliary army of Swiss, and another of Spaniards, so as only to increase division by bringing still others upon the scene in the North of Italy—the Spaniards having hitherto confined themselves to the South. So the story goes on in its old course—all is one scene of subjection to foreign patrons. Even those who claimed to have a certain amount of independence were Imperialist, or French, or Spaniard, just as their interest dictated ; we seek in vain for any hopeful sign, till at length we begin to catch a glimpse of a brave and hardy race of fighting men seated on the border-land between France and Italy, who, while apparently playing a see-saw game of politics, were fast growing from Savoyard counts into Italian princes—a brave and shrewd, but by no means a steadfast race. One of them, by the way, is said to have given rise to the honourable title of “turncoat,” being an economist as well as capricious in his politics, he is said to have dressed his troops in blue coats lined with white, so that they might wear the blue outside or the white outside, according as their sovereign supported the house of Bourbon or the house of Austria. At last they became kings of Sardinia, neither better nor worse than others in their growth—not till our own days setting themselves in the front, as leaders of Italy in the way which leads to national strength and honour. It is the only hopeful sight through long centuries of division, war, and miserable intrigues, during which the Italians were the last people in the world to be consulted as to whom they would have for their sovereigns. One specimen of the way in which things were managed will

suffice. In the last century Austria gave a Grand Duke to Tuscany, and why? The heiress of Austria married the last Duke of Lorraine—a duke without a dukedom, his territory having been absorbed by France. His marriage secured him the Imperial crown; and when the Seven Years' war was at an end, the Empress, wishing to have her husband established in some dignity of his own, claimed for him his ancient territory of Lorraine. But the King of France would not give it up—in fact, he could not spare it; and then it was coolly proposed, and as coolly settled, that Tuscany should be made a grand duchy, and given to the Emperor in exchange for the land which he had never possessed. And so we have seen down to our own days the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine Grand Dukes of Tuscany.

But, it may be asked, What has caused the present change? How is it that in our days we have seen so much progress made towards unity? What has overcome the ancient hindrance, and helped the nation so far in its growth? There have been various causes. The first. French Revolution had something to do with the matter. That was certainly a very rough disturber of the peace of Europe. Storms are rough visitants, but they do good; and so the French Revolution shook down—rudely, if you will, but shook down effectually—many a structure that stood only to stifle and obscure; it let light into many a dark corner, and chased away many abuses. Among other things, it got rid for ever of the old claim of the German Empire to interfere in Italy; for Napoleon Bonaparte compelled the German Emperor of the “Holy Roman Empire” to content himself for the future with the title of “Emperor of Austria.” And when the great war was ended, and the old sovereigns came back, expecting to be reinstated in all their ancient power, they found it impossible to restore the old system, for the people had learned new ideas during their

absence. Intercourse with other nations, arising from the necessities of commerce, or caused by facilities of travel, has had a further effect in changing the tone of the Italian mind and exciting its ambition. When in every other land men were busily inquiring into the true relations between liberty and government, it was impossible that the Italians could remain uninterested. They came into free countries, and heard free men talk, and saw them manage their own affairs without foreign interference; and the thoughts which were thus forced on them dwelt with them after they had returned to their own broken country. It was in vain that the rulers of Italy employed each repressive art; in vain did they surround their states with a cordon of custom-house officers; in vain did they wage war on books, and make even the Bible contraband. There were things which they could not keep out. You may search a man's luggage, but you cannot search his mind—his thoughts pass free. As well might you try to keep out free air, as to keep out free ideas. The men who bring them may not know what it is that they carry with them. Many an Italian who journeyed to and fro on his own petty errands, brought home with him, all unconsciously, something of the free atmosphere wherein he had dwelt. And thus, despite of every hindrance, the Italians were becoming educated to see the difference between themselves and other nations. And the question did arise in thinking minds, and was spoken by eloquent lips, and was heard by not unwilling ears—"Why is it that we lag behind? and why have politicians dared to term our country 'a geographical expression'? Why is not Italy a nation as other nations are? Are we less strong, less wise, less prudent? Are we less honourable than they? Why are we divided when other nations are one?"

There was one peculiar result of the French Revolution which had very great influence in this—the society of the

“Good Cousins,” commonly known as “Carbonari.” These Carbonari give a curious account of their origin. They state that Henry IV. of France was out hunting, and lost his way. By a curious confusion of geography, he found himself in a Scottish forest. How he got across the channel, tradition does not inform us; but he found there shelter, and guidance, and comfort at the hands of some charcoal burners, who, curiously enough, were employed in this Scottish forest preparing charcoal for domestic use. Pleased by their attention, he gave them a charter to hold lodges, and to enrol disciples, and promised them protection throughout his realm. The truth of the story is, that when the French Revolution had driven out from Naples the reigning Spanish Bourbons, their ministers and agents adopted and extended, or else originated a confederation of the kind among the mountaineers of Calabria, giving to them the name of Carbonari, or charcoal burners. Their intention was, by means of the confederation, to drive the French out of the south of Italy. They failed in this, but the confederation continued. At a later period of the Bonapartist dominion in the south of Italy, King Joachim Murat endeavoured to bind it to his use, and by means of it to resist his enemies, and maintain himself independently of the patronage of France. It continued after the Bourbons were restored, but discountenanced by those who had before countenanced it. The language which the agents of the ex-kings of Naples had been obliged to use had, somehow or other, corrupted their disciples. They had talked of French tyrants, and Italian liberty; they had summoned the people to join their confederation, to advance to the field, and to be bold in resisting those tyrants who took from them their liberty. Edge-tools, you know, are proverbially dangerous things to play with. The Carbonari believed their instructors when they talked of liberty; and, accordingly, when the Bourbons came back,

and liberty became very unfashionable, the Carbonari felt themselves to be unpleasantly out of fashion, and so conspired against their ancient protectors. They wanted revolution and an Italian republic. They failed in this, but they succeeded in one thing. By extending their union all over Italy, by affiliating the subjects of different states into one great confederation, they accustomed them to overlook the distinction between Neapolitan and Roman, between Roman and Lombard, between Lombard and Piedmontese. They taught the doctrine of Italian unity, and with all the evil of which they were guilty, they did great good to their country in overcoming local jealousies and feuds, and giving a common idea of a common country to the people of Italy. In 1848, however, this idea was not ripe. Local jealousies had a great deal to do with the failure of that attempt. But each succeeding year deepened the sense of unity, and the wars and troubles which fell upon Naples, and Rome, and Lombardy, taught them how fatal had been the error of dominion. We have heard something of these things—of the reign of irresponsible police agents, of the cruelties and perjuries which degraded the reign of Ferdinand of Naples, of the cruelty and ferocity of Austrian military governors; but no reading or description could convey to us in its fulness the truth of the terrible gnawing of that galling yoke, which was far worse in the degradation which it imposed than in the severity with which it wrought against life and property. Just think of this;* in the documents that were published by Farini, the present Prime-Minister of Italy, published under his auspices after the driving out of the Papal government from the States of the Church, we have the official journal of Rome claiming the merit of firmness and good administration

* For the following statement I am indebted to "Italy in Transition," by the Rev. W. Arthur.

for the government, against the remonstrances of the Austrian military chiefs, on these grounds; that it cannot be denied that great vigour has been shown, when in the governments of Faenza and Imola eighty persons have been shot as the result of two trials only, besides thirteen sent to the galleys and ten to temporary or perpetual imprisonment! And this is the defence which an Italian newspaper, inspired by a native government, makes against the recriminations of its foreign supporters! And when we add to this, women flogged for such an offence as 'annoying peaceful smokers;' (for, by the way, tobacco being a government monopoly, those opposed to the government became members of an 'Anti-Tobacco Association,') smokers were loyal subjects, and to be protected; and a woman for having offended peaceful smokers—having said something, perhaps, derogatory to their taste or employment, was actually flogged! To show to what little things tyranny will descend, and what was the galling torment under what is called 'a paternal government,' the Bishop of *Senegaglia* actually published an edict, prohibiting betrothed young persons from having interviews except in the presence of their parents, forbidding the interchange of presents, requiring parents to give information, sentencing offenders to an imprisonment of fifteen days, confiscating the presents to holy uses, and threatening excommunication against obstinate offenders!

But what can be said of a government where such a case as the following could occur?

A rather wealthy advocate of Bologna died, leaving behind him a sum equal to £200,000 of English money. He had for some time been insane, and his brother, a Professor, was his natural heir. But, to the great astonishment of the expectant inheritor, a will was produced, bearing date June, 1854, by which the old man had bequeathed all his property—not to the Church, nor to

any being on earth, but to his own soul—the Archbishop of Ferrara being sole executor. The ousted heir naturally complained; and, considering the country, and the state of things that existed there, he was a bold man to commence, as he did, an action against the executor. He objected to the will on several grounds, among others, on the total incapacity of the testator to devise, and the want of any specific or tangible object as legatee. Twice the courts decided in his favour. A third decision would, no doubt, have been given in the same direction, but he was persuaded to accept the Bishop of Rome, his sovereign, as arbitrator in the case. After a long delay, a decision was given, awarding to him a few thousand scudi, which would scarcely pay for the expenses of the four years' suit. The man remonstrated, and said this was not what he expected, and appealed again. The appeal was still pending, when the revolution of 1859 took place, and Ferrara was free. The whole of the documents fell into the hands of the Italian government, and there they found as a fitting climax, or rather appendage, to the whole thing—that the Archbishop of Ferrara, considering himself to be the plenipotentiary representative of the soul, had rendered no account of the estate, and did not hold himself bound to render any. How the affair ended I cannot tell; but that such a thing should occur in any government, speaks volumes for its inefficiency and unworthiness. And side by side with all this, Piedmont was meanwhile growing in constitutional force and strength—with a free Parliament, and a free press—proud, too, of her king, whose loyal adherence to his word in times of difficulty had won for him, from his subjects, the noblest title that ever earthly king bore—the title of the “honest king.” What wonder was it, then, that the thought of Italian unity rose and gathered strength, that Piedmont was hailed as the pioneer of Italy, and that anxious hearts were

looking out in every part of the land for the time when the signal should be given, and a broken people become one strong, united nation?

But, as in every great revolution, events may prepare the way, but it is the Men who do the work. It is not that the Man comes because the Hour has come, but the Hour comes because the Man has come—and the Men were there. The Bishop of Rome, at first Italian in his sympathies, then timid, then reactionary, giving the strongest possible proof that the hopes of Italy were not to originate from Rome; men had dreamed at one time of a constitutional Pope in a constitutional kingdom, but he gave them the strongest possible evidence that the old historical lesson was for ever true—that the papal power must needs be the foe of Italian unity. Then, again, Ferdinand of Naples, by his treachery, his perjury, and his oppression of those who had served him in the days when he found it his interest to be liberal, gave just the foil that was needed to bring out in brighter contrast the kingly virtues of his rival of Piedmont. Of the old rivals that had fought out their quarrels in Italy, Spain was out of the question. Austria, with her young emperor, was paying the penalty of the folly of his predecessors, and of his Jesuit education. Surrounded, as he was, by councillors unfit to deal with free thought or with free men—with an army without leaders, without honest administrators—being at the same time the patron of the petty princes who divided Italy into so many cantonments—he was just the man for the time to make a show of resistance, and to fail in the hour of trial—to court and deserve defeat. In France, there was a sovereign in need of glory with an army in need of employment, who was willing “to go to war for an idea,” having seen his way to being paid by a province. We do not say too much when we say, that had not Louis Napoleon been on the throne of France,

there would have been at this day, humanly speaking, no kingdom or king of Italy. He was a man with power at his disposal, with certain relations binding him to the Italian question, and with a certain amount of shrewdness and observation, which belonged to none of his predecessors—willing to adventure, but cautious not to go too far. And, on the same side, there was that great statesman who has since been removed from the scene, Count Cavour—no man better fitted for the work—with all the shrewdness and craft of the Italian, and much of the firmness and steadfastness of purpose of the Englishman. During his residence in this country he had learned to like English customs and English laws, and had imbibed English sympathies. Perhaps the only man, of all continental ministers, who combined the country gentleman with the nobleman and the statesman,—he was just the man, by his curious mixture of daring and patience, to anticipate great events, and to plan them long before. I do not stand here to defend that immorality which is conventionally called political morality, but I say, that for the work that was to be done for advancing Piedmont in the scale of nations, and for adding to her the strength of the rest of Italy, he was the man for the hour.

And there was another greater than all. When in 1849, the short-lived republic of Rome was defending itself against the as short-lived republic of France, among the names that came then to the surface, we heard first the name of Garibaldi! Few knew much about him. In the stories that came to us of the siege he seemed, even to those who cared most about him, to be only a picturesque kind of bandit. Few knew him as the brave and gallant soldier, which he even then had shown himself to be. When Rome fell, we heard of him making his way to aid in the heroic defence of Venice; and when Venice had fallen, and the sword of Italy was broken at Novara, he

retired from public view ; not like others, hawking his reputation from platform to platform, and bartering his great name for public applause, nor in safe obscurity, weaving conspiracies, and sending ardent disciples to the danger and the death which he himself avoided ; but returning to his old employments, seeking in quiet industry an honest livelihood, and content to wait for better times. And when ten years later the signal was given, and "Italy, from the Alps to the Sea," was the stirring watchword, again he was found in the fore-front, doing a great work with little means ; with an army of volunteers, gathered together by the magic of his name, out-generalling and holding in check whole Austrian divisions, and defeating Austrian marshals. The fame of these things was indeed obscured by the thunder of Magenta and Solferino, and few perhaps heard of them then. But who has not heard of his swoop on Marsala, of his lion-leap on Palermo ?—who, that honours heroic patriotism, has not followed with throbbing heart his spring to the main land, and that wondrous march, when, gathering up the bands that flocked from mountain village and from mountain town—yet with a force that never reached one to three of that which was opposed to him—he rolled up before him the despot's army, and, herald of his own victory, rode almost unattended into Naples ?—Aye ! there have been great ones in that land ! Yet when History records with her Pencil of light the story of Italy, and the doings of her friends and of her foes, on some loftier tablet of diamond purity must she write, alone and unapproachable, the untitled name of Joseph Garibaldi ! And that not alone because he was brave, and bold, and successful—others have been brave, and bold, and successful as he—but because, being all these, he was true and unselfish. He gave to a people freedom, he gave to his sovereign a kingdom, and with the wealth of a capital at his

feet, he went back to his Island home a poor man—rich only in the priceless treasure of a nation's love, and in the glad thought of a good work well done. And now, when the shadow of defeat has fallen upon him ; whether we look upon him as impatient and ignorant, or as the victim of crafty politicians, befooling his honest heart and casting him aside for their own convenience ; yet the hate of his foes and the love of his friends alike mark him out as the man who has given shape and force to national thought and expression to national desire,—so clear and unmistakeable in their utterance, that after all, it may turn out that the way to Rome has lain through Aspromonte. He did a work over which politicians would have pottered, they looked to the interest of sovereigns, and to the claims of foreign nations, but he woke and gathered up the will of a whole people ; and in the strength of that people's will it was, that on the proudest day that perhaps ever man knew, as he met Victor Emmanuel by the roadside, he raised his hat from his loyal head, and saluted his sovereign for the first time, " King of Italy." No other so fit to do this—he only was the man who had accomplished it.

The men have done their work, but much remains to be done. There is still an Emperor and a Pope interfering in Italy ; France still retains her robber grasp at Rome ; and the Bishop of Rome still can procure foreign interference for the maintenance of his usurped dominion ; Austria still plays the gaoler in her prison fortresses in the north, and Venice — widowed Venice — mourns beneath her yoke ; bandits slay and plunder in royal names and with royal sanction. But much has been done. Piedmont teaches to not unwilling learners her lessons of constitutional freedom ; and a national Parliament attests the reality of national union. Schools have multiplied ; the Word of God is no longer contraband ; and from the Waldensian valleys, rife

with memories of persecution and of martyrdom, the sons of the martyrs have come down to teach the sons of their slayers the Gospel for which their fathers died—the truth which makes a nation free.

It may be said—it is said, again and again it is repeated to us—that there is mal-administration in Italy; that men are in prison without adequate cause; that there is much that is wrong, much that is unsettled; that brigandage cannot be completely put down. It is true,—it is not our business to deny it nor to justify it; yet we know that after our own great Revolution, which gave so broad and firm a basis to national freedom at home, and such an impetus to national prosperity abroad, there were things done in England which we could not tolerate at the present day, but we have survived them all, and have become freer with every succeeding generation. So it may be with Italy. It is not for us to condemn, but rather to encourage. As some strong swimmer who has escaped from a wreck may look with interest on his fellow who is passing through the dangers of the waves, and with loyal sympathy cheer him on and bid him God speed, so may England, remembering how God has dealt with her, look kindly upon the errors and the weaknesses of her younger sister, and wish her prosperity.

And we, remembering how, in the days when our national unity was being consolidated, God gave to us advantages which have been denied to Italy—how He taught our fathers to hold themselves independent of any foreign potentate or prelate, and thus secured them from an evil under which Italy labours,—we may from our heart of hearts pray earnestly, that—ere many years have passed, ere death has stilled the true and honest heart that has beaten so loyally in his country's service—the Champion of Italy, as he looks from his Island home across the western waters

and sees the sun go down, may know, and thank God for the knowledge, that as it gilds with light the long line of the Appenines, it shines upon a nation free—free from Northern Alp to Southern Sicily! free from ransomed Venice to recovered Nice!—a land where law conserves liberty, and liberty inspires the law; where the truth that Paul once taught is taught again, and heard and loved; an Italy—worthy to take her place in the council of nations, fit compeer for her elder sisters among the free nations of Europe—at peace at home, secure and respected abroad!

Addresses.

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BY

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL,

AND

THE REV. WILLIAM BROCK.

ADDRESS

BY THE

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

THE hall of audience was early thronged by an eager crowd. Many had been attracted, as many always are, by the parade of regal pomp which was expected; and many more by the widespread notoriety of the prisoner who was to answer this day for himself. Against him the whole of Judea had, as it were as one man, risen up, clamouring for his blood. He was accused of an endeavour to subvert the institutions which Moses by Divine authority had established. He was upbraided with being a traitor to his country and his country's creed. Of the sect of the Nazarenes, which was everywhere spoken against, he was stigmatized as a chief ringleader.

It was now about thirty years since the founder of that sect had been crucified at Jerusalem. But the death of the leader was the occasion of increased life to his cause; for a few days after, his followers proclaimed that he was alive again, were ready to seal their testimony with their blood, and went forth throughout the world proclaiming in the name of Jesus that all men must repent of their sins and turn to God. The storm of persecution that had thundered against the Master now vented itself on the servants. Among the very chief persecutors had been the man who was to be

brought up for audience to-day. But his whole character and career had suddenly changed. From being one of their chief foes, he became one of the chief friends and allies of the Christians, the leading apostle of their faith. He went forth from town to town, and from city to city, preaching the gospel of that very Christ whom he had persecuted. Wherever he went, he roused against himself the wrath of the Jews. They were angry with him for proclaiming that a crucified malefactor, as they regarded Jesus, could be the true Messiah ; they were especially angry with him because he offered the same privileges to the Gentile as he offered to the Jew. Being at Jerusalem on occasion of one of the festivals, he was seen in the temple by some Jews who cherished great malignity towards him. They soon gathered together a rabble who set upon him, and might have taken his life, but for the temple-guard of Roman soldiers. He was brought before the Sanhedrim, where a scene of great confusion ensued. Lysias, the commandant of the garrison, being informed of a secret plot to murder him, sent him off by night under a strong escort to Cesarea. When tried there before the Roman procurator, nothing was proved against him warranting any punishment ; yet in a most unrighteous manner he had been detained two whole years by Felix, who hoped that a large bribe would be offered by his friends for his release. And now Festus had come in the place of Felix, and at once addressed himself to the duties of his office. He wished to have a gaol delivery. He proposed to the prisoner that he should go before a Jewish tribunal, and be there judged according to their law. But Paul knew very well that he should have no justice from his own countrymen, and so he pleaded his rights as a Roman citizen. He said, "I stand at Cæsar's judgment seat ; I appeal unto Cæsar." Thus the case was removed from the Jewish court and from the court at Cesarea, to the

supreme court of the Emperor at Rome. The procurator had to send Paul then as a prisoner to Rome ; but of course in his despatches to the Emperor he must clearly state the charge brought against him ; but as yet he knew not what to write, and so he determined to give the prisoner another audience. The occasion was favourable. King Agrippa, also a governor under the Romans, had come with his sister, Bernice, on a complimentary visit to salute Festus on the occasion of his having lately entered into the procuratorship. Now this Agrippa was the great grandson of Herod the Great, a Jew, acquainted from early life with the literature and customs of the Jews ; and Festus thought, very reasonably, that having Agrippa present, he should be aided by his superior knowledge of Jewish customs in coming to some clear understanding of the case as regarded the prisoner.

The hour of audience had arrived. The king and the king's sister, and the Roman governor, with the chief men of the city and the principal captains of the Roman army of occupation, the head-quarters of which were at Cesarea, announced by martial trumpets and attended by a proud array of Roman legionaries had arrived, and taken their seats under the canopy that indicated the place of judgment. The prisoner was ordered to be brought. His chains clanked as he moved along towards the tribunal, one arm being linked, according to custom, to the arm of the Roman soldier who was responsible for his safe custody. Ah ! how little those chains suited the noble mien, the dignified, righteous countenance of the prisoner ! The world has not known its best friends, its truest benefactors. He has been two long years a captive. What suffering that active mind must have felt it to be under that restraint, though wisely overruled doubtless by God for his greater usefulness afterwards ! In chains ! Ah, they have chained his body, but they cannot

chain the soul ! He that is the servant of sin is the slave. The prisoner was the freest man that day in all that company. And now he meets the eyes of those present, the curious, or the cold, or the cruel ; but he trembles not, his eye quails not. It is not the boldness of impudence that cares and that trembles at nothing ; no, but the holy boldness of the man, who, fearing God supremely, need fear none else.

Festus briefly stated the circumstances of the case, and then Agrippa, addressing the prisoner, said, "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself." The prisoner began by referring, in the first instance, to his former life, how he had been brought up a Jew, and how blameless that life had been according to Jewish law. He called on his enemies to witness. Had they any charge to bring against him ? What had he done contrary to their religion ? They accused him of heresy—what heresy ? Had not he believed Moses and the prophets ? Had he taught anything contrary to Moses and the prophets ? Moses and the prophets had seen visions and were obedient ; and if God had appeared to him, must not he also be obedient to the heavenly vision ? Moses and the prophets had predicted the coming of one who was to be a suffering Messiah as well as a glorious one, and if he preached the fact which they had predicted, must it be said that he was subverting Moses and the prophets ? He was accused of saying that Jesus had been raised from the dead, and was that a thing impossible ? "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead ?" You may think it to be a thing not in the course of nature, so far as you know the course of nature, but is it a thing impossible and incredible that *God* should raise the dead ? God, who made man, cannot He remake him ? Cannot God, who gave him life in the first instance, when life is ended by what we call death, cannot the same God give life if He

pleases in the second? Is it a thing impossible and incredible? And Jesus did rise from the grave. And the apostle went on to show how Jesus had appeared to him, even as he had appeared to numbers of others. He had appeared to him as he was on a mission of cruel persecution against the Church of Christ, and told him that he was to be henceforth His servant and apostle; that he was to go forth and preach the Gospel of repentance and salvation in His name. Now, if he, in obedience to the heavenly vision, had gone forth preaching the Gospel of this risen Christ, was he to be accused of subverting the institutions of which this doctrine of Christ was the completion? Must he not, according to the command of God, who had thus appeared to him, go forth and call upon all men to repent and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, hoping that they too should share in that resurrection of which Jesus was the first-fruits? But while he thus spoke of prophecies and of resurrection, the Roman Governor Festus, forgetting the dignity of the magisterial seat, and forgetting the respect due to himself and from himself as a gentleman, rudely interrupted the prisoner, saying, "Verily, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad."

Though the name comes from the palace, yet it is not always the case that all who have lived in *courts* have been *courteous*. Vulgarity has sometimes sat upon the bench, while nobility has been at the bar. The prisoner was the true gentleman and the loyal subject. Not put off his guard by the rudeness of the magistrate, he replied with respectful firmness, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness;" and then, turning to King Agrippa, appealed to him: "The king before whom I speak—the king as a Jew—knoweth of these things. They are not strange to him; they do not sound to him as mad ravings; and these things with reference to Jesus, of whom we

say that He is risen—"these things were not done in a corner." He had got Agrippa's attention, doubtless he had caught Agrippa's eye, as Agrippa had been watching, with intense excitement, the prisoner in his eloquent address; and now the prisoner appeals to the king, "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets?" He was leading a vicious life; he was breaking the law of the prophets, but in his inner conscience he believed those prophets, and the apostle saw that he believed with the intellect though he was not obeying with the heart. "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Agrippa had been arrested by the apostle's eloquence, and his conscience had been stirred as the prisoner had been quoting from those prophecies which he in his early life had studied, and now that this direct appeal has been made to him, he replies, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" Then the prisoner, holding up his fettered hand, the rattling of the links of which reminds him that he is a captive, utters that reply, than which I know nothing more sublime in all history,— "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am—except these bonds."

It has been suggested to me whether this would not be an appropriate occasion to speak a few words to those who might appropriately use the words of Agrippa, and say, "Almost—almost—almost—I am persuaded to be a Christian."

"Almost a Christian." What is it to be a Christian? Not to be born in a Christian land; that is not enough: not to have been baptized with much water, or little, in infancy, or adult years; that is not enough: not to have been confirmed; that is not enough. What is it to be a Christian? Not to have come to the sacrament; that is not enough: not to have joined a Church, whether by noncon-

formist usages or conformist, dissenting or episcopal ; that is not enough : not even to have had certain religious emotions, and to possess certain memories of past excitement in connexion with the subject ; that is not enough : there may be all that, and yet we may not be Christians. There are these two essentials in being a Christian, a reception of Christ and a consecration to Christ,—just those two ; accepting Christ heartily and fully as my only and all-sufficient Saviour, in whom I trust for my redemption, and giving myself to Christ to obey Him, and to follow Him, and to regard Him as my Lord and Master to my life's end. If there are those two things, ah ! there may be various judgments with reference to Church matters, and even with reference to doctrinal matters, but if there are those two things ; if I do thoroughly accept Christ as my Redeemer, and give myself to Christ as His servant, then I am a Christian. But are there not some here who are only almost Christians ? You are almost a Christian. You fully credit the facts of Christianity ; that Jesus came into the world in great humility, died, rose again, and will come in glorious majesty ; these you admit to be facts ; you *are* almost a Christian. With reference to the doctrines and the precepts of Christianity, your conscience, your moral nature approves them. They are good, true, glorious ; you feel that they are the right thing to be taught and to be obeyed ; you *are* almost a Christian. You have had many religious feelings ; ah, some of you had deep feelings, perhaps. You remember when a father prayed for you, and a mother pleaded with you ; when those who, perhaps, have passed away, longed above all things else for your salvation, and you almost wished you could be a Christian then and there, just to please them, if for nothing else. There were deep feelings then about religion, and there are deep feelings now, sometimes—sometimes deep shame when you think of

your sins, sometimes a melting heart when you think of Christ and His great love, sometimes terror as you contemplate death, for which you are unprepared—you have religious feelings; you *are* almost a Christian. And you make occasional resolutions to lead a thoroughly Christian life; your mind is so satisfied, your moral nature is so convinced that you again and again determine that you will be thoroughly and in earnest decided for God. You *are* almost a Christian. You read your Bible, you say your prayers morning and evening, you would be very unhappy if you went to your work or if you sank to sleep without a little prayer. You like to go to God's house, you like the psalmody, you like the sermon, you have a sort of pleasure in these things; you *are* almost a Christian, and your feelings about religion influence your conduct. There are many things that you have left off doing that you used to do, and you have left them off because your conscience made you unhappy in them. You cannot go on with them, and there are some right things you have done that before you neglected; you *are* almost a Christian. But you are only *almost* a Christian—only *almost*. You have those clear convictions, and your intellect is satisfied of the reality of those facts; but you have not thoroughly embraced those facts, and given yourself up to them. You admire those precepts and those doctrines; they commend themselves to your moral nature, but you have not made them the absolute law of your heart and of your life. You let those laws that you admit to be so beautiful and so good often be trampled under foot by mere passion, pleasure, appetite. You have feelings—yes, and they pass away, they come and they go. Those religious emotions have never yet become deep-rooted principles; you are only *almost* a Christian. You have often holy resolutions—yes, but you don't keep them. You are only *almost* a Christian. You go to God's house,

and take a sort of pleasure in the exercises of religion ; yes, but your innermost heart does not worship. You do some things ; ah, but you do not do *all* things, you do not mean to do all things. There are some things that you have given up, but there are other things that you won't give up. There are some things you do, but there are some other things that you are not trying to do, and not intending to do. You are only *almost* a Christian. You are determined that you will be a Christian thoroughly ; yes, but you are not determined to be so *at once*. You are determined to be so, but it is at some future time, and therefore you are only *almost* a Christian after all.

Now, what may I say to you in the few minutes allotted to me to persuade you, by God's help, to be altogether a Christian ? By what arguments can I appeal ?

I might remind you of the authority and love of Him who asks for your allegiance. You are undecided about whether you will serve Christ or not. And who is He ? The ever-living One, by whom all things were made—in whom we live, and move, and have our being—in whose hand our breath is—our Creator, who will be our Judge, condescends to be our Saviour, and to beseech us to be reconciled ; and when we are hesitating, mind ! it is not simply with Jesus of Nazareth, but it is with our Creator and our Judge ! And when we think that He who is so high came to win us back to Himself, and died for our sins, should not such great love persuade us ? And what is it He offers ? Eternal salvation ! The forgiveness of all sin, which, unforgiven, must plunge us into hell, and a title to “an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away”—and yet only almost persuaded ! His authority is infinite, His love unbounded, and the gift He offers incalculable—and yet only almost persuaded ! Now, let me plead with you by six brief arguments.

First, Your being only almost persuaded is not necessary.

You might be altogether persuaded. It is not as if you wanted to enter some magnificent palace, where there was a banquet, where all manner of delights were provided, and you were standing in an outer court, and you could not get further, because there was some hindrance in the way, and you might say, "I am almost there, but not quite there; and I am not quite there, because I cannot possibly get there." It is not necessary that you should remain where you are. There is no decree of God's to prevent your being a Christian: it is His will that all of us should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. He proclaims from the East unto the West the gospel of salvation to all. "Ho! every one that thirsteth." "Have I any pleasure in the death of the wicked, and not rather that he should turn from his wickedness, and live?" There is no necessity why you should remain only almost persuaded; the blessing is offered; God is waiting; Jesus urges your acceptance of it.

The second argument: It is unreasonable that you should be only almost persuaded. There are some things, with reference to which it is not at all unreasonable for a man to be only almost persuaded. You may be almost persuaded, for example, to learn a certain language, to acquire a certain accomplishment—almost persuaded to take up this profession or trade rather than another—no one would say that was unreasonable. But there are some things about which it is unreasonable to be anything else than thoroughly decided, one way or the other. You are asleep; you hear an alarm—"Fire! fire!"—the window is broken in; it is the fire-escape man; he rushes into your chamber—"Fire! Your house is on fire! Escape for your life!" You rouse yourself; and when the whole thing is presented to you, you say, "I am almost persuaded to escape." Would not that be unreasonable in such a case as that? And can you say

that you are almost persuaded to escape from the damnation of hell, when the salvation offered is offered by the Son of God Himself? There is something logically reasonable in a man who says, "The Gospel is a fable—I reject it: it is an imposition—I avow myself an infidel." There is some consistency there; and when a man says, "I believe it to be true, and embrace it, and shall follow it," there is consistency there; but for a man to say, "I credit it all, and admire it, and am *almost* persuaded to accept the boon and perform the duty," what reasonableness is there there? If important at all, it is all-important.

Take a third argument: The unhappiness of a state of indecision. Unhappy! Of course. Whatever we do with half a heart we do not do cheerfully. If you have only half a heart for your business, you are not enjoying it. Others may enjoy the very same thing that you feel a task and a burden, because their whole heart is in it, but yours is not. You cannot have pleasure in anything unless you enter upon it thoroughly. Here is a man who cannot make up his mind whether he will emigrate or not. He has got some capital, and he has got brains, and you ask him, "Well, why don't you invest that capital of yours in some business here in England, and work it to advantage?" He says, "I cannot quite make up my mind, for very likely I shall go out to Australia, and do not like to invest my money, and begin a concern here. It is very likely I shall go to Australia." Then you say, "Well, my friend, why don't you invest your money in goods of such a kind that will be available for you in Australia, and prepare yourself for emigration." He says, "Oh, I cannot quite do that, for I do not know but what I shall stay here;" so he does neither the one nor the other. He cannot be happy, nor can you that cannot make up your mind whether you will seek an inheritance in heaven or not. You cannot give your

whole heart to the world, because you feel you ought to be giving it to Christ, and you are not giving it to Christ because you wish to give it to the world. You cannot enjoy either. Who is it that gives a bad name to Christianity? The half-hearted Christian. Does he enjoy the world? No; his conscience is condemning him; even in laughter his heart is sorrowful. The things he is indulging in he does not enjoy. He has too much religion to enjoy wickedness, and he has too much wickedness to enjoy religion. His religion is a task and burden to him. He reads the Bible, but hates it, and is glad when he has got to the end of the chapter. He says his prayers, but he is very glad when the task is done. He attends church on Sunday, but he is very glad when Sunday is over, and Monday morning comes again. He is neither happy in church nor in the world. You cannot be happy when you are undecided.

Take a fourth argument: The ingratitude of a state of indecision. Suppose a friend had risked his own life to save yours, and wanted some mark of your gratitude, and suppose you were to say, in reply, "Well, your love to me was so great that I am almost persuaded to love you in return, and show this mark of affection that you ask me—almost." What would you think of a child lovingly brought up, who were to say to his father or his mother, "Your affection to me has been such—your love and tenderness have been so great—that I am almost persuaded to love you, father—almost persuaded to love you, my mother—almost?" What would you say to that? And can you say that to Christ—Christ, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor? How could God in a more tender manner have proved His love to us? By prophets he had told us of his love, but in the person of Jesus He reveals it in our own nature; comes and dwells amongst us, and in all the

words and works of that wonderful history we see the tender love of God, as consummated by the death upon the cross ; and can we say, "Thy love to me, O Christ, has been so great in dying for me, that I am almost persuaded to love Thee"? Do put it, dear friends, in that way, for that is what is really being done by you who are only almost persuaded to be Christians.

Consider, fifthly, The wickedness of it. Almost persuaded to be a Christian ; that is, not quite persuaded—almost persuaded, and, until quite persuaded, not a Christian,—“and he that is not with me is against me.” Take the case of a rebellion. There is an amnesty offered, and all who within a certain date may surrender are to be forgiven. There is a certain rebel chieftain ; he is almost persuaded to accept the proclamation and amnesty. He thinks he will lay down his arms and become loyal again, but he is only almost persuaded ; and being only almost persuaded, he remains in arms against the government, and keeps on fighting. When he is captured in arms—in the act of rebellion—what would it avail for him to say, “Well, certainly, I was fighting against the government, but I was almost persuaded not to do it”? And if you are only almost persuaded to serve God instead of serving the devil, and you are found meanwhile on the devil’s side, do you think it will be a sufficient plea, when you are brought up before the judgment seat, that you lived and died almost persuaded to give up your rebellion, but not quite ! And is not there another idea that may be brought in here ? A man who is almost persuaded, and goes on for some time, being almost persuaded, must have a wonderful amount of truth presented to his mind, and of feeling wrought in his heart ; and if he remains only almost persuaded, he has to answer for all the additional instruction, and clear knowledge, and religious feeling,—and if we are guilty in proportion to the knowledge we have

enjoyed, but which we have rejected and trifled with—what guilt must be that of the man who has had truth presented to him, and feelings wrought in him—such, that year after year he has been almost persuaded to give his heart to Christ, and yet, nevertheless, goes on not giving his heart to Christ? Think a little of the sin of it.

Lastly, Think of the danger of it. Suppose, a man had listened to Noah's faithful preaching and said, "Well, I am almost convinced that the flood is coming, almost persuaded to repent of my sin, and to ask to be received into that ark;" and suppose he stood within sight of the ark, but did not enter it; would it avail him when the flood came that he was near the ark, and had been a long time looking at it, and thinking he would enter it, but was not there? Almost in the ark is quite outside the ark, and the flood sweeps him away. And if, when Lot was warned to leave Sodom, he had been almost persuaded, and when he had come to the city gate, stopped and lingered, and said, "I am almost persuaded, but not quite;" his being almost persuaded would not have saved him when the storm of Divine judgment burst upon that devoted city. And if you remain impenitent, not giving your heart to Christ, you remain a citizen of the city of destruction; and though almost persuaded to leave it, will that cause your salvation when the city shall receive its doom? To be almost a Christian, is to be outside salvation. To be on the threshold of the kingdom, and only on the threshold, is to be outside the door. The children of the kingdom—ah, multitudes of them!—shall be cast into outer darkness, while others "shall come from the east and the west, and the north and the south, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

Dear friends, no longer remain almost Christians. You would not act so in connexion with the things of this

life. If there were any important matter—if there were some great peril you were exposed to, and some great deliverance offered—you would not be hesitating whether you would accept the deliverance. I see an emigrant ship upon the ocean crowded with passengers. There is great anxiety in the faces of the captain and his officers. They whisper to one another. There is some secret they wish to keep from the rest. Fire has broken out in the hold; can they preserve the people on board from being in a panic? But it becomes evident that the ship is on fire. The smoke is escaping through many a crack. They must batten down the decks to keep the air from entering; thus they may curb it for a time, having no hope of extinguishing it. But shall the masts give way and burst through the deck? if so, the whole vessel will at once be a sheet of flame, and all on board must perish! Eagerly they look for succour; they sweep the horizon again and again. There is no sail visible. After long watching, the captain enters his cabin for a little refreshment. While there, some one on deck cries out, “A sail! a sail!” The captain cannot believe it; but again and again the cry is heard, “A sail! a sail!” He rushes forth from the cabin, takes his glass, looks. Is it a mere delusion? Is it a mere cloud? No, it is a sail! “Does that vessel see our signals?” “Yes, she is altering her course; she has put about; she is approaching us nearer, nearer, nearer!” She comes; the brave vessel comes to rescue these imperilled emigrants. She is within hail—“Will you stand by us?” says the captain. “Ay, ay! we will, we will!” The sea is wild; but there is hope. Boats come off from the friendly ship. One company after another gets off in safety. Last of all the captain leaves the vessel, and just then the flames burst forth. An hour later, and the succour had been too late. Now, suppose any one there had said, “I am almost

persuaded to go on board that vessel that has come to succour us !”

Almost persuaded ! Oh, my friend, you are on a burning ship, the ship of sin-unrepented-of, and sooner or later you must perish in that ship if you stay on board ; but the good ship Salvation has come in sight, and Jesus himself is near, and He will stand by any sinner that seeks Him, and there is room on board for every one of us. Oh, don't hesitate. “ Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation.”

My persuasions, yes, and the persuasions added to mine of dear friends and loving parents—they are poor, and weak, and ineffectual alone ; oh, Spirit of God ! do thou persuade all present to be not only almost, but altogether Christians.

ADDRESS

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BROCK.

THE Christianity of a man is the man's union with Christ. If, in compliance with the entreaties which have been addressed to you, you become from this time Christian men, you will be united unto Christ. Assuming that you are now just such men as you have been persuaded to be, you *are* united to Christ. The thing has come to pass. From this hour the statements which were true about Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ, are true about yourselves. For instance, this statement is true about you:—you are members of Christ's body, of his flesh, and of his bones. Between you in this present world and your Saviour on the throne of His glory there is friendship, and there is fellowship, and there is kinship far more intimate and pervasive than any other that could be named. Christ would not be what he is apart from you; you would not be what you are apart from Christ. There is an interchange of sympathy, an intercommunity of interests, a reciprocity of action, an indissolubleness of attachment with which nothing else can be compared. In the humanity which became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, and which was then highly exalted and inaugurated at the right hand of the Majesty on high, you are both one. “Mine” is what your Lord saith, as to-night

he looketh down on you ; “ mine ” is what you may say, as you look up unto your Lord.

Actually, this union exists contemporaneously with your faith in Christ. It supervened on the exercise of your belief. Virtually, however, it existed long before ; in the divine arrangements and operations its existence was assumed when your Saviour became incarnate, when he made reconciliation for iniquity, when he ascended to his Father and to your Father, to his God and your God. Now, as you receive the atonement, you are in Christ *actually* ; *virtually*, and for the great purposes of your redemption, you were in Him when He was made sin for you, that you might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Paul said, what you may say after him, “ I was crucified with Christ, I was quickened with Christ, I was raised with Christ, I was made to sit in heavenly places with Christ.” Together were you in the ignominious and mediatorial humiliation on the cross ; together are you in the triumphant and mediatorial exaltation upon the throne. In his exhaustion of the curse you participated ; in his right to the reward you share.

You will be asking questions, no doubt. By as much as you are intelligent and in earnest in your new-born Christianity, you will ask many questions about this union of yours with Christ. Do so by all means, and then betake yourselves to such scriptures as the 15th of John, the 8th chapter of the Romans, and the 5th chapter of the Ephesians, that you may be authoritatively and all-sufficiently informed. For my purpose I take it for granted that every man here present, who believeth with his heart, is a member of Christ's body, even of his flesh and of his bones. You are Christ's, my brethren ; or, as we read in Mark's Gospel, “ You belong to Christ.”

This being your privilege, certain things ensue, certain uncommonly practical things, certain urgently momentous

things. Your privilege indicates and defines your duty. The blessedness of your position is confessedly ineffable ; but the responsibilities of your position exactly correspond. Just a word or two about these corresponding responsibilities.

YOU BELONG TO CHRIST : WHEREFORE CERTAIN THINGS ARE TO BE MANFULLY ENDURED. The world, and the flesh, and the devil are your Master's enemies ; consequently they are your enemies ; and having, as you have, to do with the world, the flesh, and the devil, you will find that variance between you and them is a serious thing. It may be your lot, as it has been the lot of some of us, to know that there is tribulation now for those who will enter into the kingdom of God. "Saint that you are," some companion may say to-morrow morning, "Saint that you are, you must suffer for it ; take that, if you will be righteous overmuch." Now, it will be of no avail for you to be resentful ; resentfulness may make bad matters worse. You will have no alternative but patiently to submit to the wrong that may be done by revilers, and adversaries, and persecutors. You may say—perhaps are ready to say now—"Will not God interpose for me ? will He not care for me in my emergency ? will He not minister to my deliverance from my vexation and my grief ?" Very likely not. Trust in His omnipotence and in His love, by all means ; but know this, that it is your Father's good pleasure to permit you to be vexed by the world, and to be harassed by the flesh, and to be tempted by the devil. Whatever may happen now from this time onwards, in your Christian life, nothing will happen independently of your Father's will, or discordantly with His will. All your difficulties will be discipline, and all your pains and losses will be discipline ; the object that your Father has in view being just this, to mature your Christian character ; to render you a vessel fitted for the Master's use ; to meeten you for the inheritance of the saints in light.

It may be that you will have to know that as your Master was made perfect through suffering, so, in imitation of His example, you are to be made perfect through suffering. They called him "Beelzebub"—no great wonder if they call you Beelzebub. He had to endure the contradiction of sinners against Himself; perhaps you will have to endure similar contradiction also. I ask you if the discipline come, and if there be fightings without, and fears within, I ask you to submit to the discipline; to have fellowship with it, and to let it have its perfect work. Mind, I pray you to mind your responsibility well; if you do not, you will get self-willed, and you will become envious of others, and discontented with your lot; and by and by you will be for letting all struggle and all suffering alone. "Why," perhaps it will be said to you, "why go on depriving yourself of the patronage of that man, and of the love of this other man? how advantageous they would be to you. Why go on declining society that is known to be delightful, and abstain from pursuits that guarantee emolument and gain? Why foolishly consent to be called fanatical—one man writing you down a most contemptible hypocrite, and another man a pitiable fool? Why go on to believe what the advanced thinker, and the ripe scholar, and the scientific investigator have unanimously given up? Why, shrinking as you must need shrink, from such incessant mortification, and from such incessant self-denial—why not let the mortification and the self-denial go?" There is one answer for the philosophic fool, and for the scientific knave, and for the worldly-wise poltroon; and if you be the man we want you to be, you will find that answer, whether to the science or the philosophy or the worldly wisdom, falsely so called, you will find that one answer will avail—"We belong to Christ—we belong to Christ, and that is why."

Suppose you are scorned? What then? Christ was scorned. Suppose you are slandered? What then? Christ was slandered. Suppose you are wronged? What then? Christ was wronged. Suppose you have the worst of it, as men estimate the worst? What then? Christ had the worst of it. Suppose you are in a minority? What then? Christ was in a minority. Your fellowship with Christ, which accounts for all, is far more than an equivalent for all. Your new life which occasions the opposition, will enable you to survive the opposition. You have been crucified with Christ: nevertheless, you live, yet not you, but Christ liveth in you; and the life which you now live in the flesh you live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved you, and gave himself for you.

Let there be, then, not the timorous but the fearless,—not the pusillanimous but the valiant,—not the restless but the self-possessed; not effeminacy, tripping it about in fine weather in her silver slippers, but intrepidity, going into the highways and byways of the world, and roughing it in her shoes of iron and of brass. No, not the puny, petulant childhood, fretful at disappointments, and hankering for results, but the masterful, magnanimous manhood, that recollects how one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Take care, as belonging to Christ, that you manfully endure what very likely more or less you will have to endure.

THEN BESIDES, THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS THAT ARE TO BE INDEFATIGABLY PERFORMED. “If there be any virtue,” said the apostle, your great example and type, recollect—“if there be any virtue, think of these things: whatsoever things are true, pure, honest, just, lovely, and of good report.” You are not merely to suffer, but you are to act for Christ; and from this hour, to become salt in emitting influence, lights dispersing darkness, messengers carrying tidings, witnesses

bearing testimony, and exemplars exemplifying and explaining the truth. By virtue of your being in Christ and belonging to Him you attract, and when that attraction is going on, and men are giving heed, you are to take care that they are not disappointed in that which they expect. I find you possessed of organs and members pertaining to the body, I claim them all for your Master. I find you possessed of capabilities, faculties, sensibilities, sympathies characteristic of mind, I claim them all for your Master. I find you having appliances, and resources, and influences of various kinds pertaining to a good position in society, I claim them all for your Master. Say now that we need the service of our generation after a manner that is peculiar to these present times, who is to supply that need? Say that we want the manifestation of an integrity that will spurn all glozing flattery, and that will brave all terrific frown, who is to supply the need? Say that we want men who shall most carefully observe the seventh commandment in its spirit and in its letter, as it was expounded upon the mount, who shall supply the need? Say that we need a refutation of resuscitated calumnies against the Church of Christ, and then, that we need the refutation of obsolete and good-for-nothing fallacies against the faith of Christ—say, indeed, that we need a noble, valiant, robust, intelligent defence of Holy Scripture, sometimes against supercilious adversaries, and sometimes against ill-furnished and craven-hearted friends, who is to supply the need? The men that belong to Christ constitute the only class from whom that supply can come, and into that class you have been introduced, remember, when you exercised faith in Christ. You are to supply the pecuniary appliances, the physical energy, the mental power, the moral sympathy, the spiritual consecration—you are, in your measure, to supply it all. Christ constitutes you his almoners, his representatives, his epistles

to the world. The world may come now and make all its evangelical requisitions, and appeals, and claims on you ; it may come in its penitence and ask your sympathy ; it may come in its exposure to everlasting death, and ask at your hands the kindly and the loving administration of the mysteries of life. If you were your own it would be a different thing ; but then you are not your own—you have been bought with a price. Every member of your body has been bought ; every capability of your mind has been bought ; every sensibility of your soul has been bought ; every advantage of your position has been bought ; every attainment of your skill has been bought ; every fraction of your property has been bought—yes, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. Swift, then, be your feet to take you to the sphere of duty, for they belong to Christ ; ready be your tongue to expostulate or to warn, to encourage or to comfort, to establish or to strengthen, because it belongs to Christ ; instinct be your eye with the tear of congenial sympathy or with the smile of congratulatory joy, because it belongs to Christ ; determined be your will for the true, against the false—for the straightforward, against the sinister—for the godly, against the devilish, because it belongs to Christ ; and devoted be your whole sublunary existence, a living sacrifice to God, ever consuming yet never consumed, until, in the act of your dissolution, that sacrifice must of necessity expire ; and then, as the last cloud of its incense arises to enwreath the throne of the Eternal with its fragrance, you yourself shall rise along with it to be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, faithful unto death, and then going to receive the crown of life. All that to be endured, and all that to be done, upon the simple but sublime fact, that we belong to Christ.

Another word, and I have done. BECAUSE YOU BELONG TO

CHRIST, THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS THAT ARE CONFIDENTLY TO BE EXPECTED. Processes are working out results; seed-sowings are forecasting harvests; society is astir with action, and the action tends and tends to a vast and yet vaster future, the developments of which are not given us to know. You have been born again, presuming our hope about this evening to be realized—you have been born again at a crisis of the world when the closer and deeper thinking men are tremulous, very often with solicitude and with soul-subduing awe; and if you are the Christian men in the future that we want you to be, you will partake of the tremulousness; and I should not be surprised if ere long you knew what I mean by solicitude and soul-subduing awe. What are to be the destinies of the nations in the Eastern and the Western hemispheres? What is to be the end of heathenism, and how is Mohammedanism to disappear? How are the huge antagonisms of Europe to work out in one struggle after another? and after the struggles—what? What is to be the ulterior history of the various churches—some monstrously corrupt, and others comparatively pure? What is to be the future of your own circles, and their descendants, in regard to the things of this life—specially in regard to the things of the life to come? What is to occur in your own career between this hour and the hour of your departure? And the hour of your departure accomplished, what is to occur then? Fruitful questions these, and questions that some men dare not propose; and no wonder either. If I shut out from the vision of this future; if I shut out an intelligent perception of a particular providence, what is there to look for? If I ignore a power that is paramount always, a wisdom that never fails, a sovereignty that, of course, cannot succumb,—if I ignore that, what is there that I can hope for? If I forget, in my folly, the everlasting covenant that is ordered in all things, and sure,

what anchor have I to my soul, amidst all the uncertainties existing already, and the prospective uncertainties of the time to come? Thank God, the men who belong to Christ neither forget the covenant, nor ignore the power, nor leave out the providence. And one part of your privilege to-night, in becoming Christian men, is this, to know—I use the word advisedly—to know that God worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will, and that he worketh all things together for good to them that love God, and who are the called according to his purpose. Say, then, that you are the more venturesome thinker, going out into the wider ranges of that vast and pregnant future; or say that you are one of the quieter thinkers, keeping within the circles which are nearer your own home,—you see nothing either in the larger or the smaller circle about which you need for a moment to apprehend any danger,—in regard to which for a single moment you need to stand in any dread. Men and brethren, fellow-companions in the faith and fellowship of Christ, we bid you welcome to our fraternity—the fraternity the noblest the world has ever seen, as by and by it will be discovered, when to be a saint will be no dishonour—we hail your advent amongst our number, and we bid you to rejoice, and to look forward with the rejoicing that all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death—all are yours; and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's. I bid you to rejoice that your life is hid with Christ in God; and that when He who is your life shall appear, you also shall appear with Him in glory. I bid you to rejoice, that where sin is reigning even unto death, grace shall reign through righteousness, even unto everlasting life. I bid you to rejoice, because the whole earth is to be filled with the glory of God, and the time cometh, and it is for you now to be assured of that; the time cometh when there will be ungodliness nowhere, wretched-

ness nowhere, disorderliness nowhere—when, barring the place of perdition, there will be no place in the universe which is not virtually an altar, and not a transaction in the universe that will not be, to all intents and purposes, a psalm or a hymn or a spiritual song of evangelical praise unto our God.

To tell you, now that you belong to Christ—to tell you about the obstacles, is nothing to the purpose; to tell you about the defiance and the desperation of the gates of hell, is nothing to the purpose. If you are worthy of your high calling, and walk worthily of it, I will tell you what you will do—you will put divine promises against human prognostications; divine guarantees against human probabilities; divine interpositions against human opposition; all the divine against all the human and all the diabolical through and through. This I ask you to do, walking worthily of the vocation into which from this time forth you will be called. Admit by all means all the agonies, and all the crises, and all the birth-throes which are yet assuredly to intervene, but stand upon it triumphantly that every knee is to bow and every tongue is to confess that Jesus Christ is Lord unto the glory of God the Father. To your work as men who must succeed; to your work as men with whom all things must necessarily co-operate; to your work, and there is much yet to do, as men who are to be assessors with the Judge in his final vindication of the governmental righteousness, in his grand adjustment of the affairs of a disordered universe, in his subjugation and reconciliation of all things whatsoever, both in heaven and earth, unto the Lord our God. Identify the doings of the present with the destinies of the everlasting future; commit the problems of the present to the solutions of the everlasting future; entrust the paradoxes of the present to the justification of the everlasting future; borrow and bring back upon the pursuits and habitudes of

the present the glorious light of the everlasting future. And doing that as men who have a right to do it by virtue of their union with Christ, you will show that you are Christ's own; men of broad sympathies, men of sound instincts, men of noble impulses, men of lofty purposes, men of most immovable, invincible, indomitable determination to do right; men who, in God's name and in consequence of their union with Christ, will take care to be not almost, but altogether such as Paul was, except his bonds. Sir, one hears of a great phenomenon of these modern times called muscular Christianity, and we are told that this said muscular Christianity is the only hope of a degenerate world, and the last chance of a paralytic church. Out upon such talk. Athletic discipline by all means, gymnastic exploits to any extent our young men like. Never from this platform has there been, and I hope there never will be, any tirade against the tennis court, or the bowling green, or the cricket ground, or the mountain clamber, or the mountain travel. Never may there go forth from this platform one single word against the relaxations which I believe to be essential to the vigorous health both of body and of mind; but, gentlemen, never designate such things Christianity. It is so insufferably preposterous. Never look to them again, I pray you, either for the regeneration of the world, or the reinvigoration of the church. It is so ineffably absurd.

The apostle found a muscular Christianity in his time, which he called "bodily exercise," and he said expressly that it profited little. It was not that which took joyfully the spoiling of the goods, it was not that which removed mountains, it was not that which wept with those who were in trouble and rejoiced with those who were made glad; it was not that which turned the world upside down; it was not that which sang psalms over open sepulchres, transfixing

the sage Corinthians with blank astonishment as they heard from their Christian neighbours the exultation, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It was not the bodily exercise which accomplished such things then, and it is not the muscular Christianity that will accomplish such things now. Union with Christ will do it, and hence Christ's own are the men for these times; such men as we want the young men of this Christian Association to be; not theorists, not sentimentalists, not ascetics, not mystics, not fanatics, not cowards, but real men; men who will go and do anything that they find commanded; men who will gird up their loins till their loins are compressed for hard work; men who will have their eye upon the Captain of their salvation; men who will put on the whole armour of God and wear it to the last; men who will look forward to the far more exceeding and to the eternal weight of glory; men who will dwell in Christ, Christ dwelling in them, so that because He lives they shall live also, and whether they live they live unto the Lord, or whether they die they die unto the Lord; whether they live or die they are the Lord's.

My dear friends, I have bidden you welcome to our evangelical fraternity, meaning by that, not any particular section of the fraternity, but the great catholic evangelical fraternity in its entirety, comprehending all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. We bid you welcome to it again, and as we do so our heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you may be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that you may be enabled to give all diligence to make your calling and your election sure, so that when at last we shall witness your inauguration with your Saviour upon His throne, we may rejoice with joy unspeakable that you were not of those who drew back unto perdition, but of those who believed to the saving of the soul.

The Earth,

AS IT HAS BEEN OCCUPIED, CULTIVATED, AND
IMPROVED BY THE INDUSTRY OF MAN.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT

Of Glasgow.

THE EARTH,

AS IT HAS BEEN OCCUPIED, CULTIVATED, AND
IMPROVED BY THE INDUSTRY OF MAN.

IN a former season I submitted a sketch of this world as it has been formed by God ; this season, I propose to look upon it as it has been occupied and improved by man. If our former theme was the farm, our present theme is the farming. Then we inquired into the value and capabilities of the estate which the great Proprietor has given us in life rent ; now we inquire how these favoured tenants cultivate the ground.

In prosecuting this object, I shall neither alarm you by statistics nor puzzle you with arguments. Whatever amount of meaning may lie in my lecture, I believe it will be all easily seen. I acknowledge that, like other men, I have some ambition to be accounted a philosopher ; but I promise that I shall not become muddy, in order that I may seem to be deep. My effort shall be to make our exercise variegated without being frivolous, and lightsome without being light. I would as soon think of serving up a heavy supper as a heavy lecture, at a late hour, to a company of worn, wearied men. Let our evening repast contain more or less of substantial nourishment ; but by all means, and at all hazards, let it be easily digestible.

At the most, man's work on the world is of trifling mag-

nitude, in comparison with the world itself. Our operations are confined within narrow limits. Add the height of the loftiest tower to the depth of the deepest mine, and the sum, which is very diminutive, represents the extreme breadth of the zone on which man has left the mark of his hand. Yet, within those narrow limits, the race have left many memorable footprints in the sands of time.

There are no fossil remains of man ; those records in the rock speak for the dumb brutes only. Man is capable of telling his own tale, and writing his own history ; therefore it has not been written to his hand. Traces of other creatures are found where they had wandered on primæval mud, and left a footmark without knowing that they were printing books which we should one day read ; but the goings of man upon the globe are ascertained only by monuments of art, which his own mind has conceived and his own hand constructed.

These records do not carry us up beyond Noah's day. In the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, where the human family first settled after the Flood, are found the most ancient monuments of man.

The Assyrian remains, being the most ancient of the human section, lie next the fossil age. You must burrow in the earth for specimens of their constructive art. In this respect, they partake of the nature of geology, while in the character of the fragments that are found, they belong to the human period. Mr. Layard may be considered the connecting link between the geologist and the historian. Thus, by aid of Nineveh as our stepping-stone, we emerge easily from the lower strata of fishes, fowls, and quadrupeds, into the upper strata, where true human history has written itself in permanent human art.

Next in order come the Egyptians. On the banks of the Nile, that curious people reared pyramids and excavated

tombs, which remain to this day monuments of marvellous perseverance and power. But the estate was not greatly improved by that generation of tenants. The chief end of their labour seems to have been to embalm, and so immortalize themselves.

The Greeks reared temples and carved statues. If they did not much increase the wealth, they greatly improved the taste of the world. In all these matters we are content to sit at their feet.

In roads, aqueducts, and laws, the Romans have left tracks of the Empire's passage over the field of Time.

The Middle Ages dotted Europe all over with exquisitely conceived Gothic shrines, which moderns admire, but, notwithstanding their superior mechanical resources, are unable to imitate. Why was such unapproachable excellence in ecclesiastical architecture attained in a dark and barren age? Learn from one of its analogues the reason of the fact. In my youth I listened sometimes with fond admiration to the strains of a fiddle in the hands of a blind old man. The contraction of the banks accounted for the force of the narrow stream. Other channels having been closed, all that was within the fellow was compelled to flow out by the fiddle. The blind man was a great fiddler because he was blind. For the same reason, I suppose, the Middle Ages expressed and perpetuated a harmony in Gothic architecture, to which a busier and more enlightened generation can produce no parallel. I do not undervalue either music or mediæval architecture—both are exquisite; but the one did not do much for the age, and the other did not do much for the man. They were beggars both, although each had nearly attained perfection in one particular art.

We can build churches still, but ecclesiastical architecture does not constitute the distinguishing character of our age. This is not the channel by which the soul of the nineteenth

century flows out. James Watt and George Stephenson are our representative men; the comparative anatomists of future ages will recognise in their footprints the evidence of a different genus from the royal tomb-builders of ancient Egypt, and the cathedral constructors of mediæval Europe. Telegraphs and railways, ships and canals, constitute the style of the age, in as far as it indents itself in permanent marks upon the world. These accordingly are the topics which demand our attention when we inquire how the human family may occupy and utilize the world.

Ships, railways, and telegraphs constitute a kind of triad, bearing an interesting relation to each other, and together enabling man to exercise dominion over sea and land. Their reciprocal relations may be conveniently expressed by the well-known grammatical formula, *quick, quicker, quickest*. Ships belong to the positive, railways to the comparative, and telegraphs to the superlative degree in the great mundane syntax: the first carries our heavy goods fast, the second carries our own persons faster, and the third carries our thoughts fastest round the globe.

We notice first that which carries out the orders of the directing mind—the Electric Telegraph. Four or five years ago, the Atlantic telegraph cable arrested and absorbed the regards of civilized humanity to an extent which has never been equalled, as far as my observation of men and things extends. All the thinking and speaking of both hemispheres seemed for the time to be sucked into the current.

I recall two incidents of the cable, which will serve both to point my moral and adorn my tale.

1. This evening the shares of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, which had a large paid-up capital, and the promise of a bounty from the two wealthiest governments of the world, could be bought in London at the price of £250

each ; next morning eager buyers offer £850 for the article, but happy holders hold on. The single but sufficient cause of the phenomenon was an electric throb that passed along a metallic wire from end to end. One end lay in Europe, and the other was made fast to the American shore. In less than no time the message ran from edge to edge of the ocean, in calm water far beneath the region of storms ; and in a little more time the shares ran up £600 by a single leap. We have all been amused in our childhood by Eastern tales of vast wealth springing, by the touch of a talisman, from squalid poverty. Here again, as in many other examples, "truth is stranger than fiction." By a touch more subtle and mysterious than any wave of wand by white bearded Eastern magician, a wealth leaps into existence, which would have surprised the Caliph of Bagdad in the height of his glory. The worst of it is, that the parallel between the modern magic of the West and the ancient magic of the East, holds good one step too far. Generally, the wealth which the conjuror created by a wag of his wand, vanished as quickly as it came. So melted the shares of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, while the doctors kept their fingers on the iron pulse, and indicated by signs to the sorrowing relatives that life was ebbing to its last out-go.

2. Another incident connected with the momentary success of the Atlantic submarine telegraph possesses an interest from my point of view which I would fain fix and perpetuate. I refer to the astounding extent and intensity of jubilation with which the event was greeted in America, as compared with the moderate and self-possessed satisfaction which was evinced on our side of the sea. Such was the furor that sprang and spread on the Western Continent, that a philosopher, lying in wait for discoveries, might have been excused for imagining that the wire, as soon as its connexion was completed, had drawn off all the surplus spiritual caloric

from the temper of the European population, and precipitated it with such force upon America as to set the whole continent in a blaze. The capers which our cousins cut, when the intelligence reached them, were wonderful to behold. Illuminations, processions, orations, epigrams, speeches, songs, seized and possessed the population. They had, indeed, more leisure for such exercises then than they possess to-day ; but even the want of other absorbing occupation was not sufficient to account for the violent ecstasy into which they fell. I need not remind you how calmly we passed through the crisis. Can it really be a hitherto unknown law of nature, that as soon as you connect two persons by a submarine isolated wire, you draw off the spare energy from the more easterly subject, and infuse it into the more westerly ? It is too good to be true. Some poor fellows, whose better-halves are endowed with a shade too much decision of character, would willingly hire a phlegmatic subject, and fee the doctor well, to discharge by his wire into the substitute all that was over-proof in the temper of his helpmate.

The fact of the American furor elicited a good deal of remark at the time ; but I think it was a mistake to attribute it, as many did, to a supposed excess of fervour in the temperament of our western relatives. In most matters they are cooler than we. The fall of a railway train into a river, or the explosion of a steamer into the air, would not produce so profound a sensation in America as in Britain. The difference, I apprehend, lies not in the persons, but in the places. We are at home ; they are in exile. This, I think, is the key to the phenomenon. When you stand on a far-distant shore, and look out on a broad ocean that flows between you and home, you experience a sinking of heart which only exiles know. To bridge over that sea, and bring his birthplace within whispering distance, is a great thing for an expatriated man ; but to give him a closer connexion

with some foreign country, is not so great a matter for a man who dwells among his own people. In that land his heart does not lie ; and therefore electric union with it does not set his heart a beating. Now, although the greater portion of the residents on the North American Continent, both in Canada and the States, were born there, a romantic attachment to "the old country," lies like an instinct deep in the people's life. Boastful, swaggering, threatening, fire-and-sword defiance hurled now and then against this country, although a louder, is also a thinner thing than the love that lies dormant for the time beneath. The bluster is water whisked into foam by some violent agitators ; but a blood that is thicker than water flows warm in the veins of the nation's life.

The extension of the electric telegraph by land and sea, until the globe is wrapped in a wiry network, like the nerves of sensation in the human frame, is obviously now only a matter of time, and probably not a long time. As usual, the lion's share will fall to us, both of the labour and the benefit. To furnish the big body with nerves will be a common benefit to all its members ; but we shall derive the largest share of profit, because we possess the largest share of the business. And, further, we shall get a larger proportional return from the investment than Russia or America, whose territories are also large, because their territories lie in compact masses, whereas ours are scattered over all lands and all seas.

Moreover, it is precisely at the weakest point that the telegraph will strengthen our line. Our power is vast in the aggregate ; but while the extent of the empire generates a vast strength, the distance between its parts becomes a cause of weakness. Our weakness lies in the extension of our line. At the point of greatest weakness the telegraph comes to give support. Leaving the distances as great as they were,

it diminishes the weakening effect of distance, in some cases one half, and in other cases much more. In the simplest case, when a difficulty which can only be solved by help from home occurs in a remote dependence, the gain is precisely one-half. Instead of equal times for sending the message demanding help, and for sending out the help demanded, the request comes in no time, and the gain is a hundred per cent. on the transaction ; but in complicated cases the advantages are much greater. For example, some emergency requiring ships and cannon occurs at Vancouver's Island, on the Pacific, while we have a fleet lying idle in the Chinese seas. One click of the needle on the Pacific coast makes the Government in London aware of the difficulty, and another click of the needle in London conveys an order to the admiral in China. Off go the ships from the eastern coast of Asia, by the short cut across the Pacific, and the fray is finished on San Juan before ships from England, on the old plan, could have rounded Cape Horn on their way to the rescue ; or, rather, before a ship could have rounded Cape Horn, on its way to England, to inform the Government that help was required.

These iron threads that gird the globe, conveying instantaneous messages between seats of government and the distant extremities of empires, are in nature and use very similar to the nerves of sensation that traverse in all directions the living human frame. Physiologists tell us that double lines of telegraph wires, visible only when magnified by the microscope, traverse our bodies in all directions between the seat of authority in the brain and the various outlying members. As the telegraph companies take care to have two or more wires near each other and parallel, but thoroughly separate, lest a message from London to Glasgow, and another from Glasgow to London, if both attempted to use one wire, should meet and explode in

the middle—so the living body is provided with double lines of nerves on all the thoroughfares between the capital and the provinces. And observe how beautifully the system works. An ill-conditioned neighbour plants his foot on my great toe. The injured member having a telegraph station at hand, instantly sends a message to the head, curtly intimating—all telegrams are curt—"That fellow has hurt me." His majesty, ever watchful over the comfort and safety of his meanest subjects, forthwith sends back an answer,—not to the grumbling great toe, you will be pleased to observe, for that would lose a great deal of time, but to the right hand; and the message,—if the offending neighbour be not all the taller,—the message is, "Give it him!"

No country can reap so large a return from the telegraph as our own. It will be equivalent to the doubling of our fleet and our army for the defence of our possessions. May God's conspicuous goodness to the nation make the nation humbly grateful to Him, and wisely kind to weak communities. With many faults, this nation is of some use on God's earth. It is good for Italy to-day that she has Britain, in the capacity of big brother, looking on. Italy owes much, and she knows it, to that most respectable gentleman, John Bull, even although he has never yet taken his hands out of his pockets to deal a blow in her behalf. Right well do the Italians know that Napoleon, at the crisis of the revolution, would have prevented Garibaldi from landing on the Calabrian shore, if we had not been there with a ship or two, to say, "Hands off," and see fair play. Italy, although those who robbed her have been in part scared away, still lies on her back bleeding. If we were out of the way, there would be a race between a certain pair of eagles which might be named, to determine whether of the two should have the privilege of devouring her before she had time to rise.

The second in our enumeration of the means whereby

men in modern times subdue and occupy the earth, is the Railway. The wire carries our commands like thoughts before us ; and on the rail we follow personally to see that our commands have been obeyed.

As a general rule, a nation's command of its own resources is in direct proportion to the number and excellence of its roads. Compare Switzerland with Turkey, and you will see that the highway may become the turning-point between the prosperity and the bankruptcy of a nation. A civilized country might almost be defined a country with good roads. Law never reached the Highland clans of Scotland until a turnpike threaded through every glen, and passed within a gunshot of every castle. The Caffirs on the borders of our colony on the Cape were subdued by macadamized roads, after powder and shot had failed. If India had been intersected by roads as this island is, cotton would have been abundant to-day in Lancashire.

By the introduction of iron rails and locomotive engines, our generation has done more than any that preceded it to bring the earth under the control of its occupiers. The railway not only facilitates and reduplicates intercourse between towns and provinces of civilized countries, it carries civilization into untrodden deserts,—as in the western portion of the North American continent,—and opens a channel for the transfusion of fresher life from younger nations into the worn-out ancient civilizations of the East.

From this point of view, I know not a line in the whole world more interesting than the one that traverses the Isthmus of Suez, from Alexandria to the head of the Red Sea. Opening gates that war and barbarism have long kept shut, and promising a renewal of friendly relations between the sons of Noah—the reconciliation of an alienated brotherhood—it is a type of progress—a finger-post pointing in the direction where a millennium lies.

The Suez Railway combines ancient romantic interest with modern nineteenth-century prosaic utility in a very odd, yet very instructive manner. The amalgam is like one of those tremendous bargains which a diligent watcher sometimes carries off from the close of an old book sale, when the weary auctioneer puts up in one lot "Homer's Iliad" and the "Ready Reckoner." The purchaser may go home a happy man, who gets both these books at once, and both for sixpence. Precisely such a conjunction of modern profit and loss, with the hoariest associations of the past, may be witnessed any day on the journey across the isthmus from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. Conversation between the passengers along the route must be truly Mosaic in its rich variety and bold contrasts. After a swift roll along the level delta of the Nile, the engine whistles, the train slows, and "Succoth station!" resounds along the platform. "The very spot," exclaims an excited Englishman, "where the Israelites assembled, and the exodus began! Yonder lie the fields of Goshen, where Joseph's brothers watched their herds while he was prime minister of Egypt! And see, on the south-western horizon, the apex of the pyramid which Pharaoh reared by the sweat of the captive Hebrews' brows!" As soon as the last notes of this speaker's voice die away, or possibly a little sooner, another, from the opposite corner of the cushioned carriage, rings out, slightly nasal, but sharply articulate, "I guess, Jedidiah, this is a short cut across the world. At the last station I received a telegram from my partner, dated at New York, ten minutes ago! He advises me that cotton is very heavy, and soft soap very firm,—that molasses are fair, ashes are rising, and rum is a drug; but the most cheering intelligence of all is contained in a brief postscript, 'At this moment saltpetre is very brisk.'" Such and so great are the contrasts that touch each other on the Suez Railway. Carrying the traveller in a few hours,

across the African isthmus, from European to Asiatic waters, it is a symbol of union between the greater and the less civilized portions of the human family.

In nature, light travels from east to west,—in history, it has obeyed the same law ; but when God, who turns the hearts of kings and the rivers of water, sees meet to interfere with power, it will be a small thing with Him to reverse the course both of nature and of history, in order to accomplish the purposes of His grace. The light of the Gospel is not bound to the chariot wheels of the material sun. Already the shadow has begun to go backward on the great dial of time. In China and in India, multitudes, partially awakened from the slumber of a long, dark night, are wistfully looking westward for the dawn. Be it ours, according to grace, but contrary to nature, to bear the light of life back to the orient where it rose.

Omitting ships,—because, though efficient agents of civilization, they leave no permanent marks on the earth's crust,—we proceed to notice rather those channels which have been constructed for ships by human art, and which remain like furrows in a ploughed field, the monuments of the occupiers' industry. Not oceans, straits, and rivers—the highways for ships which the Maker of the world provided from the first—but Canals, the passages which have been opened by the skill of men, come legitimately under consideration here.

A canal is invested with a sublime and tender interest, when you consider in unison the two constituent elements which go to its construction. It is not merely the excavation of an artificial channel for the passage of ships ; nature and art must go into partnership in order to produce the desired effect. It is true, in industrial economy as well as in the scheme of redemption, that we are "fellow-workers with God." If the Creator of the world had not opened springs on the brow of the mountain, and sent living streams

careering down its sides, in vain might man dig serpentine level ditches along the valley at its base. We discover a rivulet coming from the heights, sometimes by a gradual incline, and sometimes by headlong leaps toward the sea ; our ships cannot sail on that impetuous stream ; but we shall dig a level channel, and into it introduce the living stream. The water of the unnavigable torrent will fill our canal, and our canal will bear on its bosom the merchandise of every land.

Cruizer was wild ; Mr. Rarey tamed him ; the animal may now be led by a straw, and the world runs to look upon the wonder. For once the world is right. It is the noblest exercise of human skill to find the power running wild in nature, and tame it for man's use. You do not halt and gaze in astonishment at those dull, sluggish strips of impure water that intersect England in all directions, but you should. These are wild torrents tamed. They may now be led about by a straw, while they meekly bear our burdens.

Such is education. The wild children that swarm on our streets should not break our hearts. An abundant power is flowing there ; if we let it alone, it will not only run waste, it will burst its barriers some day suddenly, inundating our fields, and desolating our dwellings. If we lay a firm, kind hand on it, as Mr. Rarey manages his fillies, we shall preserve it from hurting itself and us ; we shall do more,—we shall turn every atom of its energy to a useful purpose. Educators must be civil engineers in the moral department. Don't fold your hands, and sigh over the swarms of city Arabs ; rather say,—as you see the streams gushing down, and chafing, and splitting into spray upon projecting rocks,—rather say, the power is plentiful in nature ; when it is intercepted, and tamed, and trained to industry, how vast will be the resources of the nation !

By a magnificent system of canals and locks, the various

rapids of the St. Lawrence have been surmounted, and ships from the western lakes may now discharge their cargoes for the first time in the docks of Liverpool. Before the construction of railways, it was through artificial water-channels that all the grain from the North Western States of the American Union was conveyed to the tidal harbours of the Atlantic, and a large portion of the traffic comes over the same pathway still. On the whole, navigable canals occupy a very important place among the means by which men have subdued the earth, and turned to account its resources.

The two greatest canals remain, however, yet to be constructed,—the canals which shall pierce the Isthmus of Panama, joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and the Isthmus of Suez, joining the Mediterranean and Red Seas. The western work has only been projected, its eastern twin has been at least begun. Whether the work begun shall ever be successfully finished, can be determined only by the event. The Suez canal affords a curious example of the jealousies which spring among the intricate relations of modern nationalities. A great political conflict has raged for many years round this engineering scheme. To be or not to be?—that is the question. The French, it seems, desire to pierce the Isthmus; while we would rather spare the neck of Africa. The Sultan has a difficult part to play between his two dear friends. How happy would he be with either, but he cannot gratify both. They say on our side of the channel the work cannot be accomplished, and, although it were accomplished, it would not pay; well, my advice in the premises is, let the French dig it—if they fail, the loss will be their own; if they succeed, our ships will contrive to sail on it, and so we shall share the benefit.

Closely allied in origin, though very different in use, are those canals which have been constructed in order to generate mechanical power. This agency is vast in the

aggregate, widely distributed, beautiful in action, and beneficent in effect. A water-wheel in motion—where, as at Shaw's, near Greenock, the dimensions are vast—is a sublime spectacle.

The towns of Galashiels and Selkirk are two habitats of the Scottish woollen manufacture known in commerce by the general designation Tweeds. Either cluster of factories possesses a stream, with a fall sufficient for mechanical purposes, and the water-power is in both cases carefully economized. But Galashiels, as you approach it, displays a forest of tall engine-chimneys, whereas its neighbour Selkirk has none. Why do the manufacturers of one town construct both water-wheels and steam-engines, while those who carry on the same work in the other are contented with water-wheels alone? The reason of the difference is a thing interesting in itself, and charged with some useful lessons.

The stream on which the town of Selkirk stands is the classic Ettrick. One of its affluents, the equally classic Yarrow, flows in its upper reaches through a beautiful lake, called St. Mary's Loch. The manufacturers of the town have, by negotiations with the rural proprietors, acquired the right, and by a skilful engineering process acquired the power, of drawing off the contents of the lake to the extent of five feet of its perpendicular depth. By taking an inch every day, when the stream is too feeble, they can keep their mills going for sixty rainless days, and experience shows that there is little cause to dread a longer drought in our beloved but watery fatherland. Thus, by having a little of the needful stored—not, indeed, for a rainy day, but for days that are not rainy—the men of Selkirk are free from fear of want, and save the expense of erecting auxiliary steam-engines; while their neighbours in Galashiels, living always from hand to mouth, must at great cost construct an artificial machinery, to

keep the mill going and the pot boiling in a time of straitness.

Ah ! what a vast machinery, and how much fuel must be provided, to keep mouths going when mills stop in Lancashire ! Let us be gladly thankful that we have this auxiliary machinery, and that we are able to feed it during these trying months ; but I show you a more excellent way. If every factory-hand had a St. Mary's loch snugly shut in among the green hills, he would be able to draw from the store, every day, as much as would keep his mill going round until the clouds should break, and pour their treasures on the earth again : which parable, being interpreted, means, if each mechanic, when times are good, would store his surplus in the savings' bank, he would be able to bear himself through the next cotton crisis without being obliged to any man.

But a work of human art still more important, as a means of subduing and utilizing the earth, is the construction of canals on which no merchandise ever floats—canals which contribute directly to the fertility of the soil. Of artificial canalization with a view to fertility there are two branches, which stand to each other in an interesting reciprocal relation. The one is a process for drawing water off, the other a process for spreading water on the land ; we resort to the one where the moisture is redundant, to the other where the moisture is defective : the one is drainage, the other irrigation. Neither often nor to a great extent are both required in the same country. As a general rule, drainage is necessary in one quarter of the earth, and irrigation in another. In our own country, for example, the chief difficulty of the cultivator lies in having too much water on his ground ; in our Eastern possessions it lies in having too little. Here, accordingly, human art is employed chiefly in relieving the soil of its surplus humidity ; there, in moistening the scorched ground.

These two systems—in their nature, use, and reciprocal relations—are analogous to the apparatus by which the circulation of the blood is maintained in animated bodies. The veins correspond to canals for drainage, the arteries to canals for irrigation. The veins, like the drains in our damp fields, under our dropping skies, begin in a multitude of small separate ducts, which receive the used moisture, and draw it off by converging channels to its great central reservoir; the arteries, like the irrigating ducts in India, start in one vast canal from the source, and gradually multiply into an infinitude of diminishing rivulets, through which the life sap is distributed to all the surface. Precisely such are the twin systems of drainage and irrigation, by which the art and industry of man have already multiplied the productive power of the earth, and may yet multiply it much more.

Divine wisdom has adapted the earth to man by the defects which are left in nature, as well as by the amazing abundance of her supplies. In the abundance, provision is made for satisfying the creature's wants; in the deficiency, provision is made for exercising his faculties. If the crust of the globe had been formed of matter capable, without any process of preparation, for becoming the food of man, it would have been for the human race a less eligible residence. This would be a jolly world for a savage, indeed, if he had nothing more to do than go to the corner of his cottage in the morning and dig a spadeful of food for the day; but only savages would have occupied such a world. The higher faculties, never stimulated, would never be developed. Our Father in heaven has planned more wisely for His children. He has made us fellow-workers with Himself in extracting our food from the earth; and the partnership elevates our kind. In some regions of the globe the soil and climate are so benignant, that abundant food for man and beast grows

almost spontaneously ; but there the human occupants do not advance beyond the first rudiments of civilization. The defects and redundances of the farm occupy and improve the farmer. The human race attain the highest perfection neither within the tropics nor near the poles. In the one case labour is scarcely needed, and in the other it would not avail. Both extremes generate a savage idleness. It is in moderate middle regions—where you can get no food without labour, but plenty with it—that our faculties, moral and physical, grow to their full stature.

Our exposition of canalization, with a view to fertility, should begin, like charity, at home ; and, therefore, we speak first of the process by which farmers under our own cloudy skies relieve the fields of their surplus moisture.

The art of drainage is a fine art. Within our own generation it has made vast strides of progress. You see here and there, close by a railway station where the soil is composed of clay, huge piles of short red tubes, ready for being conveyed along the line in all directions, and distributed among the farmers. They are like macaroni manufactured on a large scale, and dyed red. They are made, however, not of flour, but of clay. They are not food ; but they are the producers of food. Look to the next square pile of drain tiles that you pass near a station on the railway, and think that in a few years, out of these hard tiles, as great a heap of wholesome food will spring. These clay tiles are better than bread ; they are bread-makers. There is poetry in that pile of drain tiles. There is life in the coarse red clay pipes, constructed for the purpose of carrying needless water out of the earth—reverence them ! There is death in the smooth white clay pipes, constructed for the purpose of conveying needless smoke into human bodies—hate them with all your heart ! The red pipes laid in the ground draw off the morbid moisture, and leave the field waving all over with yellow

grain ; the white pipes introduced into the mouth drain away the juices of life, leaving behind sunken eyes, sallow cheeks, and pithless limbs ! Smokers, a word in your ears. That saliva, which you draw abnormally from the pores of your cheeks, and squirt upon the ground—sometimes, when the wind is contrary, on me—that saliva is the drink which your Maker has wisely and mercifully provided, and which your stomach absolutely needs, in order that it may convert your food into blood, and flesh, and bones. That precious liquid is needed within your own body ; and it is not needed on our floors and railway carriages. It hurts you to want it, and it is not agreeable to us to get it. He was a great man—they should erect a monument to his memory—who said, “ You complain of your stomach ; your stomach has more cause to complain of you ! ”

A clever young man, who liked tobacco, and therefore cultivated arguments to justify its use, attempted once to turn aside this blow, which, without compunction, I was dealing on his darling. “ Granted,” he said, “ that smoking drains off vast quantities of saliva which is generated in the fauces as a necessary ingredient of the gastric juice,—such is the profuse fecundity of nature, that the more you draw off to pour upon the ground, the more springs up in the multitudinous pores of the mouth ; so that while he who saves all has nothing over, he who wastes most prodigally has no lack.” I replied by a story ; and I have since been informed by men of science that there is weight enough in my tale to crush the specious argumentation drawn from the redundancy of nature. A long-headed, sharp-witted old man, Adam Bell by name, who fished a portion of the river Earn and farmed the land on the adjoining banks, gave me long ago a graphic description of a tea-party at which he had once been taken in. A new tenant had taken possession of a neighbouring farm, and to celebrate his accession had invited all the

comfortable classes of the neighbourhood to drink tea at his house. At time and place appointed the guests convened, old Adam among the rest. Everything was in the newest fashion, the fisherman reported: of china cups and silver spoons there was a great and glittering profusion, and the mistress of the house was beyond all precedent liberal in the distribution of her tea. 'Hand in your cups, gentlemen,' she said, as she filled the teapot once more from the boiling kettle; 'hand in your cups again, there is plenty here.' 'I did not thank her,' said Adam, aside, and with one eye queerly closed, 'I did not thank her for her tea, for by that time I could have seen to spear a salmon seven fathoms deep in it.' After all the saliva that a smoker spills on the ground, there is some left, it may be conceded, to go into his stomach; but the oft-watered remnant is thin and pithless.

We have not wandered from our subject: indeed, there is nothing on which we pride ourselves more than the strict accuracy of our logic. We would rather lose the opportunity of saying a good thing, than introduce it in an improper place. Our subject at present is drainage, and while we expatiate on the beneficent drainage of the earth, we are bound to notice also the mischievous drainage of man.

But some kinds of drainage are healthful to man as well as to the ground which he cultivates. When water is allowed to accumulate in a field, and not drained off, the ground becomes sour and unproductive. I think I have seen some people standing much in need of a similar operation. The system is gorged and congested for want of outlets. In some money, and in others the affections, are the stagnant water that damages the soil. Open plenty of drains to let your guineas and your love run off, and don't fear a famine as you see them flow; God will open windows in heaven, and rain down plenty to supply their place. Keep the sap circulating in your little world as He does in the

great one, and you will more certainly please Him than by closing the gates and keeping all you get.

Of the converse process of irrigation we cannot now afford to take even the most cursory glance. You may see it, on a small scale, conducted by the industrious peasantry in the pastoral valleys of Switzerland; and, on a mighty scale, conducted under the superintendence of skilful engineers, by the resources of an empire, on the plains of India. Both the Ganges and the Godavery have been compelled to part with portions of their ample volume, that it might be sent—in what would here be counted rivers,—on the blessed errand of turning the wilderness into a fruitful field. Considerable progress has already been made; but the capacity of the rivers on the one hand to give, and the scorched plains on the other to receive, is so vast, that the imagination fails to paint the magnitude of the result when the work shall have been completed. Ah! we have not yet nearly replenished the earth; if the field were well farmed, its produce would be multiplied, perhaps a hundred-fold.

In the valley of the Adige, among the Tyrolese Alps, a system of irrigation has been adopted, simple, effective, and picturesque withal. The valley is narrow, but wherever a level field intervenes between the root of the mountains and the margin of the stream, it is all turned to account as a vineyard. At the upper corner of the cultivated spot, a water-wheel of slender construction but large circumference is poised over the torrent, with a few inches of its rim beneath the surface. Driven by the force of the stream, it lifts a bucket filled with water on every arm, and pours the contents continuously into a trough. Thence the refreshing stream is conducted into the vineyard, and spread over all its surface. A tall straight pine-tree, cut on the shoulder of the neighbouring mountains, is employed as a

lever to raise or lower the bearings of the axle with the rising and falling of the water in the stream.

In the soaking flats of Holland you may observe the counterpart process, equally ingenious, and, in its place, equally useful. The water is collected in vast bulk in wide open ditches, with its surface only a few inches lower than the surface of the field, and the problem is to persuade the water to run away. A windmill is erected at a convenient spot, and attached to a wheel like the Tyrolese irrigator, with the extremity of its rim dipped into the ditch. As the huge distended sails of the windmill gyrate in the air, the dripping water-wheel goes round prosaically on its axis, lapping up the water to a height from which it will consent to flow towards the sea. Along with a certain measure of similitude, the two processes present a double contrast. Here there is too much water on the land, and the industrious machine labours to draw it off; there the land has not enough of water, and the industrious machine labours to spread it on. In Holland, the wind is employed to raise the water; and in the Tyrol, the water is employed to raise the wind.

The construction of artificial channels for the conveyance of water is applicable, in both its departments, to cities as well as to fields, and to human life as well as to vegetable growth. The health of great cities depends largely and directly on the efficiency with which the clean water is brought in, and the foul water carried away. Some crucial questions for modern civilization spring here. In this region our science, our courage, and our patriotism will be severely tested. If we cannot or will not keep ourselves clean in vast congregated masses, it will be better that we should be scattered in isolated huts among the hills.

In the branch which corresponds to the irrigation of a parched plain—in the process of bringing pure water into a great city—the best example of success with which I am

acquainted may be found in Glasgow. We have attained a world-wide celebrity for the magnitude and the character of our supply. It is a great and a good work. For the wisdom and patriotism displayed by the community in adopting and executing the plan, we are respected by our neighbours, and also—a point still more important—by ourselves. This physical achievement carries in its bosom a moral amelioration of unspeakable worth.

A stream of cold crystal water, sufficient to quench the thirst of all Glasgow, although it should continue to increase at the present rate for generations, has been conducted from the heart of the Highlands—through hills in tunnels, and over valleys in iron pipes—a distance of twenty-five miles. It offers itself in every street and in every dwelling,—offers itself so vigorously, that, in case of fire, nothing more is necessary than to open a valve and attach a hose; the stream will rise like a rainbow over the highest house in the city. All this has been accomplished at no greater expense than we formerly incurred for uncertain dribblets of dirty water, pumped from the Clyde. One of the most beautiful sights I know—a sight which I enjoy for nothing every day—is a globular crystal *caraffe*, filled with the genuine Loch Catrine, sitting in the centre of my dinner table, throwing its diamond glances, tinged occasionally with the various hues of the spectrum, on every object within its reach. My friends sometimes express their surprise that I should appear to be so strong, while I never take any strong drink. From the Father of lights cometh down every good gift, and to Him I render the praise; but if you inquire after the subordinate means through which the blessing comes, I refer you to the pipes which convey the Loch Catrine water. Water—plenteous and pure, without and within—water, though not the only good gift of God, is one of the best. Let us all rejoice that

we live in the freest country of the world. I would count it the cruellest persecution that a patriot ever endured, if I were compelled to substitute for proof Loch Catrine a bottle of London stout. No ; let me drink my water clean. There is a great difference between the drink that makes strong, and the drink that is strong : strong drink makes the drinker feeble, weak drink makes the drinker strong.

For a specimen of excellence in the department which corresponds to the drainage of fields, I must, in spite of my patriotism, go far from Glasgow. London, I suppose, is or is about to be in this respect the model city. I congratulate the legislature and the citizens of London on their noble effort to carry their foul water out of sight and smell. It is a work of vast labour and expense ; but, if it succeed, it will be cheap in the end. To me it seems an unaccountable thing, that men congregated together in great cities should crowd the air with steeples, load their persons with jewels, and purchase for their tables the delicacies of every clime, while they float in an ocean of wholesale filth, and resist the impost of a penny for the purpose of keeping themselves clean.

In the rural department of this noble art, the art of drainage, we in Scotland have made great attainments, and the result is an enormously increased rent-roll ; but in the municipal department we have lagged behind, and consequently the death-rate of our cities has not fallen so quickly as the produce of our fields has risen.

In Glasgow, for example, we have a small tributary of the Clyde called the Kelvin, which skirts the West End Park, flowing right under the eyes and noses of our richest citizens, when relieved from the toils of business, they assemble with their families and friends in their drawing-rooms on a summer afternoon. It is in a tolerable condition at present, while its bed is filled to overflowing with a yellow, foaming,

swiftly rushing stream. But in summer, when there is a scarcity of water, the mills on either side require it all, and the broad bed of the river is left dry. But the sewers—all led to the brink, and left open there—continue to pour their contents into the empty watercourse; there they lie and bask in the sun, till Providence send a flood to take them away. In the meantime we build elegant mansions, and fare sumptuously every day on the brink of the Kelvin. The water of Leith, I understand, does or lately did the same service for our neighbours in Edinburgh.

I have already referred to the river Yarrow, and the contrivance by which the manufacturers of Selkirk husband its waters for the propulsion of their machinery during a drought. One interesting feature of the scheme; formerly omitted as unnecessary, may profitably be introduced here. One might suppose that much of the store might be saved by shutting the sluices, and leaving the bed of the stream wholly or almost dry during the night. But a clause in the engagement firmly binds the parties to keep a certain depth of water continually flowing. Why? Because there are trouts in the river, and security is taken for the preservation of their life. Ah! if we had trouts in the Kelvin, or if we who live on its banks were trouts, an imperial law would bind all the millers on its borders to keep a perennial flow of water in its bed. But as only the lives of men and women are at stake, we must suffer in silence. "Sambo," said a gentleman once to a chattel, "why do you carry your new hat dry under your arm, while the pitiless blast is pelting your own bare head?" "'Cause," said the nigger, with the knowing grin of one who is doing a clever thing in his own interest, "my head is massa's, but my hat is my own." We preserve our trouts, and hares, and pheasants, and I do not know how many other species of creatures, with commendable care; but ourselves—the souls

and bodies of us—we abandon to all manner of lethal impurities, rather than pay for our own preservation. For my single self, I would rather live simply on the half of my income, and deliver up the other half, if necessary, in combination with my neighbours, to keep the soil and the air of the city as sweet and healthful as they are on my native hills.

These desultory sketches, already too much prolonged, must here be abruptly brought to a close.

Permit me to suggest one reflection as an appropriate concluding lesson. It is a mistake to suppose that non-religious men enjoy this world, whereas earnest Christians—finding all the sweets of earth soured by the close, dark thunder-cloud of religion, that hangs athwart their sky—postpone their prospect of enjoyment until they shall be led through the gates of the grave into a future unknown heaven. This is a mischievous error. It may be read in Scripture, proved by reason, and tasted in experience, that they best enjoy this world who already have through Christ an inheritance eternal in the world to come. Those who are at peace with God through the blood of Christ, can tread the earth with a firmer step, and gaze on the sky with gladder countenance, than other men. A Christian gets the good of this beautiful world in all senses and on all sides. He enjoys it in common with the brutes that perish, and in common with all his brethren of human kind ; but he enjoys it in a manner and measure peculiar to himself—as its Maker's child !

John Howe, and the Times of the
Puritans.

A LECTURE

BY

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JOHN HOWE, AND THE TIMES OF THE PURITANS.

THE subject that has been committed to my care is a large and interesting one, whether we look at the actor or at the times in which he acted.

The actor is that distinguished Nonconformist, John Howe. Few men have lived so prominently in exciting times, and yet lived such a holy life. Few men have suffered for conscience' sake so severely, and yet abstained from so much as an unkind word.

It was but a true character that was given him after his death, by one that knew him well: "He received from the Father of Lights so great a variety of both natural and Christian perfections, that he was not only a shining light, and an ornament of his age, but an inviting example of universal goodness."

The times in which Howe lived and acted were the times of the last generation of the Puritans. They carry us first through some twenty years of revolution; they carry us next through thirty long years, during which England recklessly threw away and wasted the men, who from their talents honesty, holiness, and, above all, deep concern for immortal souls, would have been as salt in her midst.

Those times are, in every way in which we can look at

them, the most disgraceful and humiliating in our history. We degraded ourselves at home, and we were degraded abroad ; and yet we owe not a little to their very badness. It was the completeness of the degradation of 1688 that made the completeness of the Revolution.

Those times have still a most impressive lesson. Cruel and inconsiderate laws invited the king to serve his own ends by claiming a dispensing power. At length the exercise of this power placed the laws of the land, and the rights of all classes of subjects, at his mercy ; so that when old Serjeant Maynard was once complimented by William the Third on having outlived all his brethren of the law, he could not have spoken more truthfully when he said, that, but for his Highness, he should have outlived the law itself.

Yet it is, I believe, to those very laws, paradoxical as it may seem, that, to-day, we owe our freedom. They prevented a sleep that might have been the death of liberty. First of these laws stands out the false, selfish, and revengeful act of 1662. The grief and sadness entailed by this act should be the patrimony of no sect or party. Its effects are fearfully legible on every side, in the absence of Christian unity, and in the paralyzing of Christian effort. But though we regret the wrongs and evils of that act, we may not the less admire that guiding Providence that has made it bless instead of curse.

This world of sin is no Utopia. It is not always best for us when things go smoothly. God's children in their own inner life owe much to Fatherly trials. It is not otherwise with his Church. I am not sure, if there had been a craftier policy at the Restoration, that England would, to-day, have gloried in being the home of the free and the asylum of the oppressed. Charles the Second secretly longed after Popery. The country was blindly devoted to him. I really believe, then, that it is to that sad Act of Uniformity,

more than to any other circumstance, that in God's sovereign mercy we owe the civil and religious liberty we now enjoy.

But I am anticipating. Let me only further say that it is my desire, in my remarks to-night, to add nothing to the bitterness of our controversies. It would be, indeed, unpardonable to make the life of Howe a vehicle for a sectarian address. Justly has Henry Rogers said that, "to enlist him, whose temper and spirit were so transcendently catholic; whose whole life was devoted to the cause of our common Christianity; and who abhorred all excess of party-feeling, *in the mere strife of party*, would be a flagrant insult to his memory."

JOHN HOWE was born at what I think I may correctly call the crisis of the great Puritan struggle. He was born at Loughborough, in the year 1630. What brought his father there, or why he left, we do not know: it is certain that he was never rector of Loughborough: it is about as certain that the common story of his being first presented and then ejected by Archbishop Laud is incorrect. Little more can be said of him than that in the register of births at Loughborough he is described as John Howe, "preacher," and in the entry of his son at Cambridge, as John Howe, "presbyter." John Wesley tells us that he had heard him commended as a person of singular piety, and his wife as a woman of distinguished sense. Soon after the birth of Howe, he seems to have removed his family to Ireland.

I have called this period the crisis of the great Puritan struggle; I may well call it so. A new school of theology was rising, and fast becoming dominant in the Church. It was an innovating school; not satisfied with checking those who would not conform to the ceremonies of the Church, it sought to add to these ceremonies. Laud, the head of this

school, through his influence over the king, was acquiring supreme power both in Church and State.

The Reformed Church of England from its beginning had been the victim of internal dissensions ; and I think we seldom look deep enough for the cause of these dissensions. We look far too much to the few eminent men that were brought to the surface when the Church was settled ; but, after all, the great reformer of England was John Wycliffe. The success of the Reformation was owing to the hearts and hands of the masses of the English people, among whom the principles of Wycliffe had been scattered for nearly 200 years. The scruples of the Puritans sprang naturally from some of those very principles.

Nothing is more remarkable than the rapid progress of the Wycliffite views. While Wycliffe was still alive, a man could scarcely meet two on the road without one of them being a Wycliffite. Just eleven years after his death, his followers were strong enough to remonstrate in parliament against the errors of the Church. Sixteen years later, in 1411, in the reign of Henry IV., the Archbishop of Canterbury found Oxford so filled with the reforming notions that he held in it a visitation. The university resented such interference. The king had to turn its chancellor and proctors out of office.

It is difficult, perhaps, to ascertain with any certainty the exact views of Wycliffe. At any rate it is unwarrantable to impute to him the vagaries of any wandering Lollard ; but I think it can be clearly made out that he laid such stress on the three following points as prepared the way for all the scruples and difficulties that in the end broke up the unity of the Protestant Church of England.

The three points are these :—

1st. The burdening of religion with rites and ceremonies.

2ndly. The abridging the liberty of the Church by tying it to set forms of prayer.

And 3rdly. The usurpation of bishops over priests and deacons.

The mind of the people was thoroughly indoctrinated with these opinions. They only wanted leaders to give expression to what they felt. Those leaders they found in the refugees who returned to England after the persecutions of Henry VIII. and Mary. Intercourse with the reformers of Geneva had imbued these refugees with those notions. The reformed service books were therefore not simple enough for their liking. They started many objections both to the way of performing the services and to separate expressions. Persecution soon turned these objections into principles of the greatest moment. And alas ! we look in vain anywhere for that spirit of compromise which is sometimes attributed to the men of those days.

Let it then be clearly understood what the difficulties of the Puritans were. We have got into other and deeper controversies now, so that we can hardly comprehend the Puritan mind ; their objections were not to the doctrinal statements of the Prayer-book ; they chiefly rebelled against various usages, as wearing the cap and surplice, making the sign of the cross in the baptismal service, kneeling at the Lord's Supper. They also objected to a number of individual words and expressions ; they desired a liberty of abbreviating the services, and of introducing extempore prayer ; they complained of a want of discipline. To remedy this they sought to give every minister more power in his own parish in dealing with ungodliness, and to control the bishop by associating with him in the administration of his diocese a body of presbyters. But what we should consider the less serious of these objections, were those that were by far the

most prominent in the embittered discussions, as well as in the prosecutions for nonconformity of the earlier days of Puritanism.

At the present day these objections may seem small. There has been a great change of feeling. But let us not suppose that the minds upon which they weighed were little minds; such an inference would be very unphilosophical. To understand the mind of a time, we must work ourselves into its spirit. Yet it is highly instructive to see what a different view a future age is able to take of the difficulties and contests of a past. It should teach us all the great lesson—to moderate our own tone in our differences and controversies. Perhaps to those that follow us, much that we now toil for, as for life itself, may seem shadowy enough. Remember, then, this, that if the Puritans, when John Howe was born, could have got over the surplice and such other matters, and the restricting to a liturgy, and what they considered the tyranny of the hierarchy, they would not have had one difficulty, as far as the doctrinal language of the Prayer-book is concerned.

But about the time that Howe was born there began to be a serious change. The field of controversy was widened; doctrinal differences began to appear within the Church. The range of objections was not, indeed, enlarged, but there was much more behind them. The name of Puritan acquired a new meaning. Whitgift and Cartwright, the leaders of the two parties that formerly divided the Church, would have cordially shaken hands on questions of doctrine. It was so no longer.

Old Fuller says, "We must not forget that Spalato was the first who, professing himself a Protestant, used the name Puritan to signify the defenders of matters doctrinal in the English Church."

Let us, with Fuller, not forget this. This Roman Catholic

prelate came over to England in 1616—a year not to be forgotten by a student of English history—in 1616—the year in which Oliver Cromwell was entered a fellow-commoner of my own college in Cambridge, and in which William Shakspeare took farewell of the world. Spalato obtained high preferment in the Church of England; but being tempted by the bishopric of Salerno, and a cardinal's hat, he returned to Rome. Let us not forget that this was the man who first extended the application of the word Puritan. But soon no one could escape the taunt who refused to go forward in the onward march of Laud—a march that in the eyes of the great majority of Englishmen was going, through ever-increasing ceremonialism and sacramentalism, fast and straight to Rome. Even Bishop Saunderson, the spiritual comforter of Charles in his deepest sorrow, indignantly complained of this scandal. “Could that blessed Archbishop Whitgift, or the modest, learned Hooker have ever thought, so much as by dream, that men concurring with them in opinion should for some of those very opinions be called Puritans.” But every step that Laud took in this dangerous march was a step that lost him friends, and carried them over to the Puritan camp. He had to enforce his wishes, in illegal courts, with fines, imprisonment, the pillory, and mutilation. But having had the misfortune once, on a visit to Scotland, to see, as he expressed it, no religion there, he sought to extend the same system to that country. This act of folly brought on a civil war which involved the king in financial difficulties. He was obliged to call a parliament. And when that parliament assembled, the duplicity of the king, and the mismanagement of his advisers, brought on a storm in which, for a time, our constitution disappeared. It is, perhaps, decisive of the infatuation of the king and his advisers, to notice what Baxter affirms of this parliament, and I believe affirms truly: “It

was an Episcopal and Erastian parliament of conformists that first took up arms against the king. The members yet living profess that at that time they knew but one Presbyterian in the House of Commons."

In 1640, this parliament met. It at once took up the public grievances. The unconstitutional courts that the king had established were swept away. Their advisers were impeached. But the parliament did not stop with righting the constitution. They saw its principles laid down and acknowledged with a definiteness hitherto unknown. Yet, irritated by the false dealing of the king, they overthrew it with their own hands. The history of this parliament reads a terrible lesson to rulers who will trifle with an outraged people. It is hard to rein in a revolution when it once breaks out. In this case the speed of the chariot was soon headlong, yet they lashed on the horses. The fairest opportunity, perhaps, that ever presented itself of attaining that most beautiful of conceptions, the outward unity of brethren that are already brethren in Christ, was dashed away. Those who advised moderate counsels soon lost all influence. It became evident that nothing but a civil war could settle the difficulties of the State. In 1642, the king's standard was raised. Many a man ranged himself under it who had been foremost in denouncing the unconstitutional proceedings of the king. But in vain. In 1646, the last fortress of the Cavaliers had submitted to the parliament. Within twelve months the parliament was compelled to submit to its own soldiers. The execution of the king followed. And for thirteen years England lay under a military despotism.

Meantime Howe was being educated for the prominent place he afterwards took among the Puritan divines. His childhood was passed in Ireland. His boyhood and school-days in the large agricultural parish of Winwick, in Lancashire, where he was prepared by Mr. Gorse for the

university. At length, in 1647, being now seventeen years of age, he went up to Cambridge, and was entered as a sizar at Christ's College. It was his good fortune at Cambridge to have the acquaintance of men whom to know was to admire; men with whom his own genial disposition could thoroughly sympathize. Who could have better educated him than Dr. Ralph Cudworth, the Master of Clare, and Professor Henry More, of Queen's, for Baxter's splendid eulogium?—"He is a very learned, judicious, godly man, of no faction, but of catholic, healing principles." Such were Cudworth and Henry More themselves, and such were many of the remarkable school they founded. Howe was so closely allied to them, both in the line of his studies and in the breadth of his views, and so separated thereby from the older Puritans of his time, that I have little doubt that if he had remained in Cambridge his name would not have enriched the annals of Nonconformity.

But in 1648, in the middle of his undergraduate course, he was attracted to Oxford. That university had been only lately purged of its Royalists and Prelatists, and there were many fellowships and other good things to be got. He was at first Bible-clerk at Brazennose. And it is interesting, I think, to notice that though only eighteen, he had already given his heart to God. In later life, when preaching the funeral sermon of Mr. Adams, then a Fellow of Brazennose, he said: "About fifty years ago I remember his course. Many a day have we prayed, conferred, and taken sweet counsel together, when he was at once an example and an ornament of his college." But having become chaplain and fellow of Magdalene College, he fell under the influence of a powerful mind and as powerful a will. The president of Magdalene at that time was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, well designated "the Atlas and patriarch of Independency." Dr. Goodwin was himself a Cambridge man. It was there,

under the ministry of the pious and amiable master of St. Catharine's, Dr. Sibbes, that he had learned to prize those views of the grace of God in Christ, which afterwards he so fully and magnificently set forth. It was to him that Dr. Sibbes one day said, "Young man, if ever you would do good, you must preach the gospel and the free grace of God in Christ Jesus." But Goodwin's disposition was very different from that of Howe. We need not accept as very accurate the description that Addison gives of him in a most humorous paper in the *Spectator*. Yet we know enough of Thomas Goodwin to feel that he was of the gravest, if not of a stern character. Burnet tells us that the chief use Bishop Wilkins made of his alliance with Cromwell's sister, was to cover Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin. It is not strange, then, that at first Howe showed a want of sympathy for the president.

Goodwin had a religious meeting in the college, attended among others by Thankful Owen, Theophilus Gale, and Charnock. Howe kept aloof. The president asked an explanation. Howe told him frankly that there were some peculiarities he did not approve of to which he understood they attached importance. He gave others liberty of thought without unkind notions of them. If they could do so by him, he would gladly join them. On such catholic terms he was received.

But Goodwin, so earnest, so pious, so decided in his views of truth, could not but seriously impress the mind of Howe. Others may differ from me, but it is my impression, that while Goodwin's influence was unable to draw him off from his catholicity of feeling towards others, it yet led him to take a narrower view of his own path of usefulness.

But we must hurry on. After a few years of careful study at Oxford, Howe, in 1652, was ordained at Winwick by the rector, Dr. Charles Herle, the distinguished Prolo-

cutor of the Westminster Assembly, assisted probably by the ministers of several chapels in his large parish. For Howe used to say there were few men whose ordination had been so truly primitive as his, having been devoted to the sacred office by a primitive bishop and his officiating presbytery.

But it was his lot to minister in a very different part of the land. He was called by "an unexpected conduct of Divine Providence" to Torrington, in Devonshire, where he succeeded a congregationalist as parish minister.

Torrington is situated on the top of a hill 400 or 500 feet high, and almost precipitous, overlooking the Torridge. The view from the castle has been compared to that from the site of the Temple of Jerusalem, looking over towards the Mount of Olives. The valley of the Torridge—Kingsley's Torridge in *Westward, Ho!*—is one of the most beautiful in Devonshire. This scenery was, indeed, in every way well fitted to minister to the musings of a lofty spirit, conversant with the deep things of God. But he found more to delight him than the calm and lovely scenery of nature. While his kindness won every heart, the gospel preached from his lips came home to many as the power of God unto salvation. This was indeed the crown of his rejoicing. In after days, amid the distractions and blight of Cromwell's court, he sighed over what he had left behind. "I have devoted myself to serve God in the work of his ministry, and how can I want the pleasure of hearing their cries and complaints who have come to me under conviction."

It may seem surprising to those that know Howe's writings, that his ministry should have had this effect. One would hardly have expected, under his teaching, those evidences of terrible awakening that are to be seen under the ministry of those who appeal forcibly to the conscience. His sermons, indeed, are always full of noble thoughts, and breathe a delightful spirit. Robert Hall, no mean judge,

used to say, that, as a minister, he had derived more benefit from the works of Howe than from those of all other divines put together. But notwithstanding this high testimony, there is so much abstruse reasoning, so many divisions, and such frequent digressions and amplifications, before there is any application to the conscience, that I should have expected them to be deficient in impressiveness. A good woman once said of him, "He was so long in laying the cloth, that she always despaired of the dinner." I think one can understand this. How, then, can the effect of his preaching be accounted for? The Spirit of God in converting and edifying souls uses the natural gifts of His servants, and carries on His great work of magnifying Christ differently under different ministries. Howe's commanding person, piercing eye, and powerful delivery, will account for much, but not, I think, for all. I suspect his published sermons only give us half an insight into his pulpit exercises. We read accounts which show great fervour. Most extraordinary was that which he gave the younger Calamy of his usual services on the numerous fast-days of that period. They lasted, with a break of only a quarter of an hour, from ten o'clock in the morning to nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. It is difficult for us, in these quiet times, to understand the possibility of even enduring such a service. Yet I doubt not that, when the services became shorter and colder, there were old men and women in Torrington that looked back with regret on the deep spiritual enjoyment of their earlier days.

But Howe was not allowed to pass his life in the privacy of a village town. Cromwell set his heart on having him for his chaplain, and would have no denial. This was in those days no common post. It was one of Baxter's regrets and mistakes to decline being Cromwell's chaplain. Howe felt the importance of the appointment. Writing afterwards to Baxter, he says, "My call hither was a work I thought very

considerable—the setting up the worship and discipline of Christ in this family.” But he soon found his position a very trying one. In another letter to Baxter, he writes, “I see the designed work here hopelessly laid aside. We affect here to live in so loose a way, that a man cannot fix on any certain charge to carry to them as a minister of Christ should.” But he had to do more than contend with spiritual indifference. He had to meet dangerous errors. Boldly and bravely, for instance, did he withstand what in those days was known as a “particular faith in prayer.” The special favourites of Heaven were supposed to receive secret intimations that their desires, expressed in prayer, would be granted in some particular way. A fearful belief in the hands of a fanatic or a hypocrite! Some one said to him—“You have irretrievably lost Cromwell’s favour;” for Cromwell was supposed to claim such impulses for some acts in his life. Howe only replied, “I have discharged a duty, and can trust the issue with God.”

But Cromwell knew too highly the value of Howe to part with him. It is one of the signs of true genius to recognise and use the best instruments. Thus did Cromwell select Hale for a judge, Milton for a secretary, and Lockhart for an ambassador. Bishop Burnet well remarks, “In nothing was Cromwell’s good understanding better discovered than in seeking out able and worthy men for all employments.”

Many were the kind offices that his influence enabled him to perform for the oppressed Royalists.

Two of these were for members of my own college, quaint old Thomas Fuller, the historian, and Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop successively of Exeter and Salisbury.

Fuller’s case is worth the telling. Who does not love Fuller who has ever read a page of his writings! A doctrinal Puritan he was, but a stanch Episcopalian and Royalist. He had been presented to the Rectory of Waltham; before

he could enter on this, he had to satisfy the committee of Tryers. In his difficulty he appealed to Howe. "You may observe, sir," he said very characteristically, "that I am a somewhat corpulent man, and I am to go through a very strait passage; I beg you would be so good as give me a shove, and help me through." Howe gave him such advice as enabled him to satisfy his examiners without crossing his own conscience.

Never did Howe use his influence for his own aggrandizement. One day Cromwell said to him, "You have obtained many favours for others, I wonder when the time is to come that you will move for something for yourself and family."

That was a time that never came. On the death of Cromwell, and the resignation of his son Richard, Howe retired to his old flock at Torrington. He had sad misgivings for his country. "Sir," he wrote to Baxter, "such persons as are now at the head of affairs will blast religion if God prevent not. Religion is lost out of England, further than as it can creep into corners."

Such was the testimony of the private chaplain of the Cromwells! such was his view of religion when General Monk began that march from Scotland which prepared the way for the king's restoration!

The cause of the Puritans had triumphed; but the days of their triumph are not the days in which we can admire them most. Adversity seems only to have schooled them in intolerance. The loyal and episcopal clergy were ejected from their livings; no one was allowed to employ them as chaplains or teachers; even an honest name was stolen from them. They were stigmatized as scandalous, and classified in published reports with the drunkard, the adulterer, and the profane. The Covenant-renouncing prelacy, the Independent engagement, and the committee of Tryers did their work efficiently. And too often, when the ejected had been

driven beyond their freehold, they were exposed in those lawless days to the outrage of a fanatical rabble. They were not allowed to console themselves, even in private, with the Prayer-book they loved. It was interdicted in private houses under heavy penalties. "It was a crime," writes Macaulay, "in a child to read by the bed-side of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians." Where there were a wife and children, a provision was reserved of a fifth part of the benefice. But there can be little doubt that even this was often not received, for there were many restrictions and much irregularity. When it is considered that not only the High Church clergy and Episcopalian Puritans, but latterly many even of the Presbyterian Puritans were ejected, the number must have been very great indeed. It is sadly suggestive, then, of the hardships they went through that only some 600 seem to have survived to reclaim, at the Restoration, the livings they had been deprived of. I think a friend of the Puritans may well seek to throw a veil over these proceedings; it is impossible to defend them from the necessities of the revolutionary government. They sprang from the real fountain of religious intolerance. "A toleration," said a document, signed by eighty-four of the Puritan ministers of Lancashire, "is a toleration of soul-murder—the greatest murder of all."

But Howe does not stand before us as the representative of this majority. No; his whole life was one long protest against intolerance. His intimacy with Richard Baxter, all the time he was in Cromwell's court, is a clear proof to my mind that he had no complicity with the persecutors.

Honest Richard Baxter himself stood nobly apart. As he kept the town and parish of Kidderminster from taking the Covenant, so he spoke and preached against the Engagement. He was the same before the face of Cromwell as behind his

back. "I told him that we took our ancient monarchy to be a blessing and not an evil to the land, and humbly craved his patience that I might ask him how England had ever forfeited that blessing, and unto whom the forfeiture was made."

I think, young men, whatever our differences may be, Englishmen of 1863 will not quarrel with these words of Richard Baxter.

The revolution, before it expired, left the country in a state of religious anarchy. Multitudinous were the sects, and they were all accusing each other. The minister of every parish conducted public worship according to his own fancy. Well might Macaulay say, "The ecclesiastical polity of the realm was in inextricable confusion." No wonder the country longed for the restoration of its king. No wonder the new House of Commons, when freely elected, longed for the restoration of the old church.

In 1660, the king was brought back with great rejoicing. The next year was spent in fruitless attempts to reconcile the friends of the old liturgy with the more moderate Puritans. The bishops and leading Puritan divines held a conference at the Savoy. But it soon appeared that neither party had learned anything but greater hate. The Puritans still thought it sinful to impose the surplice, to insist on the sign of the cross in the baptismal service, to demand of the communicants to kneel when receiving the elements in the Lord's Supper. The bishops, on their part, were as cold and obstinate as ever. They acted as if to surrender a rite or change an expression at the bidding of the Puritans were to put both episcopacy and the Prayer-book in danger. They seemed rather to wish to shut the Puritans out. When Lord Manchester told the king, while the Act of Uniformity was under debate, that he was afraid the terms of it were so rigid, that many of the ministers would not comply with it,

Sheldon, Bishop of London, is reported to have replied, "I am *afraid* they will."

It has been well remarked on this by one of our living bi hops, the Bishop of St. Asaph :

"Doubtless Sheldon might deem this line of policy, of ejecting all the Nonconformists, to be the wisest for the Church ; but the events which have since occurred must convince every man, who can judge of such questions, that intolerance is but another name for selfishness, and will generally defeat its own ends."

But the Church party were not satisfied with restoring the old Liturgy, and allowing the old laws for conformity to bring things gradually to some kind of order. Like the emperor who wished that Rome had but one neck, so they wished to be able to strike all the tender consciences in the land with one blow. And they succeeded. They procured the passing of the Uniformity Act. By this Act every holder of a benefice had by the 24th of August, 1662, to declare assent and consent to every expression and form of the Prayer-book, to renounce the Covenant as a bad and vain oath, and to assert the unlawfulness of taking up arms against the king. An additional clause made episcopal orders a necessity. This also was an innovation.

But for this fatal Act many would have quietly conformed, and many others, though deviating in some matters from the Prayer-book, would have been left undisturbed. By and by, perhaps, things would have righted themselves. The generation educated in the universities by the Puritans did not inherit their scruples. Meantime the older men would have given their deep and earnest godliness to the Church.

As it was, between the Act of Uniformity and the restoration of the deprived ministers, nearly 2,000 Puritans were ejected. There was great cruelty, too, in the manner of their ejection. Not only was no provision made for

their families, but the last day for qualifying under the Act was so chosen, that those who failed lost the tithes for the past year. How was it that the hearts of Englishmen, even of the time of Charles II., did not make them cry shame? But such are the fruits of civil war.

During these arrangements the tactics of the Puritans had been as usual most inisable. They argued and preached, but they left their opponents to work and act. Several of them were offered bishoprics and others deaneries. But Bishop Reynolds, of Norwich, was the only one of their number that accepted; the others declined till a settlement should be made. Could anything equal the folly of this? They waited for a settlement, and allowed their opponents to dictate the conditions. Well does Mr. Ryle say, "I regard Baxter's refusal of a bishopric as a huge mistake. By that refusal, he rejected a glorious opportunity of doing good. Had Baxter been on the episcopal bench, and in the House of Lords, I do not believe the Act of Uniformity would ever have passed." The consequence was, then, that about 2,000 ministers became Nonconformists, several hundred of whom were the men whom the England of that day could worst spare—the most learned, able, active, and godly of her ministers. Among these, I think we shall not do wrong to reckon John Howe. When the fatal day came, he preached twice in the parish church to a sorrowful people. That Sunday closed upon him an ejected, and, as far as the law could make him, a silenced minister. The old church still stands. It has been lately restored with open seats and new windows, some of them of stained glass. The old pulpit still remains, richly ornamented, as many old pulpits were. One cannot look at them, and think how dear Howe's ministry in that place was to him, without feeling what a sacrifice he made. Why did conscience make so heavy a

demand? There are two conversations that throw some light on the matter.

His old friend, the excellent and evangelical Bishop Wilkins, meeting him soon after his ejection, expressed surprise that a man of so much latitude had not conformed, and wished to know the reason. Howe replied, that he had weighed the matter well, deeply regarding the usefulness and comfort of being in the establishment; but one thing he could tell him with assurance, that his latitude was so far from inducing him to conform, that it was the very thing that made and kept him a Nonconformist.

There was, however, another reason. In an interview he had with Ward, Bishop of Exeter, the same whom he had befriended before Cromwell, the Bishop asked him for one of his reasons for nonconformity.

Howe specified, "Re-ordination." "Pray, sir," said the Bishop, "what hurt is there in being twice ordained?" "Hurt, my lord," cried Howe; "it hurts my understanding. The thing is shocking. It is an absurdity. Nothing can have two beginnings. I am sure I am a minister of Christ, and am ready to debate the matter with your lordship, if your lordship pleases, but I cannot begin to be a minister."

Thus, without going into any scruples regarding the Prayer-book, we can trace in the case of Howe the action of the Act of Uniformity.

Now, then, he was a Nonconformist. He could no longer preach in the old church to the people he loved. More than that, he could preach to them nowhere else. He had to shift about like a fugitive, and often was in great straits; but he only rose to greater heavenliness of mind, "glorying in tribulations also." Sweetly does he refer to this experience of his inner life in a letter to a near relative—a fellow-sufferer: "Nearer approaches and constant adherence to

God, with the improvement of our interest in each other's heart, must compensate, and I hope will abundantly, for the unkindness and instability of a surly, treacherous world, that we see still retains its wayward temper, and grows more peevish as it grows older, and more ingenious in inventing ways to torment whom it disaffects."

The spirit of persecution set in strongly; every act of religious worship was forbidden where any form but that of the Prayer-book was used. Some difficulty was found with the Quakers in carrying out this Act; sometimes they were silent during a whole meeting. Could that be a religious exercise not allowed by the Prayer-book? Several juries thought it could not be, and were visited with fine and imprisonment for their want of comprehension. "There was now," writes Marsden, "no toleration for dissent; and those who still ventured to preach, assembled, like the primitive Christians, by stealth in some upper room. If they ventured to sing psalms, it was in the shelter of a solitary barn, or in the fields at night, or on the mountain-side. If they met sometimes in private houses, to kneel in prayer with some once-honoured minister, travelling that way, and to listen again to his thrilling exhortations, scouts were placed around to announce the dreaded spy, or magistrate, or parish constable. The preacher, if detected, was insulted, and carried off to prison, and his congregation fined, and perhaps imprisoned, too."

Baxter makes some good remarks on the folly of such a policy. When he was a conformist before the Revolution, he says: "I found that the sufferings of the Nonconformists from the bishops were the great impediment to my success, and that he that will blow the coals must not wonder if some sparks do fly in his face; and that to persecute men, and then call them to charity, is like whipping children to make them give over crying. I saw that he that will be

loved, must love ; and he that rather chooses to be more feared than loved must expect to be hated."

So I dismiss this painful subject. As the reign of Charles II. advanced, the severity of the laws against Nonconformity increased, although not seldom they were for years checked and moderated by illegal declarations of toleration, which the king published for his own purposes. Several attempts were made to pass a bill called the Comprehension Bill. But as such a measure was wished neither by the king nor by the bishops, those attempts always broke down through the one or through the other ; sometimes by the difficulty passing away which for the time induced the one or the other of these parties to hold out their hand to the oppressed.

As for Howe, his noble qualities made him such an universal favourite that life passed more smoothly with him than with most of his brother Nonconformists. Indeed, for several years, during which he lived in Ireland as the domestic chaplain of Lord Massareene, of Antrim Castle, he had all the liberty of a conformist. Once more, with the consent both of the bishop of the diocese and the archbishop of the province, his mouth was open to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. He left Ireland at the invitation of an important congregation in London, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Lazarus Seaman. Previous to this he had published his treatise on "The Blessedness of the Righteous," and also that entitled "Delighting in God." The latter, which was the substance of sermons delivered at Torrington, he had most touchingly dedicated to his old flock. "I bow my knees for you all, that a living, delightful religion [may flourish in your hearts and families, in the stead of those dried, withered things, worldliness, formality, and strife about trifles, which will make Torrington a Hephzibah—a place to be delighted in."

But it was during his stay in London that he published his chief works, including the first part of the greatest of them all, "The Living Temple." One of these works, a treatise "On Divine Prescience," which he wrote at the request of Mr. Boyle, has led Anthony Wood, of Oxford, to describe him rather amusingly as "a great and strict Arminian." He was far from this. "But the truth was," says Baxter, referring to what he calls "this sober, modest book of Mr. Howe's," "that many of the Independents inclining to half-Antinomianism, suggested suspicions against Dr. Manton, Dr. Bates, Mr. Howe, and myself, and such others, as if we were half-Arminians."

He wrote also at this time his celebrated letters to Stillingfleet and Bishop Barlow on toleration to the Nonconformists. But the most celebrated of all his letters was the one he wrote to Lady Russell on the execution of her unfortunate husband. It is, probably, without an equal in our language. Though it was written anonymously, he was at once lighted upon as the author. The heart from which its consolations flowed was too well known to be able to hide itself. In thanking him, Lady Russell said, "You must not expect to be concealed." This led to further correspondence, and an intimacy with the noble family of Bedford. It was, indeed, no common intimacy. The overtures for the marriage of more than one member of the family passed through Howe's hands. The intimacy continued, I believe, to his death.*

* I received lately from Mr. Macray, of Magdalene College, Oxford, a copy of a letter which Howe wrote to the chaplain of the Duke so late as 1696. In this letter he suggests an incumbent for a vacant living of the Duke's, and several gentlemen as justices of the peace for Devonshire. The chaplain evidently neglected the postscript, "I pray you burn this when you have communicated its contents; for who knows into what hands it may by accident hereafter come."

At length the persecution of the Nonconformists became so severe, that Howe, being altogether unable to exercise his ministry, gladly accepted the invitation of Philip Lord Wharton, to accompany him in his travels on the continent. On this occasion he wrote a letter of farewell to his congregation. He forgets the injustice that was dividing them, and only breathes the spirit of love and conciliation. "I reckon it much to be considered, and I pray you to consider it deeply, that after the great precept, 'Grieve not the holy Spirit of God,' it immediately follows, 'let all bitterness, and anger, and wrath, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you with all malice,' plainly implying that the Spirit of God, that Spirit of all love, goodness, sweetness, and benignity, is grieved by nothing more than by our bitterness and wrathfulness."

In company with Lord Wharton he visited some of the most celebrated cities of Europe, enjoyed literary intercourse with learned men of all parties, and formed the acquaintance of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., who ever after held him in the highest esteem.

But in 1687, he was once more called back to London. As soon as King James published his illegal declaration for liberty of conscience, Howe's old congregation reminded him of his promise to return as soon as he could renew his labours amongst them. Their invitation was gladly embraced. Howe found on his return that the death of many of the most eminent of the old Puritan divines had raised him to the most influential position among the Nonconformists.

He was accordingly consulted by all parties in the great crisis that the unconstitutional proceedings of the king were rapidly bringing on.

The king himself sent for him to the palace. Dr. Sherlock, the master of the Temple, on the part of the Church

of England, consulted him on the course the Nonconformists were likely to take. And it was at his house that the leading Nonconformists themselves met to consider what they should do. And Howe was able to inform the king's messengers who were in waiting, "that rather than join in approving such a conduct as would give liberty to the Papists, the Nonconformists would prefer that his majesty should resume the liberty he had given them."

The arrival of the Prince of Orange put an end to all the illegal measures of the king, and freed the Church of England from its just fears. The same arrival also put an end for ever to the direct persecution of the Nonconformists. The Act of Toleration received the royal assent on the 24th of May, 1689.

Henceforth every man could do what he could never do before in England, under Churchman or under Puritan—he could worship God according to his conscience, and sit securely under his vine and under his fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. But with this recognition of dissent from the Established Church I think the proper history of the last generation of the Puritans ceases.

The Puritans that had been educated in the universities, and had been, many of them, ordained by bishops, and been ministers in the parish churches, were fast dying out and giving place to very different men, with different traditions.

The younger Calamy has given an account of the negotiations that ended in the ordination of himself and others. Manton, the elder Calamy, and Baxter, were dead; Bates declined to take part personally in Presbyterian ordinations; Howe declined to assist at a public ordination; but Dr. Samuel Annesley, and other old Presbyters, officiated.

Thus was shown the correctness of the views which Howe once set forth in a conversation in Holland with Bishop Burnet. Burnet expressed his conviction that Noncon-

formity would not last long ; that after Baxter, Bates, and Howe were in their graves, it would die out of itself. Howe replied, that, in his opinion, its existence depended much more upon principles than upon men ; that the surest, as well as the speediest, method of destroying Nonconformity, would be to abate the rigour of the terms of conformity ; and that, unless this was done, present differences must necessarily be perpetuated. The men might die, the principles would live."

John Howe died on the 2nd of April, 1705, having reached the ripe age of 75. By that time the Dissenters were very much divided, and Howe took a prominent part in their controversies ; but, though interesting as regards his life, these efforts of his do not fall within my present subject.

When near his end, he had a visit from his old master, Richard Cromwell. Calamy says, "There was a great deal of serious discourse between them, tears were shed freely on both sides, and the parting was very solemn." But even on his death-bed, Howe did not forget to set the blessedness of heaven once more, and still more solemnly, before the Church of God. Within the last few weeks of his life he published his work "On Patience in Expectation of Future Blessedness." The subject was his favourite one ; but the view was nearer.

It has not been possible for me in the limits I have had to assign to myself to attempt any analysis of Howe's treatises. Indeed, from a deficiency in language and style, they are not favourable for quotation. But I must warmly recommend them to your attention. No writings could be mentioned more likely to instruct, console, and edify those who are looking heavenward—sympathizing with the great apostle of the Gentiles when he writes, "Our conversation is in Heaven."

It now only remains for me to say that Howe died in that peace and hope in which he had lived. Religion was to his own soul that living, delightful thing which he loved to tell others that it was. Like Faithful in the "Pilgrim's Progress," he had sunshine all the rest of his way, and also through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Those who saw him in his last days found him so abundantly upheld and comforted that he seemed already almost an inhabitant of heaven. In the words of his distinguished biographer, Mr. Rogers, to whom I have been indebted for much that I have laid before you, "he died like the Jewish legislator on Mount Nebo, with the glittering scenes of the better country spread out beneath his feet."

Such a man needs no elaborate description on his tomb. He lies in the parish church of All-Hallows, Bread-street. It is sufficient that a simple epitaph tells his name, and dates his death.

Let me point out to you, young men, two lessons that his life taught at every turn. The one is—there may be faithfulness without bigotry; the other is the lesson of old Richard Baxter—if we wish to be loved, we must love. Let me also point out some lessons from the look we have taken at the Puritan times. And these, I think, have been already very well collected for us by Mr. Marsden, in the concluding sentences of his "History of the Later Puritans." With his words, then, I would venture to conclude my present sketch:—"On the whole it is a painful history. It shows the folly of petulance and a morbid preciseness on the one hand, and of unyielding sincerity and an equally absurd tenacity of forms on the other. Our approbation seldom at any period goes entirely with either party; and we judge most favourably of each by turns, as we see it in distress, and when our judgment is silenced by our sympathies. But one lesson recurs at every period, and gathers strength from the incidents of every

page. A national Church, to be a *national* Church, must stand upon a generous basis ; it must admit good men of every shade of orthodox piety ; its terms of communion must be few. Other methods have been tried, and tried in vain. Shall we, for ever, tread in the erring footsteps of our forefathers ? or does there remain a hope that the Christianity of England may yet collect its disjointed and too often conflicting forces into one, and present to the nations of the earth the benign spectacle of the greatest of all people, on the most important of all subjects, at unity within itself ; like that city in which, of old, the tabernacle of the Most High was pitched, and in the midst of which GOD HIMSELF VOUCHSAFED TO DWELL ? ”

Bishop Burnet

AND THE

TIMES OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION
AND PROTESTANT SETTLEMENT.

—

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. G. W. CONDER,
Of Leeds.

BISHOP BURNET AND THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

THE *method* of human progress and of social growth is one of the most singularly interesting things which the page of history reveals to us. The law of growth and development, as we see it in nearly all the other regions where it obtains, is uniform, regular, steady. Your forest tree makes so much breadth and height per year, and in many instances you may count its years by the rings to be seen in its trunk. The healthy human body is constantly, steadily growing, until its maturity is attained; and this lower growth is succeeded by equally steady developments of those higher things, of which body is only the basis and the implement. In these departments of life, revolution is a thing unknown and has no place. But when you come to regard the growth of any particular human society for any moderately extended period, you cannot fail to be struck with the singular fact that whilst there is everywhere progress, the progress has everywhere been a thing of most irregular method, hardly capable of being reduced to law. The growth of the whole thing, humanity, from any period in its history at which, as a whole, it may have been lowest in culture and in worth, has not been the regular gradual organic enlargement of one skeleton race ever clothing itself with new flesh and putting forth higher powers. The soul of humanity has, so to

speak, again and again forsaken the national body in which it has been enshrined, left its skeleton to fall into dismemberment, and found for itself a new and healthier body in which to put forth new powers. It has often been driven forth again, conquered forth, and exiled to some new home in the world. Nor are there any regularly recurring periods in history. There is nothing corresponding to the order of the seasons in the natural world; no historic spring, summer, autumn, and winter. There are spring-times and dull November wintry periods in history; times when a slumbering nation feels new pulses throbbing unaccountably through all its veins, new aspirations dilating its torpid heart, when it starts up and astounds the world and itself by suddenly leaping into life; times, too, when a nation sinks into a wintry sleep, when all is coldness and fog about it; when its name is hardly heard in the world, is never associated with power, nor indeed with aught but pity and contempt.

But there is no certainty about these periods; no regularity in their appearance; they cannot be calculated nor predicted; they are the results of circumstance, not of law, and they are marked by all the uncertainty of their cause. So it happens that there is an immense difference in the interest of certain *periods* of history. There are centuries comparatively barren and sterile, and there are centuries full of intensest and most wonderful life; or there may be, in any given century, nine decades dull, flat, barren, lifeless, as some interminable steppe of Northern Europe, and one decade in its midst or at its close an historic Switzerland, full of grandeur, beauty, romance, and power.

One consequence of this singular fact I wish especially to point out to you to-night. And that is, that it is a matter of very considerable moment to each one of us, in what particular epoch of the world we may happen to be born. We

partake the life of which we are a part. However much we contribute to it, we imbibe more. We may have powers or germs of power in us which, in an epoch of life, would inevitably make us great among men, and enable us to take a leading part in the history of our time ; but because we are born in an epoch of stagnation, these germs may never be quickened, the stirring of these powers may be only repressed, and we may be compelled, spite of our grand possibilities, to partake the torpor of our age. Or, we may be only common, ordinary mortals ; but happily, living in an age of movement and of life, our action, though of the commonest sort, may gain a worth and an importance far greater than that of the slumbering giant-genius who was smothered in the age before.

Our own national history contains within it very striking examples of all that I have been saying. The century that divides the one in which we were born from that which immediately preceded it, and witnessed the double rise and fall of the unhappy Stuart dynasty, though not entirely barren of great events, will, nevertheless, bear no comparison of interest with either of its neighbours. You may regard the first five centuries after the Norman conquest as the period in which was being deposited the stratum of material, out of which hereafter the real history of England was to be made. It was not a period of absolute quiet, save, perhaps, in all that pertains to mental progress and growth. Under the safe tutelage of a church which loves a dim religious light better than any other, the mind of the people was left in a most happy state of quiescence and lethargy, and no new ideas went raying through the national heart, to the danger and discomfort of priest and lord. There was learning and its light, but it was carefully shut up in the cloister and the cell. In other respects there was considerable ferment and movement ; much boiling and surging of

the waters of that sea on whose floor the stratum of material was being slowly deposited. It was a troublous deep, and darkness was upon the face of it. Turbulent barons kept boiling and bubbling up continually at its commencement, but deposited some good veins in the underforming soil nevertheless. After these, rival dukes, with their rival roses, kept the historic sea frothing and foaming for no little while with the storm they managed to brew. Nor was our neighbour, who had lent us our conqueror, disposed to let the little sea be quiet, if it would ; and our escape from vassalage to the Continent that overshadows us cost us no little treasure and blood. But all this commotion dwindles into pettiness and nothingness when you compare it with the period that followed—the seventeenth century. This was volcanic. A huge upheaving took place, which in its course—nay, at its commencement—toppled over the Papal throne in England, which had never vibrated for centuries before. Then, after much rumbling and rocking, another huge eruption of power, and the monarch's throne and the Anglican Church reeled over together, and were buried in a common ruin. Then again all became quiet, and men ventured to set them both again upon their former beams. But they had scarcely been set up anew, ere the rocking and the reeling began again, and was only appeased when the monarch came hastily down from his throne to make way for a better, and the Pope reluctantly let go his hold of a church that must never be his again. Every man who lived in this century must have throbbed with the pulses of this strong life.

But the century that succeeded this was again one of comparative calm. There wanted time for things to consolidate ; for a soil to form on those mountains and plains which the preceding century had made ; and the reign of the four Georges was perhaps the very best thing that could happen

to a nation which, after so much exertion, must need a long repose.

But now, again, out of that repose see what a marvellous activity has sprung. A new activity. We are throbbing again, though not with the hot fever-pulses of terrible war. We are thrilling rather. And from every clod of the fallow soil of the eighteenth century there is now springing something of life, of whose fruit, in the centuries to come, not one of us can form too sanguine a guess. So you see, as I said, it makes all the difference to every man in what epoch of his country's history he happens to be born.

England had already passed through the miseries of one revolution in the seventeenth century. Slow to be aroused, but when once aroused slow to be appeased, and apt to do things in a thorough and summary fashion, the English people had been irritated, provoked, goaded by a series of terrific blunders and wickednesses into a grand uprising, and a determination to be rid of the twin tyrants that were despoiling them of every liberty, and plaguing them to the utmost limit of endurance. They were not a people given to political change and fickleness; they were not an irreligious people; but totally the opposite of both these things. The men who wrought out the first revolution had never dreamed of the evil of monarchy, if the monarch had not made himself odious and intolerable. And they would have accounted it the worst of sacrilege to overthrow any religious thing, if the Church had not made it impossible for them to regard her with respect. But to their eyes the crown was but a mockery, a delusion, and a snare, when it pressed the brow of such a man as Charles I., and the mitre was but a hateful symbol when it nodded on the head of such a tyrant as Laud; and so they rose, and in one day broke the power of the crown into fragments, and levelled the authority of the Church to the ground.

And now it remained to be seen how much of that which had been gained by the revolution was to be retained under the restoration. Would despotism come back with the crown and the tyrant's son? Would the old spirit of Church tyranny revive again, and gird itself anew with its weapons of terrible persecution? or were the liberties of the people secured in these respects ere the fatal offer was made?

Upon the death of Charles, the succession devolved upon his brother James, the Duke of York, an undisguised and bigoted papist, and who for the past three years had had the chief direction of affairs, for which, indeed, he was much more apt than his brother who was nominally king. He deemed it prudent, however, on his accession to make certain avowals and promises which should tend to set at rest any anxieties which might be felt on the score of his known attachment to popery. The first time he met the Lords of the Privy Council after he was proclaimed, he addressed them in the following terms:—

“My Lords, before I enter upon any other business, I think fit to say something to you. Since it hath pleased Almighty God to place me in this station, and I am now to succeed so good and gracious a king, as well as so kind a brother, I think it fit to declare to you that I will endeavour to follow his example, and most especially in that of his great clemency and tenderness to his people. I have been reported to be a man for arbitrary power, but that is not the only story that has been made of me; and I shall make it my endeavour to preserve this government, both in Church and State, as it is now by law established. I know the principles of the Church of England are for monarchy, and the members of it have shown themselves good and loyal subjects, therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it. I know, too, that the laws of England are sufficient to make the king as great a monarch as I can wish,

and as I shall never depart from the just right and prerogative of the crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often heretofore ventured my life in defence of the nation, and I shall still go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties."*

If one could only believe that the king meant any part of this when he uttered it, it would give us the relief of one bright point of truth, and of good and gracious intention in a reign that is otherwise uniformly and unmitigatedly dark with despotism and intrigue. But history has taught us that good words in the mouth of a Stuart are worth no more than their own weight. Ineradicable vice of some sort seems to have run in their blood. They seem to have been necessitated by some family virus to be either libertines, or liars, or despots, or all three; and we cannot but regard this speech of James's as a piece of simple policy, designed to keep men quiet, to still their apprehensions, and enable him to set about his schemes for the re-introduction of complete ecclesiastical and civil tyranny without hindrance from the suspicions of those who knew what his leanings were. It is very curious to notice how, in this very speech, all the selfishness of the man appears in its very wiliness. He would give the lords some grounds for believing his professions of good intention towards the Church and the constitution. What reasons does he assign? He says he will defend and support the Church because it has always been a supporter of monarchy and loyal to the crown. "Don't you see, my lords, it is *my interest* to support the Church, because I know the Church will support me? And what motive, my lords, can you conceive so powerful with me, my lords, or, for that matter, with yourselves also, my lords, as that it is to my interest to do it? No, my lords, believe me, I'll stick by the Church. And then as to the constitution, I cannot con-

* "Parliamentary History," vol. iv., p. 1342.

ceive how any king can be greater than by the faithful observance and administration of the laws of this great England, my lords, and what higher motive can you conceive to animate a monarch to a constitutional course than his own aggrandizement? Which of you, my lords, would hesitate a moment to do anything in the wide world to secure that end? Therefore trust me, my lords, that I will faithfully abide by the constitution in Church and State."

The members of the council were in ecstasies with the king's speech. They would have it published; and its effect upon the people was very widely to allay a spirit of apprehension for the future, which had largely mingled with the popular sorrow occasioned by the death of the bland, accessible, gentlemanly, easy-going Charles.

That the sceptre was wielded by a firmer hand than of late, not with a light and graceful grasp as with Charles, but with an iron grip, that meant real reigning, and not nominal kingship, very soon became apparent. One of the first acts of the new monarch was of necessity to fill up the great offices of state which became vacant on the demise of the crown. The king would not publicly disgrace any of his brother's late ministers, to many of whom he had a strong dislike, but he humbled some, and crippled the power of others in a way that was more galling, perhaps, than public disgrace. The most notable of these changes, however, and that which gave the most evil augury for the future, was the introduction of the infamous Judge Jeffreys into the Cabinet, that he might practically supersede the Earl of Guildford, who was Keeper of the Great Seal. A much more despicable or hateful wretch than this Jeffreys it would be difficult to find, not merely on the page of history, but in the notes of all the prison chaplains in England. He sold himself to the court; he was a sot, and the companion of sots; he was coarse and violent in the extreme, without one particle of

tenderness or shame in his nature. Macaulay says of him that as an Old Bailey barrister, "Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually, that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. Tenderness for others, and respect for himself, were feelings alike unknown to him. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish-market or the bear-garden. . . . Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow ; the glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and his eyes were less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day." Even James said of him, "That man has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers." Nevertheless, he was wanted ; there was work to do which only such a man could do, and if this be so, surely we have come upon one of those sign-posts of which we are in search, "The road to the Revolution."

Almost immediately upon this, another proof of the arbitrary tendencies of the king was given, which must have shown his people what was the real worth of the words he had so recently caused to be circulated amongst them. The customs duties, out of which the royal revenues were derived, were granted to Charles only for his lifetime, and the fixing of these had been considered hitherto to belong to the representatives of the people in parliament assembled. The proper course for the king to have pursued therefore was immediately to summon a parliament, and leave the matter in their hands. Acting upon the advice of Jeffreys, however, and contrary to that of Guildford, the Lord Keeper, James issued a proclamation declaring it to be his will that the duties and customs should continue to be paid, and at the

same time intimating his intention speedily to summon a parliament. To this latter course the king felt himself obliged, notwithstanding his strong repugnance to it, and his fears of what the consequences might be. One of these fears related to no less a personage than the King of France, who had seen the temper of all recent English parliaments towards the house of Bourbon, and their jealousy of its growing power, and who had made Charles at once his debtor and his servant by repeated grants of money. But James was told by his cabinet that he had no choice in the matter; that his subjects would not tolerate for long his infringement of their right of self-taxation, that he might ultimately be forced to do what it was now in his power to do graciously, and that any delay might seriously influence the elections. So, after sending a miserably abject apology to his French master, and a petition for pecuniary help to influence the elections, James gave the orders for issuing the writs, and at the same time received a present of £37,000 from the compliant French king.

With what grace James submitted to the disagreeable necessity of summoning the representatives of the people, his first speech to this, his first and only parliament, amply shows. After reiterating to the Commons, *ipsissimis verbis*, what he had said to the Lords of the Council, and published to the people, he goes on to say:—

“I cannot doubt that I shall fail of suitable returns from you with all imaginable duty and kindness on your part, and particularly what relates to the settling of my revenue, and continuing it during my life, as it was in the lifetime of my brother. . . . There is one popular argument which I foresee may be used against what I ask of you, from the inclination men have for frequent parliaments, which some may think may be the best security, by feeding me from time to time by such proportions as they shall think con-

venient ; and this argument, it being the first time I speak to you from the throne, I will answer once for all. That this would be a very improper method to take with me, and that the best way to engage me to meet you often, is always to use me well. I expect, therefore, that you will comply with what I have desired, and that you will do it speedily, that this may be a short session, and that we may meet again to all our satisfactions.”*

Is not this man “every inch a king?” The spirit of it is supremely royal and regal. “Gentlemen of the House of Commons, am I not a king? Have I not succeeded to a throne? Do I not wear a crown and hold a sceptre? What mean these things, if they be not symbols of power, and rule, and authority? Gentlemen, I am a king, and I mean to rule and reign over you. But, gentlemen, kings must live, and it is your happy duty to let them live and find them the means. And you had better do it speedily, liberally, and once for all. If any troublesome, turbulent Whig among you should hint that you may keep me on my good behaviour, and secure the calling of another parliament soon, let him know that I am not the man to be treated so. No! no! gentlemen. Quick! vote the supplies amply, in perpetuity; and if I see reason, I’ll call you together again when I want you.” And his Majesty makes his bow and exit.

And now for the Commons and the supplies.

It is necessary, however, for a moment to inquire how these gentlemen had been got together, and what influence had been exerted on the elections by the French gold. Bishop Burnet tells us that every endeavour had been used by the court to tamper with them, and secure the return of persons who would support the views of the king. “Complaints came up from all parts of England of the injustice and violence used in the elections, beyond what had ever

* “Parliamentary History,” vol. iv., p. 1353.

been practised in former times." No quarter of the kingdom had been neglected. The constituency itself had been altered, and the franchise restricted to the corporation men, who were themselves picked, with reference to the views of the Court. The result was so successful, as it seemed, that James flattered himself there were not more than forty members upon whose votes he could not count.

And yet in this very success, do we not seem dimly to descry another sign-post like one we passed a little while ago, with a faint inscription on it like the last—"The road to the Revolution."

I must also delay you a moment from the important proceedings of this parliament, to point out one or two matters which occurred in the interval of its summons and its assembling, and which had some considerable influence on its action. What will the king do about his religion? is a question which must often have been put by the Protestant majority of the people. Before his accession, he had worshipped privately in his wife's oratory, but he had not long been a king ere he had the door thrown open during the saying of the mass, and Popish preachers preaching the doctrines of Rome in the palace during Lent. During Passion Week, his zeal got so much the better of his prudence, that he determined to have a full Popish service in Westminster, celebrated with regal splendour,—a thing that had not been known before for 120 years. At his coronation, less than a week after, he made further demonstration of his opposition to the established religion. The service was expunged of all passages that could be offensive to a Romanist; the Communion Service was not read, and the ceremony of presenting the monarch with a Bible was omitted.

The parliament met on May 19, 1685.* Twenty new

* "Parliamentary History," vol. iv., p. 1343.

lords were introduced the same day into the House of Peers, and the very first business that was brought on elicited an interference on the part of the king, which plainly indicated his intentions in two particulars. An act of impeachment had some years before passed with reference to four peers—Powis, Wardour, Bellasis, and Danby, on account of alleged complicity in popish plots. The house was proceeding to take action upon a petition from these lords, when Mr. Attorney-General informed it that he had his Majesty's order to enter a *noli prosequi*, and to discharge the bail, thus terminating the matter and coolly taking it out of the parliament's hands. Such, however, was the spirit of the men who had been returned, that the first act of the Commons was implicitly to obey the haughty injunction of his Majesty in his speech to them, and to pass a motion, *nem. con.*, "That the revenue which was settled on his late Majesty for his life, be settled on his present Majesty during his life," and ordered Mr. Solicitor to bring in a bill for that purpose. One only voice, as far as can be ascertained, was heard in arrest of this extraordinary and mean subserviency, and this voice dared not absolutely oppose the grant. Macaulay says that at the conclusion of Mr. Seymour's speech, "not a cheer was heard, not a member ventured to second the motion. . . . The proposition (which he had made for a consideration of the petitions against the returns) fell to the ground, and was not even entered on the journals. But a mighty effect had been produced. Barillon (the French ambassador) informed his master that many who had not dared to applaud . . . had heartily approved; that it was the universal subject of conversation throughout London, and that the impression made upon the public mind seemed likely to be durable." The "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," begins to be seen.

The next step of his Majesty's most loyal and dutiful

Commons, must have somewhat astonished and disturbed his Majesty. The house resolved itself into a grand committee of religion, to consider and report to it upon what was desirable for the house to do in that grave matter, especially in the peculiar circumstances in which the country was now placed. The statute-book was full of penalties against dissenters of all sorts, Catholic and Protestant; but, as Richard Baxter had said to the late king, "the question was whether those laws were to be put in force?" That James was willing enough to put them in force against one set of the dissenters, there is no doubt at all. He had urged his Scottish parliament rigidly to enforce all the penal laws against the nonconforming Presbyterians in the north. And if he could conveniently make a distinction in England between the various sects of Protestant dissenters on the one hand, and the members of his own faith on the other, he would have been perfectly ready to do it. But just now this was hardly possible. Conceive, then, his majesty's surprise to find that the committee resolved "to make an humble address to his majesty, to publish his royal proclamation for putting the laws in execution against all dissenters whatsoever from the Church of England."* Luckily for the house, perhaps, it thought better of this matter, or its members might have been sent about their private business at once. Instead of passing the remarkable proposition of the committee, whose zeal for persecution seems to have blinded them for the moment to the danger they were incurring of rousing his majesty's ire, they resolved to rely on his "gracious word and repeated declaration to support and defend the religion of the Church of England as by law established, *which is dearer to us than our lives.*"† The session closed abruptly in the month of June in consequence of a foolish attempt at invasion by the Duke of

* "Parliamentary History," iv., p. 1357. † *Ibid*, p. 1358.

Monmouth. The two houses passed an act of attainder against him in one day, "and with that," says the good bishop, to whom we are indebted for so much of the history of the period, "the session ended, which was no small happiness to the nation, such a body of men being dismissed with doing so little hurt." *

The king had got his money, £1,900,000 a year, and he had escaped without much vexation and annoyance from that very troublesome thing, the parliament. No doubt he, too, sympathized with the joy of the people "at such a body of men being dismissed with so little hurt." For a while at least he was free to pursue whatever schemes he had in his head, and it rested with him to convene the houses again whenever he should list.

It cannot be doubted, I think, that one of his hopes, to be realized at some time more or less distant, was the re-establishment of popery in England. One thing stood grievously in his way, and that was the Test Act, by which it was required of every person holding any office of trust under the crown to swear allegiance to the Protestant establishment, and to receive the communion. Practically, already James had ignored that act in some instances, and exercised his kingly prerogative to dispense with these requirements in favour of some Catholics whom he had put in office. On the landing of the Duke of Argyle in Scotland, and of Monmouth in Dorsetshire, it became necessary to raise new regiments, and many of the officers were Catholics. Macaulay says, "This breach of the law for a time passed uncensured. . . . But the danger was now over. The insurgents had been vanquished and punished. Their unsuccessful attempt had strengthened the government which they had hoped to overthrow. Yet still James continued to grant commissions to unqualified

* "History of our Times," vol. iii., p. 45.

persons ; and speedily it was announced that he was determined no longer to be bound by the Test Act ; that he hoped to induce parliament to repeal that act, but that if the parliament proved refractory he would not the less have his own way. As soon as this was known, a deep murmur, the forerunner of a tempest, gave him warning that the spirit before which his grandfather, his father, and his brother had been compelled to recede, though dormant, was not extinct."

And here let us pause a moment, and note the gravity of the crisis. Every soul of us here has the deepest interest in it. The entire civil liberties of the people were at stake. In thought, we can all of us at this moment leap the narrow channel which divides us from our European neighbours of the continent, and fix on spots where one-half or more of the blessings of civil and social freedom are to this day unknown ; where public opinion goes with a cord round its neck, which can be pulled any day if it utter itself unpleasantly and in an uncourtly tone ; where a gag is always at hand ; where a man's house is anything but his castle if he be a political suspect ; where the bit of the Government is in every man's mouth, and its curb under his lip, and its reins on his shoulders ready to be tightened at any moment that it may suit the monarch's whim ; where the beams of the sovereign power are laid, not in loving beds of the people's hearts, but mechanically, and by force of police in every man's home. Why are we not so to-day ? Not because nobody has ever attempted the thing on our soil ! One dynasty at least tried to fasten on our necks the yoke of arbitrary power, and that persistently for three quarters of a century. And the point at which we have arrived in our history to-night, is almost the last crisis of the struggle, which was to end either in the successful imposition of monarchic absolutism upon the people, or in the final wrenching of their true and proper liberties out of the grasp of despotic kings.

But a far more important thing than even the civil liberties of the people was also at stake ; a thing intimately bound up with these indeed, and which must inevitably affect them in a very great degree, but still separate and of greater moment. And that thing was the religious liberties of the people.

Notwithstanding the Test Act and the Protestant establishment, a popish king sat on the throne, and a king who was no half-hearted papist ; a king who hated the religious opinions of that large section of the nation, the Nonconformists, with a perfect hatred, and who was prepared to go all the lengths of his predecessors in persecuting them out of his way ; a king too, who none the less hated the Protestant establishment, which as yet he was not free to persecute or overturn. The courts of France and the Vatican saw that the key of the door to the kingdom was in the hands of a friend, and they were watching with intensest eagerness and anxiety the movements of that hand, and waiting the signal to enter, and once more rivet the Papal yoke on the neck of the oft rebellious people. Had the people been worsted in that struggle, and Popery once more triumphant, though we may not go so far as to say that none of the blessings we enjoy to-day would have been our possession now, yet surely we are warranted in saying that the hour of our progress had been indefinitely postponed, and it would have been left for our successors to boast of the things which to us have been familiar possessions from our birth.

And now let us once more watch the progress of events. Although the expedition of the Dukes of Argyle and Monmouth had failed in stirring up a general rebellion, partly because the people were not yet ripe for it, and partly because the Court had sufficiently early tidings of it to take measures for its speedy overthrow, nevertheless, a large number of the people, and several of the gentry had flocked

to the standard of revolution. The rebellion was soon crushed ; and had moderation and mercy prevailed at Court with regard to those who had engaged in it, the general joy at its failure might have postponed, to a long period, the possibility of a similar attempt. But instead of this, all the vindictiveness and cruelty of James's heart at once boiled up, and two of his creatures were instantly commissioned to commence the work of retaliation and retribution. There happened to be in the army one Colonel Kirke, a vicious, cruel, barbarous man, who had commanded a regiment at Tangier. This man was the military counterpart of Jeffreys, and the pair soon showed the people of England what they might expect if they dared to disobey their most gracious and sovereign lord, King James. Kirke, with the utmost brutality and cruelty, commenced to hang and quarter right and left ; his victims were hung in chains, and their heads and limbs sent about into the neighbouring villages to strike terror into the people.

Scarcely had these atrocities ceased, when that commission of the peace was opened under Jeffreys which has earned the hated name of the bloody assize. The gaols of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire were crowded with prisoners waiting their trial ; and the brutal judge went off to his bloody work with the zest of a beast of prey. I may not detain you with the details of that " campaign,"—" Jeffrey's campaign," as the king jocosely called it. The judge condemned upwards of 500 persons in that circuit, and hanged no less than 320, whose quarters were set up in all the principal places and high roads of the counties where the rebellion had prevailed.

Surely, now, the little cloud we saw awhile ago has begun to rise away from the horizon, and to gather blackness and breadth.

As might naturally be expected, the news of this severity created a deep and widespread horror in the minds of the

people, and many who had till now trusted and hoped in the king, began to fear what might be the end of it all. They had not long to remain in suspense. It was necessary to his Majesty's designs to call his parliament together again, and on November 9th of the same year the nation had the privilege of once more hanging upon its gracious monarch's lips. After congratulating himself and his parliament upon the suppression of the rebellion of Monmouth and Argyle, his Majesty takes it for granted that it will be evident to everybody that henceforth a standing army is an absolute necessity for England, and orders his obedient servants to provide him with the needful supplies. And then, as if bent upon touching the people at the two points where they were most tender and irritable just now, he goes on to say, "Let no man take exception that there are some officers in the army not qualified according to the late tests for their employment.....I will deal plainly with you : that after having had the benefit of their service in such a time of need and danger, I will neither expose them to disgrace, nor myself to the want of them, if there should be another rebellion to make them necessary to me."*

If there should be another rebellion ! An unpleasant contingency, your Majesty. It all rests with your Majesty ; your Majesty holds the reins. Drive this good English people gently, tenderly, remembering that it is a high-spirited people, which has kicked before, and done much damage to the royal state-chariot and many things beside, and which may kick again and do even more damage ; humouring it as a somewhat wilful people at times, but very generous and patient withal ; especially and always being careful to avoid turning it in the direction of the road to Rome, where it has once had a great fright, and at which it has been exceedingly shy ever since,—drive this people so, your Majesty, and you

* "Parliamentary History," iv., p. 1370.

may drive it safely, and much to its happiness and your own aggrandizement. But jerk the reins, and harass them with the curb, never let them cease to feel the bit, drag them round this way or that, whether they will or no,—lash them into the road to Rome, and your Majesty's contingency, "*If there should be another rebellion,*" will not long remain a contingency, and your Majesty may find the royal chariot upset, and the reins dragged for ever from your hands.

The Commons very warmly debated the question of a standing army, and ultimately passed the vote of supply by only a small majority, coupling with it a resolution to the effect, that the House had the greatest confidence in the militia, and would give all care to render it efficient. Moreover, notwithstanding his Majesty's haughty language about his Popish officers, the Commons (all honour to them) agreed to an address to his Majesty, representing that these gentlemen could not by law continue in their employments, and that, therefore, rather than either dispense with the tests or quarrel with his Majesty, they would pass an act of indemnity to relieve them from the penalties they had incurred, and begged his Majesty to do as much for them, and relieve his subjects from the grave apprehensions they had begun to entertain. His Majesty thought this a very unnecessary address, and told his faithful Commons, in terms of half reproach, that he did not expect it, and that he hoped they had learned to put more trust in what he said than their address implied.

What became of this parliament you shall hear in the quaint and simple words of the good bishop whom we have already had several occasions to quote. He says,—“The king saw that both houses were now so fixed that he could carry nothing in either of them unless he would depart from his speech, and let the Act of the Test take place. So he prorogued the parliament, and kept it by repeated pro-

rogations still on foot for about a year and a half, but without holding a session. All those who had either spoken or voted for the test were soon after this disgraced and turned out of their places, though many of these had served the king hitherto with great obsequiousness and much zeal. He called for many of them, and spoke to them very earnestly upon that subject in his closet ; so that the term of closeting was much tossed about. Many of these gave him very flat and hardy denials ; others, the more silent, were not less steady. So that, when after a long practice both of threatening and ill-usage on the one hand, and of promises and corruption on the other, the king saw he could not bring them into a compliance with him, he at last dissolved the parliament ; by which he threw off a body of men that were, in all other respects, sure to him, and that would have accepted a very moderate satisfaction from him at any time. And, indeed, in all England it would not have been easy to have found five hundred men so weak, so poor, and so devoted to the Court as these were. So, happily, was the nation taken out of their hands by the precipitated violence of a bigoted Court.”*

Surely, now, we hear the rustling of the breeze that nearly portends the breaking of the storm. The little cloud is spreading and gathering volume and blackness, and may burst at any moment. Another sign-post tells us “the road to the Revolution,” and we are travelling down hill.

The king had managed to provoke the suspicion, or the hatred, of all classes of the kingdom save one. From the first, he had shown his hatred of the Whigs, and had done all in his power to disgrace them. Now, he had managed to set the Tories against him too, even that packed and compliant majority of the Commons which had voted him such

* “History of His own Times,” 667.

enormous supplies. By a fierce and relentless persecution, only inferior in one degree in its severity to those of the previous century, he had won the deep hatred and fear of the Nonconformists. The Church of England knew that he was plotting her overthrow. All the lovers of liberty saw that he was aiming at absolute power, and ready to trample on every popular right and the old-established guarantees of freedom. The common people had seen or heard with horror of the atrocities of Jeffreys and Kirke. What could save a man so self-doomed as this infatuated last of his race ?

For awhile, however, he was saved by a stroke of policy ; not very far-seeing, to be sure, nor very successful ; but, for a Stuart, a clever move. James saw plainly enough that *he* could never secure the repeal of the Test Act, so he hit upon the expedient (curious enough for a Papist, and still more so for the most earnest of all the Stuarts) of a general toleration of all religions, his own included, of course. In the spring of 1667, a few months previous to his final dissolution of his first and only Parliament, James published a Declaration of Indulgence, in which, whilst expressing honestly the wish that all men were of his religious opinions, he promised to defend the ministers of the Church of England in the free exercise of their religion ; but suspended at once, and of his own pleasure, all penal laws in matters ecclesiastical ; decreed that anybody might teach and preach anything he liked, so that he did not alienate the minds of the people from the Government ; that the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, and the tests and declarations imposed in the previous reign, should no longer be required to be taken ; and that he did graciously pardon all his loving Nonconformist subjects all their sins and offences against the laws.

A more glaring and complete violation of the Constitution and usurpation of the authority of Parliament it is hardly

possible to conceive. Heartily should we have rejoiced if history had enabled us to tell you that, with the exception of the Papists, for whose sole benefit the indulgence had really been granted, the whole of those who seemed to be included in it joined with the members of the Protestant establishment in condemning and denouncing so flagrant a piece of absolutism and despotic power. But it is not so, and we can hardly be surprised to find that it is not.

Macaulay, not more eloquently than justly, pleads the excuse of the Nonconformists that for a little while they fell into the royal trap. He says: "Such coolness and philosophy are not to be expected from men who are smarting under present pain, and who are tempted by the offer of immediate ease. A Puritan divine might not indeed be able to deny that the dispensing power now claimed by the crown was inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the constitution. But he might perhaps be excused if he asked, 'What was the constitution to him?' The Act of Uniformity had ejected him, in spite of royal promises, from a benefice which was his freehold, and had reduced him to beggary and dependence. The Five Mile Act had banished him from his dwelling, from his relations, from his friends, from almost all places of public resort. Under the Conventicle Act, his goods had been distrained, and he had been flung into one noisome gaol after another, among highwaymen and housebreakers. Out of prison, he had constantly had the officers of justice on his track; he had been forced to pay hush-money to informers; he had stolen in ignominious disguises through windows and trap-doors to meet his flock; and had, while pouring the baptismal water or distributing the eucharistic bread, been anxiously listening for the signal that the tipstaves were approaching. Was it not mockery to call on a man thus plundered and oppressed to suffer martyrdom for the property and liberty of

his plunderers and oppressors? The Declaration, despotic as it might seem to his prosperous neighbours, brought deliverance to him. He was called upon to make his choice, not between freedom and slavery, but between two yokes; and he might not unnaturally think the yoke of the king lighter than that of the Church.”*

At all events it could not be heavier, and men in such a case may surely be pardoned for doing what a few of these men did. They were exuberant in their professions of thanks and loyalty, and his Majesty might almost think that now he was strong enough to defy the Church.

But whatever he had gained in one direction, he had lost in another. The Church not unnaturally took instant alarm, and her pulpits all over the land rang with arguments against popery, and denunciations of it; whilst a hundred pens of logical and eloquent divines were running, and the press was pouring forth a shower of pamphlets, on the same urgent theme.

Nor was it long ere the king discovered that the Nonconformists who had fallen into his trap were an inconsiderable minority. Circular letters, imploring them to sign addresses of gratitude for the indulgence, were sent all over the land; yet in six months not more than sixty such addresses were sent up from all sections of Protestant Nonconformists, and these not numerously signed. Baxter, Howe, Bunyan, and many more saw through the veil that scarcely hid the royal purpose, and were as bad as any churchmen in their denunciations of the Beast, Antichrist, and the Man of Sin.

The cloud disperses not, though the magician's hand has imperiously waved it away.

With dogged obstinacy the king still continued his fatal course. He did not, or he would not, hear the mutterings of the coming tempest. Step by step he more and more

* “History of England,” c. vii.

openly obtruded his popery upon the people. The Papal nuncio was consecrated in the palace, and James was seen kneeling to him to receive his blessing. He tried, too, to tamper with the universities, and succeeded in converting University College, Oxford, into a Catholic seminary, and in forcing a president of his own choice on Magdalen College, against the most strenuous opposition of the fellows, whom at length he summarily ejected, and so secured the intense hatred of the universities, in addition to all that he had been so carefully securing in other directions ever since he came to the throne.

And now it is necessary that I should much more rapidly pass over those succeeding events which brought matters to a crisis, and roused the people once more to assert their own rights against their own king.

One thing that much excited and alarmed the popular mind, was an event which caused no small joy in the palace and amongst the Catholic friends of the king. James had no child to succeed him on the throne. His queen had borne him four, but they were all dead, and it was now five years since the birth of the last. To the no small surprise of the nation, however, it was announced that all hope of a successor to the throne was not extinct, and a few months after that a son and heir was born. The Catholics were loud in their demonstrations of joy. They knew that unless the king could succeed in changing the succession, the crown would devolve on the Princess Mary of Orange, who, with her husband, was a staunch and firm Protestant. The people of England, too, amid all their provocations and fears, had had till now that hope before them of an end to their present dangers of the reintroduction of Popery, perhaps to the downfall of the English Church. But now all this was at an end, and it was very widely believed, both by high and low, that a deception had been practised ; that no child had

been born; and that the pretended heir had been palmed upon the people, in order to prevent the crown from descending to a Protestant. The dread and hatred of Popery were thus foolishly fomented in the popular mind, and every act of the court was keenly watched.

And now the eyes of the king began to be a little opened. He resolved on summoning a new parliament, but with due precautions that it should be a supple and subservient one. Accordingly a list of questions was sent to the lords lieutenant of counties to be presented to all deputy lieutenants and magistrates, asking what they would do in a case of being elected, or of having to vote for a member, and whether they would live in unity with men of all religions. From all parts of the country came answers so framed as to convey to the court not only their determination to maintain their independence, but also in a quiet, ironical way to reprove the insolent meddling king. After his former indulgence, too, to the Nonconformists, James thought he might surely reckon on them for his friends. So he had them put into the corporations in place of those who had hitherto been found uncompliant in the schemes of the court. When, however, the temper of these men was tried, James found himself once more foiled. For a little while, a few of them had been beguiled by the king's apparent liberality. But now they were undeceived again, and were entirely at one with the Churchmen and Tories in determined opposition to the king's despotic and popish schemes.

In April, 1688, James issued another declaration of indulgence, similar in purport to the last, and about a week afterwards made an order in council that it should be read for two successive Sundays during divine service by the officiating minister of every church and chapel in the kingdom. He would thus put the Church to the test. He would compel it to be a party to the indulgence, or to put itself in

active antagonism to the king. The clergy were at their wit's end. Within a few days of the prescribed date for reading the indulgence, there was no concert and no formed resolution. The Nonconformists, seeing this, stepped in, and sent a deputation to several of the most eminent of the London clergy, begging them "to play the men for the liberties of England, and for the faith once delivered to the saints." A meeting of the London clergy was afterwards held, comprising in its members Tillotson, Sherlock, and Stillingfleet, which ended in a resolution not to obey the order; and this resolution was afterwards endorsed by eighty-five incumbents of churches in the City.

It grows hot, your Majesty. The mutterings are louder. A few heavy drops begin to fall. The heavens are blacker. The breeze is becoming stronger. Your Majesty had better look out for some friendly shelter in case of need.

The resolution of this meeting was followed by another meeting of bishops and others, to prepare a petition to his Majesty setting forth the reasons of their refusal to comply with the king's order. It was signed by the archbishop and six of his suffragans, and presented to the king. James was surprised and enraged. He said, "This is a great surprise to me; it is a standard of rebellion." He began to tremble before the storm he had so foolishly raised. But he was not the man to tremble long, nor to draw back until he was forced, so he cited the seven bishops to appear before him in council on the 8th of June. They met him and were committed to the Tower. On their way thither, a complete ovation was given them, so that the king ordered the garrison to be doubled, the guards to be ready, and two companies to be sent up to London from every regiment in England.

It grows hot, your Majesty. Blacker and blacker is the sky. The drops begin to fall thicker and faster. Surely the storm is at hand.

The mail bags are heavier this week from the north than is their wont. They are full of letters from the Presbyterians to the bishops to assure them of sympathy. And hark, what is that song which is echoing among the metal hills of Cornwall?

“And shall Trelawny die? and shall Trelawny die?”

Then 20,000 Cornish boys will know the reason why!”

and hark again, a refrain from the bowels of the earth—

“Then 20,000 underground will know the reason why.”

This good, patient, docile, thoroughbred English people, which your Majesty is attempting to drive, is shaking its mane, and snorting, and becoming demonstrative and restive:—have a care, your Majesty, or the state coach may have an uncomfortable fall.

But no; his Majesty's only method of driving is whip, and curb, and tight rein; so he lashes away. He tries the bishops in the Queen's Bench. He carefully packs a jury, and feels sure of the verdict. But once more he is mistaken. The account of the verdict you must hear in better words than mine.

“At ten the court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box; and there was a breathless stillness.

“Sir Samuel Astry spoke—‘Do you find the defendants, or any of them guilty, of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?’

“Sir Roger Langley answered ‘Not guilty.’ As these words were uttered, Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and in another moment, the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answer-

ing cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another ; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point, that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads intelligence of the victory of the Church and nation."*

Hotter and blacker King James ! Is there shelter at hand ? For the storm draws nigh.

And now it becomes needful, that for a little while we should leave King James and his troublesome English people, who seem to have made up their minds *not* to be governed, at least after his fashion, and take notice of the affairs of a small Court on the Continent of Europe.

Resident at the Hague, in Holland, were a prince and princess, whose connexions with England were such, that they had been for some time watching with an anxious eye the progress of events there. Mary, the wife of William, Prince of Orange and Nassau, was heiress to the English throne, should James fail of issue. They were therefore directly and deeply interested in the proceedings of the king. The prince is a slender-built, cold-natured, reserved, almost sullen sort of man, but with all the qualities necessary for a great ruler. At a very early age he had the reputation of being a sage and sound statesman : discreet and cautious, and yet withal courageous to the last degree. With a heart that often leaped and burned within him, but a power of self-restraint

* Macaulay's "History," c. viii.

which enabled him at those very moments to be outwardly calm and composed. His wife was his opposite in all personal and outward things : of a majestic person and noble expression, and a most sweet and amiable bearing. But she was his counterpart, and fit companion in all inward qualities, and could natively emulate his own nobleness.

At the time of the trial of the bishops there was resident at their Court, a man whose name we have had occasion to mention already several times, but of whom we must now give some further account. This was Gilbert Burnet, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, and one of the most eminent men of his time. He was born at Edinburgh in 1643, studied the law for a little time, but changed his mind, and entered the Church. At the age of eighteen he refused a living that was offered him, on the ground of his youth and inexperience, and studied theology under Doctor Leighton, then Archbishop of Glasgow. After visiting Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and making the acquaintance of the great literary celebrities, and studying a while at Amsterdam and Paris, he returned to Scotland, and laboured for five years with exemplary fidelity and zeal as minister of Saltoun. Whilst in this post he became the adviser of some of those who were entrusted with the government of Scotland, and thus commenced that connexion with politics which so greatly affected his after career. He was, what it was so rare to find in those times, especially in men who were ecclesiastics or politicians, a man of great moderation and catholicity of spirit ; by no means lacking in decision and conscientiousness, but preserving a keen sense of what was due to his opponents, and always inclining to the liberal side of things. He was twice offered a bishopric, and refused it. In 1676, he had the honour of receiving the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, for his work on the English Reformation. When James came to

the throne, he knew Burnet for one of the most distinguished authors of his time, but strongly liberal and anti-papal, and had evidently measured him as an opponent with great accuracy. Burnet tells us how the king treated him. He says,* "I must now say somewhat concerning myself. Upon King Charles's death, I had desired leave to come and pay my duty to the king. The king would not see me; so, since I was at that time in no sort of employment, and not so much as allowed to preach anywhere, I resolved to go abroad. I saw we were likely to fall into great confusion, and were either to be rescued in a way that I could not approve of . . . or to be delivered up by a meeting that had the name and the face of a parliament. I thought the best thing for me was to go out of the way. The king approved of this, and consented to my going, but still refused to see me, so I was to go beyond sea as to a voluntary exile."

A most canny and politic proceeding, good Doctor Burnet. Decidedly the best thing to do when "we are likely to fall into great confusion"—get out of the way if we are lucky enough to be able to do so. The king, too, did a wise thing for once. He thought he might be sure of the good doctor for an enemy to the schemes he was already plotting, and jumped at the idea of getting rid of him so easily, not at all expecting that the next time he came back it would be in the company of a prince who would relieve him from the painful pressure of a crown, which for everybody's sake, his own most of all, he had worn two years too long. So Burnet went to Paris, and stayed there some months. In the autumn of the same year he resolved to go to Rome, where, notwithstanding his reputation as an opponent of Popery, he met with great civility from the Pope and the cardinals. The good doctor, however, got a little too free with his Romish friends, and in argument, perhaps, proved himself a little too much for them,

* "History of his own Times," p. 628.

so he got a polite hint one morning from Prince Borghese that it was time for him to go, and he started at once for Marseilles. Hence wandering among the southern provinces of France, and seeing much of the persecuted Protestants there, he went for some months to Geneva, Strasbourg, Frankfort, and Heidelberg, and made intimate acquaintance with many Calvinists and Lutherans of note. The rest you must hear in his own words,*—"When I came to Utrecht, I found letters writ to me by some of the Prince of Orange's court, desiring me to come first to the Hague, and wait on the Prince and Princess before I should settle anywhere. Upon my coming to the Hague I was admitted to wait upon them. I found they had received such characters of me from England, that they resolved to treat me with great confidence: for, at my first being with them, they entered into much free discourse with me concerning the affairs of England. The Prince . . . seemed highly dissatisfied with the king's conduct; he apprehended that he would give such jealousies of himself, and come under such jealousies of his people, that these would throw him into a French management, and engage him into such desperate designs as would force violent remedies."

Much and earnest conversation passed constantly between their highnesses and the political divine—conversation that was tending to a point which would be for King James the bursting of the storm that had been gathering so long. It appears that James soon found out, that, in sending the doctor about his business, he had in reality sent an ambassador on behalf of the English people to the very court in Europe whence he had most to fear. Voices had already found their way from England to the Hague, calling upon William to interfere; and here was a liberal and tolerant Protestant at the prince's elbow to advise with him upon these voices,

* "History of his own Times," p. 688.

and, if need be, to add to their weight. In the mind of the silent Dutchman a project had dimly limned itself, which might have to be translated into fact ere long, and which was even now slowly growing into conviction and purpose.

James hears of his subject's intimacy with his relatives, and on sending a new ambassador over (a vile rascal, who sold all his masters in turn), he charges him absolutely to demand that his good cousins would forbid the good doctor the court, and solemnly promise to see him no more. He says:* "The king had writ two violent letters against me to the princess. She trusted me so far that she showed them to me (sly cousin of Orange), and was pleased to answer them according to the hints that I suggested. (Little dreams King James who is his real correspondent.) But now it was put so home that this was to be complied with or a breach was immediately to follow upon it. So this was done. And they were both so true to their promise, that I saw neither the one nor the other till a few days before the prince set sail for England. The prince sent Dykvelt and Halewyn constantly to me with all the advertisements that came from England; so I had the whole secret of England's affairs still brought to me." Cunning Dutch prince and canny Scotch divine! James has his match at last. Here is one man, at least, in a state-chariot who knows how to drive.

But we have not yet seen the features of the good divine who is beginning to play such a part in the affairs of his country, from which he is "a voluntary exile." He has had the singular fortune to be well hated and well vilified, and must have been indeed the sort of man to make thorough enemies as well as fast friends. He was intense and honest, out-spoken and strong-spoken. A man whose own outline was sharp and prominent, and who saw other men's outlines sharply and prominently; who had, consequently, strong

* "History of his own Times," p. 108.

sympathies and strong antipathies. He used to speak his mind very freely about men as well as things. He would never hear of painting the sun without his spots, nor of the hero without his warts and other defects. As far as he could be, he was a relentless photographer when describing men. Here is his own portrait, as drawn by one of his contemporaries and bitter enemies, the Earl of Dartmouth :—

“Bishop Burnet was a man of the most extensive knowledge I ever met with ; had read and seen a great deal, with a prodigious memory, and a very indifferent judgment ; he was extremely partial, and readily took for granted everything that he heard to the prejudice of those he did not like, which made him pass for a man of less truth than he really was. I do not think he designedly published anything he believed to be false. He had a boisterous, vehement manner of expressing himself, which often made him ridiculous, especially in the House of Lords, where what he said would not have been thought so, delivered in a lower voice and calmer behaviour. His vast knowledge occasioned his continual rambling from the point he was speaking to, which ran him into discourses of so universal a nature that there was no end to be expected but from a failure of his strength and spirits, of both which he had a larger share than most men, which were accompanied with a most invincible assurance.”*

Macaulay draws him much more favourably. Not hiding his faults, which were mainly ludicrous rather than contemptible or hateful, he says :† “Burnet, though in many respects open to ridicule and even to serious censure, was no contemptible man. His parts were quick, his industry unwearied, his reading most various and extensive. He was at once a historian, an antiquary, a theologian, a preacher, a pamphleteer, a debater, and an active political leader ; and

* Preface to “History of his own Times,” note to page 5.

† “History of England,” c. viii.

in every one of these characters he made himself conspicuous among able competitors. . . . Though often misled by prejudice and passion, he was emphatically an honest man. Though he was not secure from the seductions of vanity, his spirit was raised high above the influence both of cupidity and fear. His nature was kind, generous, grateful, and forgiving. His religious zeal, though steady and ardent was in general restrained by humanity and a respect for the rights of conscience."

This was the man who, at this critical moment, was on these terms of intimacy with the future monarchs of England. They had good reason to count him their friend. For some years past there had been a slight estrangement between them, for which Mary was at a loss to account. Her silent, brooding husband had been turning over in his silent mind the contingency of his wife's succeeding to the English throne, and could not reconcile himself at all to the position of being the husband of a queen and yet not a king. Burnet wormed out his secret, and with an honest indiscretion peculiar to him, he went to Mary and blurted out the whole truth. Mary instantly took her resolution. Being informed by Burnet that it would be quite possible to transfer the regal power to her husband, she at once intimated her earnest intention to do so should she ever be called to fill the throne, and sent the good doctor to bring her husband to hear it from her own lips. He could hardly have rendered a more grateful service to his patrons, or conferred a more signal benefit on his country, than the effecting of the thorough reconciliation which ensued, and lasted unbroken till death.

And now we must back to England again, and prepare ourselves for the end towards which things had been rapidly hastening of late. One of the strangest of all the changes that had come over the minds of Englishmen was that of which the old loyal Church and State Tories began to be conscious.

Hitherto, rebellion to royal authority had been a thing horrible and intolerable, second only, if second, to incest and sacrilege. Now, when the pressure of monarchic rule began to be felt by them, and they found themselves where they had never been before—under the crushing weight of that iron sceptre they had taught men to revere as a divine symbol—their opinions began to relax, and the word rebellion sounded less awfully in their ears. The other party soon became aware of this, and saw that their time was come.

There were patriots in England still, of high standing and noble powers, whose names, though disgraced by the king, were still powerful with the people. The bearer of one of these names, Edward Russell, crossed to the Hague, laid the situation of England before William, and urged him to appear in England with his troops, and call the people to arms. This was the second overture of the kind that the prince had received. Now, *he*, too, saw that the time was come, and gave his consent, provided he received an invitation to do so from some of the chief statesmen in England.

On the night on which England was rejoicing beyond measure at the acquittal of the bishops, and the king full of rage was chewing the cud of disappointment and defeat, a document was sent from England to the Hague, which we can now see was the first flash of the storm whose gathering we have been watching for so long. It was an invitation to William to come over and relieve the English people from their oppression, and secure the Protestant interest from ruin through the machinations of the king. It bore the names of Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lumley, Compton, Russell, and Sidney. William at once commenced his preparations with all caution and speed. When all was ready and his fleet at sea, with the transports necessary for taking his forces across, he drew up a declaration to be published to the people of England, setting forth the reasons of his

coming, and what he proposed to do. The chief points were the summoning of a parliament lawfully chosen, the maintenance of the established religion, with due liberty to all such as were divided from it. Many thousand copies were printed ready for distribution on their landing, and now all was ripe on either side. Nothing was wanted but fair winds; and these were both so contrary and so stormy for many weeks, that a forcible stop seemed put to the enterprise by the hand of God. At length, on the 16th of October, the wind, which for weeks had been adverse, changed to the east, and in three days after the fleet was in full sail for the English shores. But the fickle wind changed once more, and once more they were driven into port.

And now James began to be seriously alarmed, when it was *too late*. He tried to make his peace with the bishops, but it was *too late*. He promised to maintain the Act of Uniformity, but it was *too late*. To replace many disgraced functionaries, but it was *too late*. He abolished his court of High Commission, but it was *too late*. He restored the franchise to the corporations, but it was *too late*. He had won the distrust and deep hate of all classes of the people, and neither army, nor church, nor parliament, nor people, could be depended on to strike a blow for their king.

Once more "the Popish wind," as the people of England now called the west wind which had blown their deliverers back, ceased to blow; the Dutch fleet is in full sail before a fair Protestant breeze, on the 5th of November sails into Torbay, and William the Dutchman, and his chaplain, Gilbert Burnet, the Scotchman, landed on the Devonshire soil. Burnet says, "As soon as I landed, I made what haste I could to the prince, who took me heartily by the hand, and asked if I did not now believe in predestination. I told him I would never forget that providence of God which had appeared so signally on this occasion." With no hindrance,

William marched at once to Exeter, and set up his standard there; he was speedily joined by a number of noblemen, who turned his camp into a second Whitehall. The west of England at once rose and armed itself on his side. At the same time an insurrection broke out in the north. James was on his way to prepare to meet the invader, but it was *too late*. One after one his officers and lords deserted him and went over to the standard of the prince. He hastens back to London to end the day by the miserable, pitiable cry, "God help me, my own children have forsaken me." He called a council of his lords, but only to be bearded by them, and brought to acknowledge himself in the wrong. He pretends to treat with William, but only that he may gain time to slip off his wife and child to France. Every morning brings news of fresh desertions to the cause of the prince, and of new risings of the people in different parts of the country. London is surging and seething with agitation. The storm has burst, and the poor, obstinate, deceitful despot who had provoked it all, looks wildly around him for a shelter when it is *too late*. In all his land he descries no place of safety, and ere yet he has struck one blow for his kingdom and his crown, he is slinking out of his palace in disguise and by a back door, hoping to make his way to France, and so escape the fury of the storm.

We will not linger over his unhappy fate. After one more brief, but ineffectual attempt to regain his subjects' confidence, and repossess himself of his throne, he was allowed quietly to take himself away, and in a few weeks the bells of the once more merry England are pealing and chiming, and the shouts of men are rending the air, and a new king and queen have ascended the throne, and the hearts of men are full of the joy of a new and confident hope.

I must now take you, in a still more brief and rapid manner, into the few first years of this new reign, that you

may note the first bursting of the new buds of liberty, whose spring this revolution had ushered in. The whole period of which it was the commencement and inauguration has not yet terminated. If we would find the roots of things which are still developing in our own times, both in social and religious matters, we must go back to the Revolution of 1688. Up to that time the heavy hand of despotic authority rested with crushing weight upon the conscience and entire being of the English nation. The ancient liberties of the people were being one by one wrenched or filched out of their hands. The natural rights of every man were insultingly denied and withheld. The country was fast becoming a prison for men's consciences and souls. Social life was inevitably degenerating. Let the despotic monarch, and his still more tyrannic Church, succeed in accomplishing all their purpose, and the English people would soon forget the sound of that blest word "liberty," and become the monarch's and the Church's flock, to be annually shorn of their fleece. But, thanks to the spirit of our ancestors, and still more to that good Providence which was watching over England, and had great and good things speedily in store for her, the despots were balked of their success, and shorn of their power in the attempt to achieve it. And now, when the crushing weight of that hand was removed, which had bowed the proud head, and pressed the free heart of the people so long, they began instinctively and at once, as the waking eye craves the light, as the new-born child craves the breast, to crave and inquire for, and struggle after, those rights and liberties which were dear to them next to their lives.

Listen to one of the earliest voices of this newly enfranchised soul of England. On the 17th of February, ere yet the new king and queen are proclaimed, we are told:*

"This day, about ten of the clock, Mr. Speaker, attended

* "Parliamentary History," vol. v., p. 108.

with the mace, and the House of Commons following him in a body, went in their coaches to Whitehall." On the arrival of the prince and princess, they are informed that both houses have agreed upon a declaration to be presented to their highnesses, which they proceed to read. Of course it begins with "Whereas." Your time does not permit me to follow this whereas through all its statements. But it proceeds to set forth the crimes and misdemeanours of the late King James II., who, "by the assistance of divers evil counsellors, did endeavour to extirpate the Protestant religion, and the laws and liberties of this kingdom." (A tolerably heavy indictment, my lords and gentlemen.) By dispensing with and suspending the laws, by committing and prosecuting excellent bishops, by erecting a persecuting court of High Commission, by levying money without consent of parliament, by raising an army, by tampering with the elections, by packing corrupt juries, by violating the liberty of the subject, by illegal and cruel punishments, and a number of other equally objectionable things. The declaration then goes on to say that the two houses have deliberately resolved the said power of dispensing with or suspending the law is illegal; the High Commission, illegal; the levying of money without authority of parliament, illegal; the prosecution of the subject for exercising the right of petition, illegal; the raising an army without consent of the parliament, illegal; that the people have a right to the free election of members of parliament, and that these members of parliament have a right to freedom of speech and debate; "and that, for redress of all grievances, and for the amendment, strengthening, and preserving of the laws, parliaments ought to be held frequently. And they do claim, demand, and insist upon all and singular the premises as their undoubted rights and liberties." And they wind up with declaring William and Mary to be king and queen, settling

the succession upon the issue of Mary first ; failing that, upon the issue of Anne of Denmark ; and failing that, upon the issue of William of Orange.

Is there not the true English ring about the declaration of these faithful Lords and Commons ? There is a strong, clear metallic tone about it which thrills one's every nerve. This people has got the royal garotter's hand off its throat, and it is not going to have it on again. It has filed off the popish manacles, and is determined never to wear them again. And so, when handing up a double crown to a two-fold monarchy, it takes the precaution to stud it round with these glistening jewels of its liberties, whose removal henceforth will be the destruction of the crown. This declaration of rights was passed by both houses into a "Bill of Rights" at the close of the year, and thus, by receiving the royal signature, became a solemn contract betwixt the monarch and the people, which, happily for themselves, none of our monarchs since then have ever attempted to break.

As usually happens in times of great danger, parties that are foes to each other in quiet times become temporarily united by a common interest. Many a Churchman and many a Dissenter, doubtless, in the brief reign which preceded and produced the Revolution, found cause to repeat to himself the old proverb, "Adversity acquaints us with strange bed-fellows." But it seldom happens that these reconciliations are permanent, and too often, when the common danger is removed, the old feuds revive.

Macaulay says upon this point,*—"In the summer of 1688, the breaches which had long divided the great body of English Protestants had seemed to be almost closed. Disputes about bishops and synods, written prayers and extemporaneous prayers, white gowns and black gowns, sprinkling and dipping, kneeling and sitting, had been for a

* "History of England," c. xi.

short space intermitted. The serried array which was then drawn up against Popery measured the whole of the vast interval which separated Sancroft from Bunyan. Prelates, recently conspicuous as persecutors, now declared themselves friends of religious liberty, and exhorted their clergy to live in a constant interchange of hospitality and kind offices to the separatists. Separatists, on the other hand, who had recently considered mitres and lawn sleeves as the livery of Antichrist, were putting candles in windows, and throwing faggots on bonfires in honour of the prelates."

But would this happy state of things last? Would anything grow out of it in the shape of a permanent re-union of those who had been so long and so greatly divided, or of a permanent division, as an inevitable thing, but in a friendly way and on liberal terms, putting all classes of the nation on an equality in that thing which is a matter for the individual conscience alone?

The king was fully aware of the religious divisions of his people; he was in this position of advantage with respect to them, that, as far as any previous connexion with them was concerned, he was in the same position towards all of them. He endeavoured, therefore, soon after his accession, to obtain the adoption by parliament of some measure, which, whilst it should absolutely exclude papists, should admit all other religionists to the holding of offices under the State; but the time was not yet ripe for such a measure. Having failed in this, he endeavoured to obtain some modification of the articles, liturgy, or ceremonies of the English Church, such as the Puritans had striven for in the days of Charles II., with the hope of thereby drawing all but the extreme sections of the separatists within the pale of the Church. But in this, too, he was disappointed. The time was not ripe for that, and no scheme of comprehension (as it was called) has ever been attempted since that time.

And here again we come upon our old friend the political doctor ; henceforth, however, we must speak of him by a new and more respectful title. The see of Salisbury had become vacant, and almost one of the first acts of William's reign was to put his faithful friend and adviser, who it seems had now no longer any objection to be a bishop, into that see. Bishop Burnet was very strenuous for the passing of the Comprehension Bill. Having been all his life connected with the Church, but able to look at her condition and wants with eyes of one who had looked at her from a distance, and had mingled much with men of other churches, he seemed to have discerned better than any other prelate, at least of his time, wherein her true policy lay. By no means a Puritan himself, in the strict sense of the word—too much a courtier for that—he yet saw the reasonableness of many of the objections of the Puritans, and marvelled at the obstinacy of many of his brethren to retain, simply out of pride, many of those things whose removal would have been every way a gain to the Church. But the good bishop in this matter was a man in advance of his age, and had to pay the penalty of failing to aid those whom he wished to serve, and not failing to incur the odium of his own friends.

But, though foiled in this scheme of comprehension, the king succeeded in obtaining the passing of another measure, which, though very incomplete and partial, proved itself to be the germ of what is tending to be a complete and perfect religious liberty for the people. Under the Stuarts all the separatists from the English Church had been put under grievous ban and heavy penalty. Not only were they utterly ineligible for all public offices, but their worship was forbidden, and their absence from church subjected them to fine or imprisonment, or even banishment and death. The Bill now brought in excused Dissenters from all penalties from their not coming to church, and for going to their

separate meetings. Burnet says,* "I showed so much zeal for this act as very much sunk my credit." And again, "This bill gave the king great content. He, in his own opinion, always thought that conscience was God's province, and that it ought not to be imposed on." It was long ere the little step thus taken was followed by another in a similar direction. Indeed, in a few succeeding years the spirit of persecution and ecclesiastical exclusiveness once more reared its head. But the breath of liberty had begun to blow again in England, and there was no going back to the days of the dungeon and the stake. The knell of tyranny, and of that perpetual consort and nurse of tyranny, Popery, was rung when the merry bells of England proclaimed the accession of the Protestant William and Mary to the throne.

Let the sound of those merry bells ring in our ears to-night, my friends, as we leave this place. The joy of that day and of those seventeenth century English folk is our joy too. We were delivered in that deliverance. *Our* liberties, civil and religious, were at stake whilst that despot played and lost that desperate game. Had he won it, had he succeeded in riveting his kingly yoke on the necks of our forefathers, and handing over their minds and souls to be hung about with Popish chains, assuredly the history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had been written in other, and less boastful thankful words. Our liberties—those things on which we pride ourselves to-day, and which make us the admiration and envy of the world—were born out of the throes of that revolution, and have been slowly and steadily growing ever since. Have we learned so little to dread Popish ascendancy again, that we can afford to do what it cost James half at least of his crown to attempt—to tolerate it and let it alone? We are able to do so only because our ancestors would rather

* "History of his own Times," vol. iv., p. 10.

be rebels to their king than slaves to his priests. Do we look upon the lingering despotisms that still hang as drags upon the progress of European civilization with pity, but without fear? It is because the sturdy spirit of our forefathers would rather wrench the sceptre even from kingly hands than suffer oppression 'neath its sway. Does the Churchman glory to-day in his Protestant Church, a part of the very constitution of the land? He is able to do so because such men as those sturdy bishops, of whom we have been hearing to-night, lived in the centuries gone by, and would cheerfully have gone to the block rather than be the tools of a bigoted Popish king. Does the Dissenter to-night think with pride of his freedom to worship and believe according to the dictates of his conscience? He owes it to the struggles and sacrifices of his brave fathers in the past, who were willing to lose a huge boon to themselves rather than lend themselves to the fastening a heavy yoke upon their Episcopal brethren then, and upon us in these after days. Is the very air of England an air of liberty, poisonous to all things that are of the seed of tyranny, and mightily nutritive to everything of justice and of right? It is because those grand old Englishmen swept away with the stern besom of a double revolution the things that were polluting it, and making it a stifling air of political and religious death. Is the line that bounds our empire traced only by the path of the sun? It is because in that revolution the interests of monarch and people were happily welded into one, and so that central power was consolidated which could radiate its force thenceforward to every end of the earth.

Nor shall the things then born soon die. There are some shoots in the tree of liberty that have yet to grow. And they will grow. The sap is yet rising in our English veins, and England's winter is not yet. There is a union of interests and feelings among this English people yet to be

desired, and prayed, and striven for. Shall we wonder that all has not yet been done? Rather let us wonder that so much has been accomplished, and patiently wait and earnestly toil for the accomplishment of the rest.

But must I leave my task and call it finished here? I trust there is not a man among you, Christian young men of London, who would not go away blaming me in his heart for a great and unpardonable omission. I have bidden you think with gratitude of the men of old whose hearts and hands wrought out for us the beginnings of our liberties. That I do not mean to recall. But whence had these men their strength? That English Revolution, think you it was a thing of English or of European interest alone? No! no! There is such a thing as a kingdom of God in the world. God will have a home for his truth—a fitting home. God will have instruments to spread it—fitting instruments, though feeble and frail. And these things were at stake when those great seventeenth century struggles transpired. In His wisdom and goodness, God chose our land and us for the high mission. And His truth can only dwell, and live, and work with the free. Our liberties were in safer hands than those of our ancestors, though we worthily reverence them as bravest of the brave. Monarch and priest did set themselves against the Lord and against His anointed. But He that sitteth in the heavens did laugh. The Lord had them in derision. “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thee be glory. For Thine is the greatness, and the kingdom, and the power, and unto Thee be the glory for ever. Amen!”

Bishop Butler, and the Religious
Features of his Times.

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A LECTURE

BY

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BISHOP BUTLER, AND THE RELIGIOUS FEATURES OF HIS TIMES.

THE subject of this lecture is the life of Bishop Butler, and the religious features of the time in which he lived.

His name is probably known to most here present as the author of a celebrated work in defence of Christianity, called "The Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature ;" a work so grand in subject, in character, and in power, that it stands in the very first rank in Christian literature, and holds one of the first places in the affections of Christian hearts. Men of the highest eminence, differing in creed, in taste, in profession, in sympathies, have contributed to honour Butler's memory. It would be possible to quote the words of eloquence in which they have eulogized his character with one unanimous burst of applause, but none among them has expressed more forcibly the true estimate of his worth than one of his contemporaries, Bishop Halifax, who has compressed his praise into these few sentences :*—"The literary reputation of Bishop Butler is in truth the least of his excellences. He was more than a good writer ; he was a good man ; and what is an addition even to this eulogy, he was a sincere Christian. His whole study was directed to the knowledge and practice of sound morality and true religion ; these he adorned by his life, and has recommended to future ages in his writings ; in

* "Life," prefixed to his edition of Butler's works.

which, if my judgment be of any avail, he has done essential service to both, as much, perhaps, as any single person since the extraordinary gifts of the 'word of wisdom and the word of knowledge' have been withdrawn."

It is to the life and times of Bishop Butler that I now invite your attention. We must ask, what he was ; what he did ; what he wrote ; how far he was influenced by the times in which he lived ; and how far he influenced them ?

We shall describe the period in which he lived before describing the man ; and let you see the frame in which the picture is set before describing the portrait itself.

In truth, the age in which a man lives and acts is not merely the frame in which his character is set ; it is in some sense the cause of his character. Though men are not wholly the creatures of circumstances, they are influenced by them. Every great man brings something to the age in which he lives, and receives something from it. He brings to it the mental endowments, the genius, and natural powers which Providence has given him ; and he receives from it the impress which the ideas prevalent in his time stamp upon him. In proportion as minds are endowed with true genius, like some of our great poets and philosophers, they soar above their age ; they penetrate beyond the local and temporary, and catch a glimpse of the great unchanging spiritual truths which command the sympathy of the general heart in all places and throughout all time ; but still it is only a glimpse which they catch ; and the direction in which they gaze for it is fixed by the conditions of the earth on which they stand.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they." *

* Tennyson, "In Memoriam," p. vi.

Butler would have been great in any age, and much of his life's labour will be perpetual ; but the special field in which he worked, the instruments with which he was furnished, the form in which his ideas were conveyed, even some of the ideas themselves, depended upon the fact that he lived in England in the first half of the eighteenth century. It behoves us therefore to understand the times in which he lived, not merely as a matter of curiosity, but as a necessary preliminary for understanding both what he was and what he did.

It is not, however, to the political and historical circumstances of the times that we are to direct our attention. These would have been necessary if Butler had moved in the orbit of political life. But it was within the sphere of the religious world, and of the Christian Church, that his peaceful star diffused its clear and unvarying light until it vanished, as a star by day, hidden from view in the unclouded brightness of the eternal morning. Therefore it is with great propriety that our attention is restricted to the religious features of Butler's times, and to those religious features which relate to his character and life. We must ascertain what were the chief ideas which were fermenting in the religious world, and influencing religious men for good or for evil ; we must learn what religious parties were struggling, and, indirectly, what eminent men were the chief actors in the struggle.

What, then, were the chief ideas likely to affect religion which were operating on the minds, and tastes, and judgments of men ? We want not only to know what were the ideas then common, but what causes were at work which created those ideas ; to know not only what men then thought, but how they came to think so. If we can ascertain this, we shall have found the clue to unravel the complexity of the religious struggles of those times, and shall

prepare the way for understanding the life and character of Bishop Butler.

The ideas dominant in Butler's time, *i.e.*, in the period of sixty years from 1692 to 1752, may be said to have been chiefly two; viz, the idea of *toleration*; and the idea of *appealing to reason in deciding every question*. The former affected the political and social aspect of religion; the latter its doctrinal and spiritual aspect. If traced into their ramifications, they would explain the religious features of the age. The latter prevailed during Butler's manhood; the former during his boyhood, and will therefore need only a brief notice.

These ideas were the result of the establishment of civil and religious liberty at the Revolution of 1688, four years antecedently to Butler's birth. The idea of liberty had been long in growing to maturity. The struggle for civil liberty had existed from the earliest days of the Constitution; but the idea of religious liberty was then quite recent. Persecution had been the general rule in every nation and every age of the world's history; intolerance being, unhappily, the innate sin of human nature. Neither Protestantism, nor even Puritanism, had established absolute toleration; hardly, indeed, had it been suggested by them. Though others* had lisped the word, it was to the poet Milton that we owe the first open declaration of the sacred right. He lived not, indeed, to enter the promised land of freedom; but in the strength of hope he gazed on it from afar, and was glad.

At the Revolution the vision was embodied in fact. That great event involved two principles; one of which was the basis of civil liberty, the other of religious. The one was, that governments have duties as well as rights, and the governed rights as well as duties; the other was, that it is

* *E.g.*, Chillingworth and Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

the right of every man to worship God according to his conscience, without interference from human governments. These principles were fortified by a measure in 1695, when Butler was still a child, which was essential to their preservation. In that year the censorship was removed from the press, and the press of England became for ever free.* Henceforth men had the right to publish freely; a privilege without which liberty is impossible, and life is mental slavery. Society became imbued with these principles; and the natural result of the freedom thus generated was to produce alike toleration and freedom of inquiry. Every blessing is liable to misuse; and, accordingly, toleration sometimes passed into indifference, and freedom of inquiry into unbelief.

These brief remarks will suffice in reference to the idea of *toleration*; but we must trace the other idea, *freedom of inquiry*, with more care.

In every great political revolution, such as that to which we have alluded, there is always a sudden awakening of mind. The event acts like an earthquake in breaking up the crust which fettered thought, and in setting free new forces which play and sport at random until they have found their true equilibrium. The very change of dynasty created this result. Not only did philosophers, such as Locke, discuss the nature of human society, but every plain man had to form his judgment on the question, whether his obedience was due to the old king or the new one. Each person was encouraged to seek the answer for himself. The age broke with the past mentally as well as politically. Hitherto it had relied upon authority; now it began to examine each question on independent grounds. A confidence in the powers of reason sprang up. Each man appealed to common

* For a history of the English press, see *North British Review* for May, 1859.

sense ; each relied upon the gift of reason which God had given him, and conceived himself able to settle every question which came before him by means of it. Englishmen then first began to think for themselves.

This disposition to appeal to reason, coupled with a free press, affected every department of life. It formed in politics the strong defence of the nation's liberties when they were perilled by the reactionary party that supported the banished house of Stuart. It helped to educate the nation, and created a habit of reading and reflection in the upper classes, and stimulated that activity of intellect which produced the celebrated epoch of literature in the reign of Queen Anne, which has sometimes been called "the Augustan age" of English literature. The writings of Addison give an idea of the prose of that age ; those of Pope of its poetry. It was at this period that the great British essayists lived ; and nothing can give a better idea of the thoughtful good sense of the time than the fact that the essays by Addison, and other writers which form *The Spectator*, were read each morning with the eagerness now given to a daily newspaper. Life must have been less exciting in those times than at present, and less wide in its knowledge and sympathies, but not less thoughtful.

This appeal to reason not only created a literature but also determined its character. For reason banished imagination. The very poetry became prosaic ; the lyric expired in the didactic. Form in art was valued higher than matter ; the melody of rhythm and elegance of phrase more than freshness of spirit. The poets whom we love in the present day, because their thoughts come bubbling up fresh from the fountain of the human soul, would have been unappreciated in that age. The poetry then enjoyed was prose put into faultless verse—essays expressed in rhyme.

Nor was it merely in politics and in literature that the effect of this appeal to reason was seen. It influenced also

the department of morals and religion, both practically and theoretically. Its practical results were to introduce in religion the stiff decorum and the morbid fear of enthusiasm and of religious earnestness which are still frequently observed, and to ameliorate manners, perhaps to improve morals. The drama, which is always an indication of the national taste, became less impure ; and though society probably presented many unhappy instances of vice, such as those which still survive imaged on the canvas of Hogarth, it seems probable that reason acted to create a public opinion which gradually discouraged them. In a theoretical point of view, however, the effect of this appeal to reason was to create a series of works on morals and religion which excited the great religious controversy of the times. Causes which we need not enumerate,* having their roots in a preceding period, inclined men to explore the grounds of obligation. Men asked themselves what is meant by duty, what is its nature, what is our obligation to do it? They sought and found the answer in different ways. Some sought it by searching in the mind for the immutable idea of it ; others sought it by asking what kind of life was suited for a being endowed with a soul like man's. Some found it accordingly in reason, some in conscience, some in expedience. But whatever answer they gave, none doubted that the reason of man was perfectly competent to discover what duty was without revelation ; and that it was essential to discover it at the outset as a foundation on which religion was to be built.

This view of the nature of our obligations was called "Ethics," if viewed on its philosophical side, and if viewed on its religious was called "Natural Religion." The word "Natural Religion," accordingly, meant the religion which it was thought could be discovered by unassisted reason and

* *E.g.*, the philosophy of Locke.

the light of nature ; the duties which natural conscience and the moral instincts tell men to be right toward God and toward their neighbours.

The inferences drawn from these principles were such as might be expected. The Christian, after having advanced thus far, halted not, but advanced onward and accepted revelation. Natural religion to his mind had just sufficed to show the need of a revelation in which he might not only find higher ideas of duty, but might receive higher supernatural help in fulfilling his duty. Natural religion was to him only the schoolmaster to bring him to Christ. The sceptic, on the other hand, remained content with natural religion. He was determined to prove everything by reason, and he could not by means of reason discover revealed religion. It contained mysteries which reason could not solve. There was an atonement in it, the remedy for evils, which reason could not discover ; there was supernatural help from the Holy Ghost to raise him out of the unholiness, which reason could not bring him to feel. There was communion by prayer, with a Father in heaven, offered to him, the desire for which reason had not created ; and hence the sceptics rejected revealed religion, and claimed either that there was no need of it, or that, if given, it could be only the republication of natural religion, and that all else must be untrue. We must not blame reason for these errors, but blame the faulty mode of using it. An appeal to a deeper kind of reason, to the intuitions of the human soul, would have exhibited the clear witness to these truths, speaking in the human heart ; but the cold reflective reason which wished to gauge all things by the standard of worldly common sense, and to reduce the proportions of the heavenly to the pigmy measure of the earthly, was left desolate in the dreariness of the unbelief which it had chosen.

This was the specific form of scepticism prevalent in that

age, and is that which was specially known by the name *Deism*. It held firmly the belief in a God, his government by general laws, and a future state, but it failed to admit the existence of revealed religion. Its spirit has been embodied in some of the poetry of Pope; at least his "Essay on Man" expresses the philosophy of Bolingbroke, one of the chief Deists. Nature becomes to him a vast machine, unguided by the constant interference of the Creator; and the soul is chilled by being unable to reach forth to a loving Father. Listen to his cheerless denial of a special providence.

"Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws? *

* * * *

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by? †

* * * *

Remember, man, the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws,
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one but all." ‡

In nothing is the influence of reason, as distinct from feeling, in religion more obvious than in the fact, that the world is always viewed by doubters of that age under the type of a political system, not of a family. The idea of "The Fatherhood of God" is lost. The Divine Being is presented only as a moral governor, and men as the subjects amenable to his laws.

We have now traced into some of their ramifications the two great ideas which were predominant in the age of Butler, viz., the ideas of civil and religious liberty, together with toleration; and the idea of settling every question in politics, literature, morals, or religion by an appeal to reason.

* "Essay on Man," *Ep.* iv. 121.

† *Id.* iv. 127.

‡ *Id.* iv. 35, *seq.*

The great controversies of the age centred round these ideas, and were of two kinds. From about the year 1690, for thirty years, the chief controversies were of the first kind, viz., against the non-jurors, *i.e.*, those who declined to swear allegiance to the new government, and who wished to bring back the exiled house of Stuart,—men who deserve our respect for their piety and the sacrifices made to conscience, though we differ most widely from their opinions; or against the Church convocation, which wished to assert the independence of the Church. The one party elevated the Crown above the Nation; the other the Church above the State. But from 1720 the chief controversy was of the other class, viz., against the Deists, which is intimately connected with Butler's history. Deism had indeed commenced earlier in the speculations of the seventeenth century,* and after 1700 produced several writers; but it was not till about 1720, when the other controversies just named were hushed, that the attention of every one was turned to it. It then became so influential that no less than 30,000 copies were sold of a single Deist work.† It flourished until the invasion of the Pretender in 1745 again turned men's attention to politics, and afterwards appears only in Bolingbroke and Hume; after which it gradually died away, or spread from the higher orders among the lower.

It will give life to the chief Deist attack on Christianity if we compare it to the siege of a fortress. The siege consisted of three assaults. First, the Deist army, under Toland and Shaftesbury, gave the warning of the attack by trying to show that a religion could have no mystery in it; and it assailed a few outposts, such as the idea of rewards and

* *E.g.*, in those of Herbert, Hobbes, and C. Blount. For a fuller account of Deism, see Farrar's "Bampton Lectures," Lect. IV.

† *Viz.*, Woolston's "Discourses on Miracles." The fact is stated on the authority of Voltaire, who was in England at the time. (*Euv. Crit.* xiv. 359.)

punishments. Next it advanced in force against the out-works of the Christian fortress, and attacked the great evidences which guard it, viz., prophecy, under Collins; and miracles, under Woolston. Lastly, it tried to make a lodgment within the very fortress itself under three leaders, of whom the ablest was named Tindal.* His tactics were to show, in the manner before explained, that reason was quite sufficient for all purposes of life, and that revelation was the republication of natural religion. These were the chief assaults made. But the Deists did not know what brave defenders they would have to encounter. Hero after hero stood forth on the Christian side, and won for himself immortal honour; and as he fell before the victory was achieved, cheered on his comrades in the act of death to rally round the flag which he had died defending; and in the last fearful assault, when the citadel seemed well nigh in peril, the greatest champion of all appeared, Butler, and repelled the attack in this spiritual warfare with such omnipotence of argument, that the hostile host was discomfited for ever. As the silence succeeded to the shock of war, it was felt that an invisible captain had been leading on the Christian army and guarding the sacred fortress,—even the King of kings and Lord of lords. To Him went up the hymn of victory, “Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.”

We have now completed the first part of the lecture wherein we proposed to show the religious features of the times in which Butler lived, the ideas which predominated, and the controversies which raged. It was in a state of society impregnated with these conceptions that Butler was brought up. They influenced his studies, affected his thoughts, and directed his energies. Let us now therefore turn to the story of his life, learn the events, understand

* The others were Morgan and Chubb.

his literary labours, estimate his character, and gather its lessons.*

Joseph Butler was born on May 18th, 1692, at Wantage, in Berkshire, a small town which has the honour of having also given birth to King Alfred. His father was a retired linendraper, and belonged to the Presbyterian denomination of Christians. Young Butler's early education was received from a clergyman in the grammar school of the town; but his father, perceiving that he had a taste for learning, determined to bring him up to the ministry in his own communion; and, with this view, sent him to a Dissenting academy at Tewkesbury, kept by the Rev. Samuel Jones. This Mr. Jones was either most fortunate in the class of pupils upon which he had to work, or else had a most singular power in developing their minds; for he could number among his scholars names which would confer honour even on a university. Not to mention others, the school contained, either shortly before Butler's time or while he was there, three† who afterwards became bishops; one who became Lord Chancellor; ‡ and (which is a greater honour than either) four, besides Butler, who became eminent as writers on behalf of Christianity; viz., Jeremiah Jones, who afterwards wrote on the canon; Nathaniel Lardner, a writer equally celebrated on the historical evidences of Christianity as Butler on the philosophical; Samuel Chandler, who distinguished himself in discussing the prophetic evidences against the Deist, Collins; and Secker, the amiable and faithful friend of Butler, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury—a man distinguished equally for learning, activity, and power of

* The facts in the following account are taken chiefly from Bartlett's "Life of Butler," 1839, and the "Life" by Bishop Fitzgerald, prefixed to his edition of the "Analogy."

† Viz. Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, Butler, and Secker.

‡ Lord Bowes, Chancellor of Ireland.

administration—who went to the grave at an advanced age, venerated and loved for eloquence, piety, and probity. The circumstance that these great men arose out of one small school, seems to prove both that their instructor possessed singular ability in developing the reflective faculties in his pupils, and also that he early instilled into their minds a careful knowledge of the evidences of Christianity. It is a great privilege and sacred trust to be permitted to instruct those who are designed to instruct others. The toiling teacher scatters his seed in hope, and by God's blessing it yields a plenteous harvest. The teacher may have rested from his labours, but his works do follow him.

During the time that Butler was at this school, he was already interesting himself in the philosophical inquiries of the age, and manifested the ability by which he was afterwards distinguished, in a correspondence with the celebrated Dr. Samuel Clarke. This learned divine had published a "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God." Butler was unable to satisfy himself about the validity of two of the arguments, and therefore wrote to Clarke on the subject, with extreme modesty and good sense, but with a maturity of thought which gave promise of his bright future. In these letters he makes that declaration of his own object in life which forms the clue to his whole character :—"I design the search after truth as the business of my life."* The correspondence closed with mutual respect; and it seems, from Butler's subsequent writings, that he admitted the truth of the solutions which Clarke afforded him. †

It was towards the close of his education at school that Butler began to manifest a preference for the Established Church, and an inclination to forsake dissent. Interviews were held with neighbouring Presbyterian ministers at his father's wish, but they failed to change his purpose; and

* Letter IV.

† This is shown by Fitzgerald, p. v. *seq.*

at last his father was obliged to permit him to go to Oxford to prepare himself for the ministry of the Church. What were the causes of the change we know not, and can hardly conjecture. Butler was old enough to judge for himself, for he had continued at school, from some unexplained cause, till he was of age; but it is true that in any change of creed, feeling and preference mingle themselves with reason, and the motives are seldom dissected, even by the person who is the subject of them. Some have thought that Butler's mind inclined him, as some facts of his life seemed to show, to a preference for external religion and ceremony beyond that which he found among the Nonconformists; more probably the deep attachment which he felt to the past, his love for Christian antiquity, united him in sympathy with the National Church. But whatever were his motives, his spotless character proves that his change of faith was honest; and both he and Secker, who afterwards followed his example, bore with them through life into the Church which they entered the spirit of tolerance and liberality which they had learned in their youth.

Butler entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1714, and continued there the usual period of three years and a half. It is a cause of great regret that the materials for Butler's life, so scanty everywhere, entirely fail us in reference to this period of study, one of the most important in his life. A biographer of Butler is unable to study his life in a perfect manner, by first understanding his mental character, and the influences which modified it, and then interpreting his life by this means, but is compelled to reverse the process, and interpret his character by his life. We should have much prized detailed accounts concerning his mental history at this time; the studies which he pursued; the influences with which he came into contact; the doubts which he felt; and the wants which he experienced, such as we possess in the memoirs

of Wesley and of Gibbon. Oxford at that time was at its lowest estate. Instead of offering, as now, a fixed plan of study, fixed lectures, fixed examinations, fixed honours, the students were left to direct their own studies, or follow their own caprices; but even then it offered opportunities of improvement—in its libraries, in its lectures, in the stimulus of intellectual society—to those who chose to make use of their privileges. Butler's subsequent works show that he employed his time wisely. Would that we could have the means of knowing the inner history of the growth of that wondrous mind.

The only thing recorded is the fact that he formed a friendship with a Mr. Talbot, son of the Bishop of Durham. Talbot was a young man of active mind, and liberal sympathies, who died early, but who laid the basis for Butler's subsequent promotion, by recommending him, together with Secker, to his father on his death-bed. It was a blessing for which Butler might well be grateful to Providence. In the Church, where, unfortunately, patronage has been so often distributed by favour rather than as a reward for merit, even a Butler or a Secker might have pined in difficulties, or lain hidden in obscurity, if this fortunate circumstance had not brought them into notice. Bishop Talbot bestowed his patronage well when he befriended these friendless youths.

Butler was probably ordained in 1717; and in the next year was appointed, partly through the influence of his correspondent, Doctor Clarke, to be preacher at the chapel of the Master of the Rolls, in Chancery-lane. He was now twenty-six years of age. The preacherships to the Inns of Court and Law Officers are even now positions of influence. They were probably even more so in those days, before London society had moved westward. The interior of the Rolls Chapel has been lately remodelled, yet the building must

always possess an interest as being the spot where the remarkable sermons of Butler were preached.

Butler arrived in London when one of the hottest controversies which ever split the Church of England was raging—the Bangorian controversy.* It was so called because it arose in consequence of a sermon preached by Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, in which he asserted the dependence of the church on the state; and it related to the question of toleration, and to the relations of the church and state. A misconception has led to the idea that Butler took part in this controversy. His mind was philosophical rather than political; he was a student rather than a man of action; a man of deep thought rather than a ready writer. Though he had definite views on political questions, and views friendly to constitutional liberty, his own thoughts turned to subjects more directly connected with theology. He already saw the rising of that storm of scepticism which soon burst, and threatened to sweep away in its course interests far more sacred than even the dearest political relations; and he was reserving himself for meeting it.

He continued to be preacher at the Rolls Chapel for six years. After he had ministered four years there, Bishop Talbot presented him to the living of Haughton-le-Skerne, near Darlington; and three years afterwards, when he was about to involve himself in difficulties in rebuilding the parsonage, which was in a ruinous state, promoted him to the valuable living of Stanhope, in the same county, where there was a parsonage suitable for habitation. Thereupon, Butler resigned the preachership at the Rolls Chapel, and went to reside upon his benefice; which, indeed, was plainly his duty, but was unhappily too often the exception, not the rule, in the last century.

* On this controversy, see Bishop Hoadley's Works, I. 689, II. 381; Hallam's "Constitutional History" II. 408.

On quitting London, he published fifteen of the sermons which he had preached at the Rolls, which it will be necessary briefly to describe as illustrative of his views and teaching. They are philosophical rather than theological, and ought to be viewed as such. In this respect they have received the unanimous praise of great men;* and one of our great seminaries of education, the University of Oxford, sets such a high value upon them, that they are used at this day as the manual of moral philosophy, and are made the subject on which students are examined. Butler is one of the four philosophers with which an exact acquaintance is required there, in all candidates for classical honours; the other three being Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon.

These sermons were adapted for the age in which they were preached. The cold spirit of reasoning and scepticism, which we before described, had not only assaulted the doctrines of religion, but its duties, and had caused the denial of the simplest facts of our moral nature, the obligation of conscience, and the duty of compassion; had elevated self-love into a principle of conduct, had justified the feeling of resentment, and scoffed at internal religion as fanaticism. These opinions coincided with the standard of manners then common. Butler designed these few sermons to obliterate these falsehoods, by showing that God has written deeply in the heart the duties thus gainsaid, and that a careful examination of human nature can detect the proof of them there, even in our ruined and sinful nature. He did not preach controversially, but trusted to the power of truth to expel error. He surveyed the several parts of our nature,—the conscience, the intellect,—the feelings—and showed what function each separately, and the whole collectively, were intended to

* Dr. Chalmers pronounced them "the most precious repository of sound ethical principles extant in any language."

serve, and the duties which they entailed. In his method* of exploring the nature and laws of the human spirit, he was unconsciously pursuing that by which science made its discoveries in other regions of inquiry. It was thus that Harvey, through contemplating the use or "final cause" of the valves in the blood-vessels of the heart for preventing a backward flow of the vital fluid, had discovered the law of the circulation of the blood.

Butler hoped by this means, in a reasoning age, to convince men of the grounds for the primary duties of life and of religion, to show men the law which God had written in their hearts. It is only by reading the contemporary literature that we realize the value of these discourses. They seem to us unspiritual and cold, but they were both well adapted to current sceptical speculations, and glanced at the rival opinions by which other Christian philosophers were attempting to put down scepticism.† They are essays, not sermons, addressed to men on the basis of reason rather than of Scripture; and if looked at in any other light than with reference to the purpose which they were immediately intended to subserve, they would necessarily be considered to lack evangelical and scriptural teaching, and perhaps are open to exceptions even in their specific object. They offer a map of some of those facts of the nature of man which lie at the basis of the evidences and duties of religion; but it must be confessed that they hardly, perhaps, give a sufficient view of the depth of ruin which exists in our depraved hearts, and are almost silent concerning the supernatural

* The method is technically known by the name of "the inquiry by means of *final causes*." On it see Bishop Hampden's "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," Lect. IV.

† On these sermons, see the "Life" prefixed to Fitzgerald's edition of the "Analogy"; Whewell's, and also Carmichael's editions of them.

help which is necessary for delivering man from the misery in which he is involved. If defective, however, the fault is negative, not positive ; in omissions rather than in errors. The excellences are Butler's, the defects are those of his age. But two of the sermons which are devoted to the subject of love to God, deserve a separate notice. A little before Butler's time, a great controversy had arisen in France on this subject. Madame Guyon and the saintly Fénélon had been persecuted because they had taught the duty and the possibility of the disinterested love of God. A cold world despised their views as enthusiasm. But Butler had sufficient depth of knowledge and of piety to perceive the substantial correctness of their opinions ; and in terms of surpassing eloquence showed, in two sermons, that love to God is not only not enthusiasm, but is the very quality in which human nature finds its perfection, and that pious resignation to God's will is the essence of Christian piety

We have devoted some time to Butler's sermons at the Rolls, as to one of his two celebrated works. What were the nature of those which he preached in his parish at Stanhope we have no means of knowing. We can only conjecture that his life and teaching exhibited that serious deportment and conscientious fulfilment of duty which marked him elsewhere, and which he afterwards recommended in one of his episcopal charges to the clergy of Durham. The present Bishop of Exeter, who held the same living eighty years after Butler, tried to glean a few reminiscences from some very old persons who remembered him as children. Their recollection, however, only told one characteristic trait, viz., that he was of such a benevolent disposition, that when he came out of his house he was so beset with beggars that he was sometimes driven in doors again. The incident is not improbable. The northern districts were not then enriched, as now, by the great

development of mining and commerce ; and Butler's heart was naturally so benevolent, that he would be liable to importunity. Though he had never known poverty, he had known the pressure of curtailed means ; which is a discipline that creates a life-long sympathy with every kind of sorrow.

For seven years he resided in the retirement of Stanhope, occupied with study, and writing his celebrated work called "The Analogy." At the end of that period he was recalled to town, in consequence of being made chaplain to the Lord Chancellor Talbot. This appointment was obtained for him through the influence of Secker, who was now a bishop, in order to draw him out of his retirement ; but Butler, with characteristic conscientiousness, stipulated, in accepting it, to be allowed to reside half the year at his living. It is stated that Queen Caroline, wife of George II., who knew Butler's sermons, speaking, one day, to Archbishop Blackburne about their author, and observing that she supposed he was dead ; was answered by the archbishop, "No, madam, he is not dead, but he is buried." Butler was buried, indeed, but "it was only as the grain is buried, which vegetating unseen, springs up at last in the luxuriance of a teeming harvest." For it was during those years of retirement at Stanhope, as already observed, that he composed his "Analogy,"—a work which is the master-piece of British theology, and the ablest defence of religion ever written. It was published in 1736, three years after his return to town.

The queen, just named, was one of the most accomplished of sovereigns. She had a great pleasure in reading philosophical works, and possessed a mind of masculine power and compass. Theology was her delight ; and she loved to gather round her some of the ablest and most metaphysical divines of the age. Added to these mental qualities, her

virtuous life and boundless charity, rendered her character worthy of deep respect. Shortly before the publication of Butler's "Analogy," the queen had appointed him Clerk of the Closet, and commanded his attendance for two hours each evening. When the "Analogy" was published, the queen read it carefully ; and a passage remains, written by the deist, Lord Bolingbroke, which at once records the queen's opinion of the book, and Bolingbroke's vexation at the patronage which was extended by her to the defenders of the Christian faith. "She" (the queen) "studies with much application the 'Analogy.' She understands the whole argument perfectly, and concludes, with the Reverend author, that it is not 'so clear a case that there is nothing in revealed religion.' Such royal, such lucrative encouragement, must needs keep both metaphysics and the sublimest theology in credit." This excellent woman died suddenly the following year ; but on her death-bed commended Butler to the king's notice for promotion.

Though your attention has been already, I fear, too much taxed, I must ask for it while I give a short account of this great work of Butler, "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature."*

The title is difficult enough ; but the general idea conveyed is easy. The word "analogy" means resemblance of relations,† and the idea which Bishop Butler wanted to impress was this,—that if nature and religion come from the

* Concerning the "Analogy," see (besides Angus's edition, named below) Bishop Fitzgerald's edition, Bishop Hampden's "Philosophical Evidences of Christianity," and Dr. Chalmers' "Prelections."

† Or more exactly, "similarity of ratios." Analogy is useful (1) for purposes of illustration ; (2) for refutation ; (3) for suggestion of discovery ; (4) for argument. In this last aspect it has only the force of probability, but the convergence of many analogies possesses the force of "circumstantial evidence."

same author, we may trace marvellous similarities between the two. One grand law will be seen to bind together the work of God in both; the world visible will be the miniature of the world invisible, the temporal of the spiritual, the natural of the revealed. Intricate, but not fanciful,* resemblances will be apparent, so that it will be seen that the same Artificer has constructed both; and the practical result will be, that whatever objections may be levelled against revealed religion, against the scheme of God's government made known in Scripture, will be effectually answered if the parallel difficulties against which the objection is levelled exist in nature. "All things are double one against the other."

This is the central idea of the work. Let us select a few illustrations to see how he uses it. Suppose a person objects to the idea of future rewards and punishments, because he thinks it unlikely, considering how much persons are tempted, that God will punish them hereafter for sin, still less punish them irremediably. Butler answers:—Instead of venturing to guess what God will do hereafter, ask yourself what He does now; and then measure His ways in the future by the present. Does He not now allow permanent pleasure to follow virtue, and pain vice? Has He not so arranged this present world, that in spite of its ruined state, we see goodness rewarded by the arrangements of society, by praise, by freedom from care, by the rewards of conscience, and vice similarly punished? If you say, you cannot believe that we are in a state of religious probation, ask yourself, are we not in a state of probation as regards our worldly affairs? Are we not constantly tempted at all points? Is not our future dependent on present exertion? Are not prudence, self-restraint, forethought, required? Are we not

* Butler carefully eschewed the mystical analogies which the Hutchinsonians supposed to be discoverable in nature.

made to suffer throughout life through neglect? Is it not clear that we carry with us to the grave a neglected education, neglected opportunities? Nay, are there not many acts in our lives which we cannot retrieve? The penalty is final; it is the miniature of final punishment hereafter.

If we pass to other doctrines of revealed religion—is not the type of the heavenly similarly seen in the earthly? A man objects to the idea of a mediator. Is not life one vast group of instances, where relief is brought to us in those cases where we are unable to aid ourselves, by means of the voluntary sufferings and trouble undertaken on our behalf by those that pity us? Is not human life one vast instance of salvation by means of mediation? Or if a man objects that it is unreasonable to suppose that if Christianity be true, Providence would let so many generations die without its benefits. Is not this marvel constantly seen in life? It is not more than two centuries ago that the plant which yields the Peruvian Bark flourished on the slopes of the Andes, unknown save to the wild Indians who penetrated those primæval forests; and generation after generation was allowed by Providence to go to the grave without the knowledge of the remedy which would have prevented the fevers that laid them low. Or, if the evidence of religion be objected to as lacking demonstration; does Providence demand of us in that respect anything strange? Do we not act daily in life on uncertainty, on mere probability? Lastly, if you object to many things in the scheme of religion, and yet approve others, are not your difficulties answered by the very parallel of daily observation? If you saw only a portion of a complex piece of machinery, and could detect the wisdom of some parts, but thought other parts looked ugly, where would you suppose the fault to be?—in the maker, some of whose work you admit to be beautiful, or in the fact that you can but see a part of the

machine, while it is probable, that if you saw the whole, there would be found to be equal wisdom displayed in the parts which cause your present perplexity?

These are a few of the arguments selected from Bishop Butler which will give you an idea of his great work. You will perceive the potency of its argumentation. It is omnipotent in answering objections; but it has been too commonly supposed that this is its whole or even its main use. It is not just to think so, for it answers the doubts of believers as well as solves those of sceptics. There is not a person here who has ever thought seriously of the subject, but must feel that the difficulties which have just been cited are precisely the kind of difficulties which have sometimes puzzled him. Without disbelieving, he has had his doubts—doubts which have harassed him, and which he would often have liked to talk over with his pastor. The use of Bishop Butler's book is seen in the fact that it solves such doubts of believers, as well as silences unbelievers; it is not only an argument against the deist, but a homily to the Christian Church.

You will, perhaps, have noticed another peculiarity in it. In the explanation of Divine mysteries which was cited above, Butler did not attempt to show the justice of God's dealings in the scheme of religion; he only showed that the same scheme is seen in the world of nature. And hence many objections have been raised against Butler, and atheists in his own times, and pantheists in the present, have considered his arguments to be ineffectual.* The answer is that it was not meant for such as they. It must be tested, in the first place, by its own times. The remarks which have before been made on the nature of the unbelief called "Deism," will enable you to perceive that it was exactly adapted to its special object. The deists held firmly the

* Some of the objections to Butler's work are discussed in the "Life" prefixed to Fitzgerald's edition.

belief in a god—a god of nature ; but denied the truth of religion, the truth of the Bible. Butler therefore effectually answered them, when he showed to them in the world of nature, on which they relied, the miniature of the very truths to which they objected in the Bible.

But there is a great truth in the apparent defect thus charged on Butler—a truth both scientifically and theologically. Butler was too wise a man to attempt to explain the mysteries of God's government : the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, though it can apprehend it. He aimed only at giving the kind of explanation of them which science gives of laws of nature, viz., to show their credibility by exhibiting the universality of their application. Science classifies facts, and reduces new facts under previously known laws ; but, when it has done so, these laws themselves remain as much a mystery as ever. An illustration will make this clear.

Not long before Butler's time, Sir Isaac Newton had made that wonderful discovery in reference to the cause of the motions of the planets which has immortalized his name. Now what had he really done ? He had shown, by an act of wonderful genius and laborious calculation, that the motion of the stars is produced by the very same cause as that which makes a stone to fall, or determines the path of a cannon-ball. And when he had proved this, did he understand the cause which he had discovered ? On the contrary, he rested there, and could go no further. He knew that the cause which he had discovered produced the effects just named, but the higher cause, of which this cause was itself an effect, was as much a mystery as ever. In like manner, Butler united in the grasp of one magnificent classification the facts which relate to God's government in nature and in the Bible, and showed that the same laws which were manifested in the condescending love which produced our Saviour's incarnation, or in the

destiny for weal or woe reserved for man in the life to come, were seen to include also within their sweep the minute facts, seen daily, of human mediation and of earthly probation. He did not explain either class ; he rested content in the discovery that they were similar. His method was the method of science, of the inductive sciences which have made so many discoveries. It was the spirit of Lord Bacon's method applied to theology. As that great philosopher had said in effect,—“Don't interpret nature by your own preconceptions, by your own guess-work ; but go humbly to her ; spell out her meaning as you would decipher a language, and be content ;”—so Butler in effect said,—“Don't measure the acts of your infinite Creator, or His dealings with you, by the pigmy preconceptions of your own understanding ; but go and study His works, both natural and moral, go and read His Word ; build the two into one system, trace the resemblances and the differences, then you will learn truly God's will and ways by the light of His own teaching.” It was probably a view similar to this concerning the scope of Butler's great work, which led Dr. Chalmers, when asked to write something on the leaf of a Greek testament which had once belonged to Butler, to write :—“Butler is in theology what Bacon is in science. The reigning principle of the latter is, that it is not for man to *theorize* on the works of God ; and of the former, that it is not for man to theorize on the ways of God. Both deferred alike to the certainty of experience, as being paramount to all the plausibilities of hypothesis ; and he who attentively studies the writings of these great men, will find a marvellous concurrence of principle between a sound philosophy and a sound faith.”

These remarks may perhaps give us an idea of Butler's object and argument ; but nothing, except a careful and repeated perusal of his works, can give an idea of his intellect. He had one of those minds which Providence

bestows on the world only at intervals. He possessed great powers of observation as well as of reflection. He exhibited a keen insight into life, a marvellous introspection and knowledge of human nature, of man as distinct from men ; an originality, as seen in the power of perceiving resemblances, on which power of mind the suggestion of all great discoveries, has ever depended ; but his most wonderful endowment was his great power of reflection, of sustained mental abstraction and meditation. These gifts of nature to him were also affected and modified by the times in which he lived. His mind was thoroughly suited for the reasoning spirit, which we before described, of that age. He embodied the better qualities of its tendency and spirit, and used them for acting on the world. He exhibited its love for solid information. The work which we have been describing bears marks, if we view it as a work of art, of the most careful elaboration in every part. It gives few references to authorities ; and none but those who are well acquainted with the works of that time, are aware what internal marks it bears of extensive study of other writers, both infidel and Christian ; yet of such a kind as not justly to lead to the depreciation of Butler's originality. His work, wrought out thoughtfully in many years of study, and written leisurely in his retirement at Stanhope, was the summing-up of the whole controversy, the final utterance on the side of the Church concerning the philosophy of religion, when viewed in reference to the Deist controversy. The style is obscure, for Butler never possessed a lucid style, in spite of the help which Secker used to afford him in simplifying his sentences ; but the obscurity of the work in a great degree arises from its fulness. It is packed full of thought. Its tone and manner of handling are also characteristic of the age. It admits that religion must rest on rational evidences. Its tone exhibits such candour, such Christian

courage, mixed with philosophical moderation, that the reader feels confidence in the author. He feels that Butler really understood the difficulties to which he replied, and was writing to convince opponents, not to win applause from admirers.

I know not whether any of you will be tempted by my description to read the book. I am quite aware of the difficulty which the perusal of such a work entails on you, when you have only the evenings to devote to it, and when your minds are jaded with the work of the day. The perusal of it is a real labour; but it will repay the trouble, both by the mental discipline acquired in the process, and by the grand views obtained from it. If the Sermons of Butler give a philosophy of man, his *Analogy* gives one of Providence. If any of you should attempt the task, I venture to suggest that you will receive great help from reading it in the edition published under the direction of the Religious Tract Society, and edited by an eminent Baptist minister, Dr. Angus.* It is one of the cheapest and best editions of Butler's work which exists.

If, however, my voice could reach any of those who are engaged in the ministry of Christ, or who are likely hereafter to have that responsibility, I would respectfully, but earnestly, urge them to the diligent study of Butler. The great office of a minister is to teach the doctrines and the evidences of Christianity. In the present day, among evangelical Christians, there is no lack of the preaching of the doctrines; but there is a special need, in the midst of a great deal of very active and dangerous speculation, that Christian congregations should be also educated in the evidences of the faith, and especially in the philosophical

* Bishop Wilson (of Calcutta) also published a valuable analysis of Butler's "*Analogy*." See also the Right Hon. J. Napier's "*Lectures*."

as distinct from the historical evidences—the proof that Christianity is credible, as well as true. It is most important that young persons should be prepared for the dangers of life, by being made to understand the chief arguments on which our faith rests. Now, nothing would so much prepare ministers for effecting this work, and for labouring wisely in an age of peril, as the careful and frequent perusal of Butler's "Analogy." They would catch his tone of dignified candour; they would become imbued with his grand thoughts on providence and redemption; they would teach their flocks as men who had themselves understood the system of God's government, not in section, but in plan; as those who had been permitted to gaze from some mountain summit, on the scheme of religion stretched out before them.

We shall now resume the narrative of Butler's life. Henceforth his life became one of work, not of writing. The dying request of the queen that Butler might not be overlooked was not forgotten, and the bishopric of Bristol was offered to him at the close of the following year, 1738. The premier, Sir Robert Walpole, supposing perhaps that so unworldly a man as Butler would overlook a slight, gave a valuable bishopric, which was vacant, to a less worthy person, and the see of Bristol, which was then only worth £400 a year, to Butler. But he was mistaken. In the letter in which Butler accepted the appointment, he let the premier know that he considered that little respect had been shown to the queen's wishes, in offering him promotion which he was too poor to accept, save by retaining his previous church appointments in non-residence. Two years later the premier, probably shamed by the letter, offered him the deanery of St. Paul's, and Butler then immediately resigned the living of Stanhope and his canonry. Pluralities are

always improper, and it is well that they are now prevented; but in an age when they were common, Butler's purity of conduct stands conspicuous.

The diocese of Bristol, as then constituted, included the city of Bristol and the county of Dorset. Butler presided over this see twelve years, in conscientious discharge of his duties. His work as a writer was done; and he published nothing further, except a few sermons. Of his private habits not much is known. One little trait of his character may be noticed. He seems to have had a passion for building. Was it that the constructive faculty was so strong, that when it could not build up a philosophy it employed itself in architectural constructions? A villa, which he occupied at Hampstead during the sessions of parliament, was adorned by him with beautiful foreign stained glass, some unimportant medallions of which are still preserved in Oriel College, Oxford; and while he was at Bristol he devoted the whole revenues of the see to rebuild the palace, which still stands, though nodding in the ruins caused by the devastation of the mob at the Bristol riots at the time of the Reform Act. The little garden behind it was a favourite spot, where Butler used to walk to and fro in meditation—often to a late hour of the night. His mind was given, as has often been the case with the deeper and more spiritual kind of men, to seriousness, if not to melancholy. Philosophy and piety together raised him above the world.

It was, perhaps, this tone of melancholy which caused him to decline the archbishopric of Canterbury, when that high office was offered him in 1747. His reason, it is said, was that "it was too late for him to attempt to support a falling church." He was wise in his resolve, for he was not the man of action suited for the office, but he was not wise in the reason for it. The prospects for the Church and the

nation at that time were very gloomy ; but the forbearance of God is so great that we need not fear that He will ever abandon any branch of His Church, even though it be endangered by foes without, and faithlessness or treason within.*

The same reason, however, did not operate to prevent him accepting the bishopric of Durham when it was offered to him in 1750 ; perhaps, because he knew the wants of that diocese, in which he had been so long a parochial clergyman. One charge to his clergy there remains, in which he impressed on them, in solemn tones, the duty of trying to revive the spirit of piety among their flocks by more punctual attention to external and internal religion. This was the only one of the bishop's writings which made him enemies. It was attacked by the semi-Socinian Archdeacon Blackburne, on the strange ground, that it encouraged Popery ; and this groundless and cruel allegation was revived several years after Butler's death, but was triumphantly refuted by his old friend, Archbishop Secker. Even good men may expect to meet with undeserved unkindness.

His days were now drawing to a close. In one of the three portraits which remain of him, which was taken at this time, the original of which is in the Infirmary of Newcastle—the duplicate in Oriel College, Oxford,† the marks of pain caused from internal disease are stamped upon his countenance, and his fine face looks wasted. In the first stages of illness he remained in the north, solacing his moments of weariness by hearing the music of an organ, of which he was exceedingly fond ; but subsequently he was removed southward to Bristol Hot Wells, and afterwards to Bath. He arrived there early in June, 1752, and scarcely

* Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury, afterwards Bishop of London, also declined the Primacy at this time.

† The other two portraits are in private hands.

lived a fortnight. Having never been married, he had no near relatives, and was unattended, save by a faithful chaplain, Dr. Forster, who watched him with almost filial love. His old friend, the godly Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, hastened at great personal labour, from a distant part of his diocese, to pay him a last visit, and by doing so brought on his own death, and followed him to the grave. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided." Secker, his faithful and tried friend, was too ill to visit him ; but the affecting letters which Dr. Forster wrote from the sick chamber gave him daily tidings of Butler's failing health.

We have few particulars of Butler's last days. It is not curiosity, but the most reverent respect which would desire to pry into the secrets of the deathbed of any great, still more of any good man. We would not, indeed, judge the character by the fitful utterances of those moments of weakness. It is the life which determines the character both for this world and another. If men take care of their souls in life, they may trust God to take care of their souls in death. But yet, we love to know how far principles, believed in life, have been able to sustain a man in the sight of the eternal world ; and generally a life of piety is crowned by a death of assurance.

One incident is recorded in various forms concerning Butler, the truth of which there is no reason to doubt. Let us listen to it with the solemnity with which we should have entered the chamber of the dying bishop. His bodily weakness made him at all times gloomy during his illness ; but one day, he was more than usually pensive and dejected. His chaplain ventured to ask him the cause. His reply was, "Though I have endeavoured to avoid sin, and to please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die."

"My lord," said the chaplain, "you have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour."

"True," was the reply; "but how shall I know that He is a Saviour to me?"

"My lord," said the chaplain, "it is written, Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out."

"True," replied the bishop; "and I am surprised that, though I have read that Scripture a thousand times, I never felt its virtue till this moment, and now I die happy."

The reverent mind will not doubt that in that moment the Holy Spirit of God was cheering the soul of His dying servant by enabling him to appropriate that blessed truth by faith. "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

A few days later, on June 16th, Butler entered into his eternal rest. The mantle remained, but the prophet's spirit departed to the God that gave it. His remains were taken to Bristol and modestly interred under the pavement of the choir of that cathedral, where he had himself so long presided.

"Beneath this marble Butler lies entombed,
Who, with a soul inflamed by love Divine,
His life in presence of his God consumed,
Like the bright lamps before the holy shrine.

* * * *

"His heart a mirror was, of purest kind,
Where the bright image of his Maker shined;
Reflecting, faithful to the throne above,
Th' irradiant glories of the mystic Dove."*

* These lines are part of an epitaph sent to one of the magazines at the time. In Bristol Cathedral, besides the brief Latin inscription on his tombstone, is one in English, written by Southey, for a monument erected to him a few years ago.

In some recent alterations of the cathedral, it has been necessary to place the bishop's throne precisely over Butler's grave. Who will not join in the wish that every bishop who is honoured to sit on the spot which covers his last resting-place may reflect some of the rays which were concentrated in the sun-like brightness of Butler's character?

We have now completed the history of the times and life of Bishop Butler. We have tried to understand the ideas then prevalent, and to view Butler's life and works in relation to those ideas. Yet, when we have allowed for the elements of his mental and moral character, which were the product of the age in which he lived, and have made use of his writings, or the facts of his life, as the means of ascertaining his natural gifts, which were independent of the age, we are left with the painful feeling of regret that we possess no means of obtaining a deeper insight into his inner life—intellectual and spiritual. There are few minds in history of his high order, concerning which we possess so little information. It only remains, in conclusion, to draw briefly some lessons from his life.

In the last century, when infidelity and ungodliness, the product of the woes of the preceding century, were abounding, there were two great means which Providence used for reviving piety in the land. The one was intellectual and literary; the other practical and personal. The one was the series of great writings on the Christian evidences; the other was the revival of evangelical religion, caused by the preaching of the cross. Bishop Butler was the type of the one kind of instrumentality; John Wesley of the other. The study of the one is the fitting introduction to that of the other, and I rejoice to find that the present lecture is to be followed by one on Wesley. Each was a most marked instrument of influence in the respective fields of the argumentative and the spiritual. Both were men of learning;

but the one was a philosopher, writing to the educated ; the other became a missionary, preaching to the poor. Part of their course ran parallel. It was in the same city, Bristol, in the spring of the same year, 1739, in which Butler was installed as bishop of the see, that John Wesley, on a hill near the town, preached his first sermon in the open air.

Butler spoke through the press—mind speaking to mind ; Wesley with the voice—heart speaking to heart. Butler's great mental gifts were dedicated to roll back the flood of infidelity in the first half of the century, and he was the means of cheering many hearts and hushing many doubts ; Wesley's labours, by the spiritual yearnings which they created, were the means of preparing an effectual check against unbelief during the latter half of it, when infidelity extended from the higher orders to the lower. The one aroused the conscience through the intellect, the other through the affections. The one embodied the reasoning spirit which had marked the age which preceded ; the other created the emotional evangelical spirit which has marked the age which followed. The one finds his parallel in the present day in those who are quietly, but conscientiously, performing their regular duty in the path where Providence has placed them ; the other in those whose hearts are ever burning with a pent-up fire to find untried means for carrying the wondrous message of the cross to those who have not heard of it. The one numbers as his disciples those who can wrangle out a controversy with the doubter ; the other those who can speak to the doubter's heart.

The lessons which Butler's life teaches will be made apparent by this contrast. He may be viewed in two aspects—as the type of the writers on the evidences of religion, and as the type of the earnest Christian men who, without the restless activity which causes them to find out for themselves new spheres of labour, faithfully fulfil the duties of the

sphere in which they move. In the first of these two respects there are indeed few of us to whom he is a model ; but if he is not an example for imitation, he is so for instruction. We can be thankful that he lived, cherish his memory, and make ourselves masters of his works. But in the second respect he is a model for all.

Most of us are placed in circumstances where we can influence for good only a few ; some of us, perhaps, are in such a position that we can, as it appears, hardly influence any one at all. But Butler may be our model. Let us, like him, do our duty in our sphere, whatever that may be ; and we shall not fail to do real good. If we cannot imitate him in preaching the Gospel and in writing books of evidence in favour of religion, we can at least imitate him in showing the greatest of all evidences in behalf of it ;—we can embody it in our lives. In our families, in our business, in the common haunts of our daily life ; by unselfishness, by forbearance, by humility, by a pious demeanour, we can be living epistles, known and read of all men. The silent eloquence of a holy life will penetrate where words will be unavailing. If we cannot emulate Butler's mental gifts, nor leave a name honoured for generations, we can emulate his holiness—his faithful, modest fulfilment of daily duty. The moral majesty of his character is a gift which may be shared by all.

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

“Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.”*

* “Longfellow's Poems,” p. 106.

Addresses.

BY

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THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

Addresses.

It may be proper to state, in order to the better understanding of some references which they contain, that the following addresses were delivered on the occasion of the 18th Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall, on the 10th February, 1863 under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

They were preceded by the usual report, which embodied information on the following points :—

THE MISSION OF THE ASSOCIATION TO THE COMMERCIAL YOUNG MEN OF LONDON, conducted by the members as its missionary agents in the spheres of their daily duties.

THE BIBLE CLASSES for Young Men and for Youths, held every Sunday afternoon, and attended by increasing numbers, with continual indications of their moral and spiritual usefulness.

THE MEETINGS FOR DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES, by which the members of the Association and the young men they bring with them are united in prayer, on Sundays at 9.15, a.m., and 8.45, p.m. ; Thursdays and Saturdays at 8.30, p.m.

THE TRACT DISTRIBUTION, larger than in previous years, and very largely blessed of God.

THE LIBRARY AND READING ROOMS in Aldersgate-street, where young men are provided with the comforts of a home, with opportunities for social and religious intercourse, and with the means of religious and general instruction.

THE LECTURES contained in this volume, of which no mention need be made here, where they speak for themselves.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE of Delegates from the Associations of Europe and America, — a report of which may be obtained through the publishers of this volume.

The growth of the work ; its increasing claim upon the support of Christians ; the blessing vouchsafed on the labours of the Association and its branches ; its loyalty to the churches of Christ ; its unsectarian, practical, and missionary character ; were also illustrated.

REV. CHARLES PREST,

PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

I AM sure, Lord Shaftesbury, you will feel, as deeply as I can feel, the responsibility of an occasion like this. I apprehend that we are not here to-night—that, in fact, young men are never addressed from this place on any occasion—merely for the purpose of amusement or for the purpose of excitement. I take it that our object is to endeavour, in unison with the great object of this Association, to benefit the young men that are present, in order that they, by God's blessing, may be of Christian use in their day and generation. I have been pleased by one feature of the Report. It refers to the missionary character of this Association; and I very well recollect, that when this Association was formed, this was one of its primary objects—a mission not ostentatiously paraded, a mission not likely to be covered ostensibly with celebrity, but a mission pervading the masses of young men in London by the kindred influence of young men; that influence being sanctified by God. And certainly, my lord, we cannot look upon this kingdom with that solicitude which well becomes us, without rejoicing in any mission influence to those who so much need it in our midst. I recollect that your lordship has said, on more than one occasion, that there is as true and as necessary a work of Christian missions to be done in this country as there is to be done in any part of the world. And the more I make myself acquainted with the condition of many about me, the more I am assured of this. I will look a little at the state of this kingdom, and I am not disposed to take a gloomy

view altogether of our condition. There is something about this kingdom, after all, that inspires hope, and that arouses the confidence of good men ; a confidence, however, which must not betray us into inaction, but a confidence which should encourage our best evangelical efforts. There is something anomalous about us. There is much that is good, there is very much that is evil ; and yet there is no country in the world in which there is so much of the direct and indirect influence of Christianity as we find in this ; and I am of opinion that we are too little in the habit of looking at what we owe to the indirect influence of our glorious religion. I look, for instance, at the constitution of this country. I look at it apart from all party and political bias. I see that constitution the growth of ages, not something prepared in order to meet the pattern of a clever theorist ; it has grown up as the result of great experience, sometimes painful, sometimes pleasant ; as the result of blunders, as the result of successes ; and it stands out—men may mask it as they please—the admiration of all thoughtful men in the world. There is in our laws that which commands our respect and secures our confidence. Well, now, these laws have been the growth of ages, and that growth has been influenced more or less directly or indirectly, from the foundation of our Saxon institutions, by our Christianity. We have not only laws that are the admiration of the world, but we have an unsullied, unimpeachable and unimpeached, administration of those laws. And there is an undefinable something about the population, an undefinable power—and many of the greatest agencies in the universe are not easily defined—which some would term a veneration for law, which others would term the fear of the consequence of doing wrong, but which I consider to be something better, implanted in the minds of the British people, and of the character of a veneration

for right. However perverted, however overlaid, there it is; and we owe it to our Christianity. I see in this metropolis, on the whole, an orderly population. You walk through the streets, you hardly see a soldier; you look at your police force, admirably organized and efficient as they are; you look at the small garrison in your immediate neighbourhood. Your lordship knows, better perhaps than most in this place, that there is a latent power in the population of this city, which, if once roused into maddened excitement, would sweep our police and our garrison away like chaff. Then how is it that it is not done? You see a crowd of unruly men, you see a single policeman come near them: that man's power is little, that man's physical strength is small; but he stands there—these men are awed, unless they are maddened by some excitement or other. Why are they awed? He is the representative of a power that must not be trifled with. But it is not merely the fear of consequence; the fear of consequence, in my judgment, is built upon something better—a respect, however remote, for right. Look at the attitude of this kingdom at this moment. We all know it has been the admiration of the civilized world. Look at it in its domestic conditions. A short time ago, the operatives of Lancashire were the best employed and the best paid, perhaps, in the kingdom. They were contented, they were prosperous; and they were the envy, probably, of some who were less well paid in other districts of the country. Suddenly a blight comes over them; employment is not only scarce, but withdrawn; famine, to which they had been utterly unaccustomed, succeeds; and at the same moment there arises a spontaneous manifestation of that true, noble, and, of late, vigorously put forth sympathy of classes above with classes below, to the production of which sympathy your lordship has contributed more than any living man. I am not here to flatter,

but I know this. I am quite old enough to remember the struggles that were associated with your lordship's early endeavours, and that it was a long time that was required to teach the great lesson of political wisdom to many in this country—that the working people of this country do not want any man's patronage, they want every man's sympathy. It is not my habit, it never has been, to flatter the working men—it is the stock in trade of some speakers, I know, but I abstain from flattering any man; but, knowing as I do—and I think I know something about it—the relative importance of capital to labour, I am bold to say, that the working men of this kingdom are the bone and sinew of our national prosperity. Well, now this sympathy has come out, and what has been done? The wants of this people have been liberally relieved; help has almost been forced upon them. And that help has not been given as charity, it has not been doled out grudgingly; it has been given in response to a righteous claim, received and acted upon by men who have learned in all circumstances rightly to respect their fellow-men. This country will not be greatly shaken if this sympathy between class and class can be maintained; and I have been surprised that in the midst of distress—one-half of which, as the Rev. Canon Stowell very well knows, would have set Lancashire in a blaze thirty years ago—in the midst of all this distress, we have had no demagogue among the people; and, though there has been sad suffering, thank God, we have had no complaining in our streets. And, moreover,—I happened to be in Lancashire last week, and went as fully as I could, in a short visit, into a great deal of this melancholy and yet delightful history,—I find that the crime of Lancashire has not increased. I find, secondly, that the police of that county has not been augmented; and I am told by military gentlemen that we have never had fewer soldiers in the northern military district of this kingdom

than we have now. I say we owe this to our Christianity ; we owe it to that religious influence, direct, remote, less or great, which has taken hold of the public of this kingdom. And then I look abroad. I look at this nation now, as she stands up among the other nations of the earth. What a supremacy has she ! What a glorious front does she exhibit ! What a majesty does she present ! Where have you a nation like her ? We are told that the Emperor of the French is the greatest practical and most influential man of his day. I don't believe it. He is clever and he is able, no doubt. We have been told that he has held in his hand the destinies of European politics. I am a thorough unbeliever there. My opinion is, that in the present condition of this kingdom, the greatest man is that man, whoever he may be, who, at the head of Her Majesty's government for the time being, expresses the will and embodies the principles of this nation in her international politics. And I, at least, shall have the opinion—others can do as they like—I shall have the opinion that England has been the arbiter of Europe for a long time ; and that we are not indebted to the forbearance, or anything else, of other nations for toleration, or for the exercise of power. There have been things in this nation too—in the history of it in the last few months—that fill us with admiration. Why, we have had Greece honouring the nation by seeking a king from it ; and after all it turns out that, so far from Her Majesty's ministers wishing His Holiness the Pope to take up his abode among us, that His Holiness the Pope was afraid that in certain eventualities he should be compelled to seek an asylum in our midst ; and I suppose we should not have thought of refusing the old man—we should have been content to have received him under the circumstances, I dare say. There are all these things ; and then comes the influence of Christianity upon so many people's

minds and hearts, the influence of religion in taking so many people to heaven, the influence of a quickened evangelical action in our midst, which, I hope, may be more than sufficient to counteract certain evil and infidel tendencies springing up where they ought not. But we must look at the other hand. There is much of evil amongst us. There is a great deal of criminality in this country yet, notwithstanding all our efforts to repress it. I am told by some persons that there are fewer individuals now committed for trial than there were some years ago. But that is a very imperfect view to take of the case, because, in consequence of one or two Acts of Parliament, small offenders can now be convicted at the Petty Sessions upon their own confession; and though they are not committed for trial in so large a number, there are not fewer persons sent to prison. And some of the crimes of late have been revolting and fearful. Need I refer to the Sabbath-breaking of the country? So far as that Sabbath-breaking is the action of individual will, we can do nothing yet, I presume, better than placing temptation out of the way of the people, and arguing and influencing them into a better mind. But the evil of evils connected with Sabbath-breaking in this kingdom now is, that it is systematically encouraged and patronized by railroad directors. I do not know whether I have any of those gentlemen here, but if so, let them understand that we do not believe their talk about philanthropy at all; that we do not believe in their talk about the concern for the sanitary improvement of the population. The people may stay and fester in some of those places in which self-respect, I grant, can hardly grow—they may stay there and fester till they die before this philanthropy would have been extended towards them, had it not been for the sake of a supposed profit. You may look at our intemperance, still fearful, still terrific, and still full of the worst consequences;

and then you may come to the wide-spread ungodliness, the monster evil of all; to the great apathy shown by the masses of the people to the claims and to the blessings of religion. These are things with which we have to deal, and I conceive, my lord, the great question is this,—a question for every thoughtful, earnest young man, and for older men,—Shall the good in this kingdom overcome the evil, or shall the evil overcome the good? That is the question. Now do not put it away as you sometimes do; there is a very convenient, a dishonest and an idle method of saying, “Oh, there can be no question about that, the good must overcome the evil;” and men having or professing this conviction will sit down without endeavouring to stir any agency to decrease the evil of which we complain. Let all such men know this, that in the order of God, the good that is to be victorious is that good which He places in the hearts of individual men. His order is, that this good shall be applied by human instrumentality, and it is not a good that shall develop itself without it; and for men to talk about good overcoming the evil, and do nothing, is, in fact, to say practically, “Good shall not prevail but evil shall continue;” and unless I misread the Bible, and unless I misinterpret the purposes and principles of God’s government, the condemnation of a man neglecting his duty in that respect will be the condemnation of a man who has done his worst to pluck the crown from the brow of his Redeemer, and salvation from his fellow-men. We shall not be condemned by and by for the actual amount of evil we have done, but for that amount of evil which our sins would have occasioned if the mercy of God had not prevented it. This brings me to the missionary character of this Association. Young men are called upon to look upon all this, and to prepare themselves to assail it wisely, vigorously, and well. This Asso-

ciation, I know, affords opportunities for gaining a preparation for work of this kind. I am glad to find that one object is steadily kept in view, namely, not to allow the arrangements or organizations of this Association to abate the force of the claims made upon its members by the churches of Christ in the land. It would have been a most serious thing if any association of this sort had lessened church obligations; if it had abstracted members from our churches, if it had been set up a kind of something, not a church,—I hardly know what,—and if men's hearts and minds had been perverted from God's own ordination. That, however, is not the case. I am glad that is steadily discountenanced. Well, then, there are many means of instruction. If I may be allowed to speak to the young men a moment, my lord: If you young men mean to be of any service to your fellow-men in a Christian way, if you mean to enlighten their darkness and to influence them for good, in the first place take care that your own characters are transparently godly, take care that your objects are honourable and manly, take care that there be nothing little, mean, or sinuous about you; but let everybody see that you are men—made men by the influence of Christianity, and elevated by its power into fellowship with all that is noble and all that is divine. Then get information. You come and hear lectures, and good lectures too, I dare say. Indeed, I know they are. But if you come and hear such a lecture as you heard a short time ago about Bishop Butler and his celebrated book, and simply go away and admire that lecture, and do not take the trouble, if you have the opportunity, to read that book—why then you greatly mistake your duty and you greatly mistake your interest. You will not be as wise as you ought to be, any of you, by merely hearing lectures. Let me tell you, that if you are to be wise you must read; and there is no getting at knowledge

that is valuable and lasting, and powerfully influential, without all the reading that you can command; and you are not to tell me that you have no time. I know all about this matter: I have not been an idle man in my life; but I am sure of this, that all of us waste more time than we want. There are many hours to be obtained even by your following the example of some men who have been placed before you for your example, to gain invaluable knowledge by careful reading. You must not come and listen to a lecture as you did on Tuesday night, to a lecture on the work of John Wesley, and simply go away and admire that lecture. You must just do as he and similar men did; you must take these men as humble imitators of the great Master, and follow them as they followed Christ. And if I had time to preach you a sermon, which I have not, and do not intend to do, I should like to make this out, that every one of you young men, every Christian person in this assembly, every member of the church of Christ, is as much bound to endeavour to spread Christianity in the world as the apostles themselves were. Christ gave them a commission, and they did their work, and left the further prosecution of it to the church. You must not lose sight of yourselves in the incorporation of churches, you must not get rid of your responsibility in notions of collective organization. A great deal of mischief arises out of that. You say, "Can we emulate the apostles? We are none of us apostles." No, we are not. The apostles never had successors, the apostles stood alone in their work; but the humblest of us can do what the apostles did. What did the apostles do? They just did their duty; they filled up their sphere, they employed the talents which God gave them, the apostolic graces which He conferred. They did that, they could do no more; and God will bless you with equal approbation if you employ your time, your talents, your opportunities, to the utmost extent

of your power, as these venerable men did. You must apply this to the whole work before you. It is impossible for me to attempt to go into anything like detail, but the principle is very clear. I do not know how you may be circumstanced; but there are no circumstances so discouraging, there are no circumstances so hindering, there are no circumstances so disheartening, as that a young man may not find an opportunity of promoting the mission of Christianity. You may do this among young men that are opposed to you; never mind such opposition. I begin to think, from an extensive acquaintance now with evangelical effort in this kingdom—and I hear ministers everywhere telling me how civilly they are met, and how civilly they are treated—I almost begin to wish for the days of opposition, because, I am sure, my lord, a great deal of the civility is the result of apathy and unconcern; and I would rather have to do with an awakened opposing intelligence—I would rather speak in this hall to all of you thoroughly and utterly opposed to me in my ideas, if you give me a fair, candid, and attentive hearing, than I would speak to this hall full of people, all ready to receive and endorse everything I might say, provided they were inattentive. You may deal with prejudice by argument, you may deal with opposition; but it is hard dealing with indifference. Now, with your associates, wherever you are, let the foundation of a good character be at the base, let none have the power to say ill of you. And then, what would I have you do? I would not have you always be talking about religion, that is sometimes but a bankrupt instalment of the true Christian manifestation; there is a much better way than that. Talk about everything religiously; let the tone of your conversation have religion in it. Why! if you have young men who love pleasure, you find that love in all they say; if you have young men who are bent upon getting rich, you

will find that in their communications with you; and all that we want is for religion to have the same power in a religious man which the love of pleasure, or the love of wealth, has in the breasts of those that are without religion. I was pleased with the idea that this Association was a "commercial home mission," that is, a mission of Christianity among young men engaged in commercial pursuits. My lord, one of the great things wanting in this kingdom is the sanctification of its commerce. I do not know whether you will agree with me, but I sometimes think that if I were asked this question, "Which of the two produces the largest amount of practical influence upon the population of this kingdom at this moment, the largest amount of visible practical results, the religion of the kingdom or the commerce of the kingdom?"—I should have to say the commerce; and yet, in our religion, we have the omnipotence of God taken hold of by too feeble a faith, applied in too feeble a manner, not allowed to exert its influence with all the reality that the things of this world exert their influence upon men. This ought not to be. Sanctify the commerce of this kingdom, sanctify her political influence, sanctify more fully her majestic national attitude, and she would not merely then awe the world as she does, and influence other nations that she may not awe, but there would be the leavening influence of our Christianity everywhere, and God would be honoured. You young men have an important work before you. I am not going to tell you that you will all be great men, I am not going to tell you that you will all be illustrious. I do not believe you will; that is reserved, perhaps, for a few. But you may all be most worthy and useful members of civil and of religious society, you may serve the Lord Christ in all things, and that will benefit your fellow-men. I say there is a great work before the young men of this kingdom. I do not believe that the

mere increase of ministers of religion and building of places of worship—they both ought to be done, and both are doing—I do not believe, in London, for instance, that any increase of ministers that we are likely to have for many years to come will overtake the claims of the ever-growing population upon us. We want all the members of the church to be missionaries—we want you young men to pervade all around you—and the work can be done but in this way. Really things look serious as you take large views of them. Now here is a country in which public opinion will be the great element of government; whether we like it or do not like it, that is certain; and I for one have no objection to that, provided public opinion be right. “Ay,” some of you say, “that is, provided public opinion be of your political shade.” I do not mean that at all. I mean, provided that public opinion be Christianized; that it be brought under the influence of Christian principle. We have heard a great deal of nonsensical talk in our time about the regeneration of nations, and France has been regenerated, I think, a dozen times in my lifetime, and is no better for her regeneration to-day. The regeneration of a nation will not arise out of mere political arrangements of any kind. You may take down the statue of the Duke of Wellington at the Exchange, and you may grind it to powder, and you may put it up in any form, but you won’t make gold of it. A mere political re-organization won’t regenerate a nation; the only regeneration is the regeneration taught in that blessed old book, the Bible, and that which comes into individual men’s hearts and makes them what they ought to be. Why, in such a case as that, there would be an influence running out into our legislation, into the whole of our governmental administration, into the whole of the influence of this kingdom throughout the world. Let that be neglected, let this regeneration of the nation not take place, let the evil that we have referred to prevail—

what then ? What then ? Where is the security of the nation ? The security of nations is not in arms or in legislation ; not in the valour of your sons ; not in the sagacity and integrity of your statesmen ; not in the wisdom of your parliament. The safety of a kingdom is in her submission to the principles of the gospel of Christ. But if our legislation should become ungodly, if we should have, what I take it we have not yet had, formal national sin—for by formal national sin I do not mean that we have so many drunkards in the nation a disgrace to us, or so many criminals, or so many evil persons of any kind ;—I take national sin to be when the law of the nation, expressed by its chosen representatives and by the government, upheld by the chosen representatives and palpable will of the people, shall oppose or ignore the mind, the will, and the law of God, as the National Assembly in France did many years since. Thank God we have not come to that. I pray God we never may ; but if evil prevails, and we come to that, there may be written, and there would be written—for God deals with nations in this world ; we must stand personally before the judgment-seat of Christ ; but God punishes nations here—and for a sin of that kind there would be written on the wreck of this nation, as it has been written on the wreck of nations ere this, “The nation and kingdom that will not serve Him shall perish.” Well now, the young men before us, my lord, if they will only ponder these hints, and I intend them simply as such—if they will only take home these thoughts and try to work them out, and try to embody them in hard work, well sustained work, to benefit their fellow men—God will bless them, and open before them, it may be, doors of usefulness of great value to themselves, to the church, and to the world.

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MY LORD,—I feel it a privilege to have an opportunity once again to address my esteemed young friends in London. It has often been my privilege to address them, and my addresses have been mainly concentrated on the point on which I purpose to address them very briefly this evening—the Word of the Living God. And never, perhaps, during our lifetime has it been more necessary that all the firm adherents of the simple truth as it is in Jesus should rally round the great common citadel of the common faith. It has often been assailed from without, and the assaults have only shown how impregnable are its ramparts. It is now assailed from within, and I need not tell your lordship that traitors within the citadel are far more to be dreaded than adversaries around its walls. Internal aggressions carry with them a certain degree of plausibility; they are made by men of whom it may be assumed that they have, to some extent, at least, been acquainted with the letter of the truth; men who seem to have made experiments of revelation, to have weighed it in the balances, and yet to have found it wanting. And when such attacks are backed by a name and reputation for literature, by position and distinction, by influence and office, as well as by all that ought to bespeak loyalty to the truth—when those who are pledged to be defenders of the faith become its assailants—it is no marvel that great inquietude and excitement should be the result: the result, not of any force or originality in the arguments advanced, but of the monstrosity and incongruity of the conduct of those who are guilty of the onset. Nor can it be questioned that such insidious onslaughts are fitted to test the principles, to put into the crucible the faith of our young men more especially. They naturally look up to authority; they are naturally influenced by name and posi-

tion ; they naturally attach importance to intellect and literary attainment. They do well, to a certain extent, to attach importance to such adjuncts ; in matters simply intellectual, scientific, literary, they ought to carry weight ; but I am bold to say, in matters spiritual, theological, eternal, they should carry very little weight indeed. For why ? It is not the intellectual, but the spiritual ; it is not literary accomplishment, but maturity in holiness, that ought to give weight to the opinion of a man in “ the things of the Spirit of God.” It is much to be apprehended that the faith of many of our younger brethren—nay, should I be intimating too much, were I to say that the faith of many of those who are more advanced in years if not in spiritual knowledge, stands too much in the wisdom of man, and too little in the power of God ; that they have not followed out the truth to its full and legitimate power over their hearts and minds ; and hence it is that many are alarmed and unsettled by such efforts as are now making to dislocate the faith of the Christian Church in that which constitutes its one record and its one basis ? I have heard more than one man of some attainment, as I had hoped, in the Christian life exclaim, “ What is coming ? What is to be done ? What will be the result of these strange and unprecedented aggressions on the truth ? ” My reply has been, “ I hope it will make us more independent of human teaching, and more dependent on Divine teaching ; I hope it will drive us from the mere letter to the spirit and power of the gospel of Christ ; I hope it will constrain us to the conclusion that no literary attainment, no critical acuteness, no deep erudition, no force of natural understanding, no mastery of unsanctified reason, can avail to make a man wise unto salvation. He may be a fool in the things of God, however high his achievements in the things of man ; he may be blind in the things of the Spirit, whilst he has the keenest perception in the things of art and science. And if we are brought to this conviction,

to cease from dependence on man, on natural faculties, on theological teachings, as of themselves sufficient in the things of God, we shall, I believe, have learned a lesson well worth all the controversy and disturbance which these sad heresies are occasioning." Far be it from me to depreciate laborious dissertations on the evidences of the Bible ; far be it from me to depreciate learned exegesis of the letter of the Bible ; far be it from me to depreciate critical research in determining and establishing the canon of Holy Scripture. I do not disparage in these fields the toils, the skill, the conquests of our great scholars, whether in the past or in the present ; but when it is assumed or asserted that all these will serve to make a man wise unto salvation, the mistake is fatal : we attribute to man what can only be imparted by God ; we expect from the schools of learning what can only be taught in the school of Christ ; look for that at the feet of divines which can be found only on our knees before the great Teacher of all, who, as He alone inspired the Word, so He alone can open the understanding and the heart to receive the Word in power and demonstration and much assurance. My Lord, this is the way, and the only way, in which any child of man can ever become rooted and grounded in divine truth. If his faith be only the result of tradition, the consequence of education, or rest merely upon the external evidences of the Scripture ; if he is content to hold vital truths of the Bible simply as matters of intellectual apprehension ; if he does not arrive at the profound conviction, that with all his knowledge of the letter of Scripture, he may still be dead in trespasses and sins ; if he does not come to this conviction, that the natural man, whatever may be his powers of mind, whatever his depth of erudition, whatever his critical skill, whatever his successful study—yea, whatever his beautiful morality, or whatever his unblemished character—yet, if he be still a natural man, a man with no more than the powers and faculties and state of mind and heart

with which he was born into the world, a man unborn "from Heaven," a man who has never undergone that transmutation of his inner life which can be wrought only by the Spirit of God ; then he cannot in any wise "receive the things of the Spirit of God." He cannot receive them ; he lacks the faculty needed, he has not the moral disposition ; the preparation of heart and mind which is indispensable ; he cannot receive them, "because they are foolishness to him." And is it not so ? How many of the learned, the philosophic, the scientific—so far as the mere historical portions of the Bible go, so far as the general records of the Bible go, so far as its poetry, its sublimity, its passages full of taste and loveliness go—can admit and admire it, can delight in it and dilate on it with glowing eloquence and sentimental enthusiasm ; and yet, when they come to the distinctive things of the Spirit of God, when they come to these great truths that human reasoning and research never could have invented, and never could have discovered—when they come to these things which could have been disclosed by none save the Spirit of God, who alone knows the things of God, as the spirit of a man alone knows the things that he has in his own inner being, in the deep chambers of his secret life—when they come to these things, which are distinctly about the Spirit and from the Spirit, the great mysteries of redemption, the fathomless plans and purposes of the unsearchable God, they are foolishness to them : they are not congruous with their "self-verifying faculty," as they style it, because their self-verifying faculty is out of harmony with the mind of God. Their self-consciousness is a false and corrupt self-consciousness, infected with the taint of the fall just as much as any other property in their nature ; and the consequence is, that as to the learned Greeks of old the things of the Spirit of God were foolishness, so are they no less to the learned nominal Christians of the present day ; and if such men would speak out honestly, they would confess that

their great quarrel is not with the supposed contradictions in the Pentateuch, not with the supposed want of authenticity in some of the books of the Old Testament, but with the great mysteries of redemption, with the secret things of the Spirit of God. Their hostility is to the cross of Christ : it is the enmity of the carnal mind, however refined, however learned, however acute. Their assault upon the outworks is only preparing the way for aggression upon the citadel. The axe, now laid at the root of the tree of knowledge in the Paradise of Revelation, will by and by be laid at the root of the tree of life, that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Be assured of it, I am not traducing or misrepresenting the rationalistic school of theologians. They may proceed with caution and wariness ; there may be thrown around their present advances a degree of plausibility. The Word of God may be betrayed with a kiss. They may stab it, as Joab did Amasa, while he took him by the beard to imprint upon his lips the kiss of perfidy. But depend upon it, and it is already beginning to discover itself, the real controversy in their minds is with "the things of the Spirit of God," the deep mysteries of redeeming grace which form the centre-point of salvation, and are the essence of the whole revelation from above. Take Christ crucified away, take atonement through the blood of the Lamb of God away, take justification through righteousness divine received by simple faith away, and take away the work of the Spirit—the inward, mysterious, regenerating work of the Divine Sanctifier—and what have you left ? All that is distinctive in the Bible, all that could come only from God, all that carries with it self-evidence of its divinity, all that bears the infallible stamp and impress of the Spirit of God, all this our rationalizers virtually reject ; and, if this be rejected, the Gospel is no Gospel to a sinner. It may do for the whole, but not for the sick ; it may do for the found, but not for the lost ; it might have done for Paradise ere it fell, but it

will never do for the wilderness of this desolated world. And, my dear young friends, what of all things I want to impress upon you is this—if you continue natural men, however you may toil hard to understand the Bible, however you may master it in its original languages, however you may have your memories stored with its contents, however you may conscientiously and earnestly endeavour to follow out its moral precepts—yet, if you still remain natural men, if you do not wait upon God for His good Spirit to enlighten you, you will never know the Gospel as the power of God unto your salvation, you will never find it the portion of your soul, the joy of your spirit, the guide of your life, the pillow of your death-bed, the charter of your eternal liberty. This, all this, it can become to none but to the spiritual man. Even as it is with a sun-dial in the darkness of the night: it may be ever so perfect; you may have the stile duly fixed; you may have the circle exactly drawn; you may have the figures skilfully engraven; yet what will all avail you? It is complete, but you cannot discern it; all is there, but it casts no shadow to tell you the hour. What do you need? You want the sun. Let that arise, let its light be poured upon the dial-plate, then will the stile throw its shadow, then will the hour be distinct and certain. You are left in doubt no longer. So is it with the heavenly dial of God's inspired Word. All is perfect, all beautiful, all divine; but if the sun be wanting, if the Spirit do not cast His bright beams upon the page, if God, that commanded the light to shine out of darkness, does not shine in your heart to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of His Son, you will never discern the wisdom from above, because it is "spiritually discerned." What does a blind man know of the bright sky above him, or of the lovely landscape around him? What does the deaf man know of the sweet music that ravishes the ear which hears it, and the taste that can appreciate it? Heard or unheard,

the music is the same ; seen or unseen, the landscape is the same. What is lacking ? The eye to see, the ear to hear. And who can open the deaf ear ? Who can unseal the blind eye ? None but He who made the eye ; none but He that formed the ear. And who, then, save He who revealed His own mysteries in His Word, can impart the saving efficacious knowledge and belief of those mysteries to the sinner's heart ? That once imparted to you, you will prove the Bible by the experimental test,—you will have the witness in yourself ; you will “ know in whom you have believed ; ” and even though a thousand divines were to proclaim the Bible false, you would still stand firm in the faith that God had wrought in you, “ faithful amid the faithless,” though the whole world were to reject the truth. Oh, this is the vital evidence ! All short of it is short of salvation—all other proof without this crowning proof profits little. If a man have it not, he fails of assurance ; if he have, it may be said almost to render superfluous to him all evidence besides. Is this imagination ? Is this enthusiasm ? Then, what is solid—what is sober ? Surely this mode of testing truth is sound in philosophy as it is in faith ; indeed, sound philosophy and Scripture will ever be found in harmony, for what is the great canon of all genuine philosophy ? It is that experiment alone can establish truth. The illustrious Bacon, prince of modern philosophers, nursing-father of modern philosophy, he it was that affirmed this grand principle ; and ever since, in as far as that principle has been followed out, wondrous progress has been made in science and in the discovery of truth ; and it is departure from this principle, that in these latter speculative days, when men would hurry at express speed to the attainment of knowledge, and not by the slow process of a candid and lengthened course of laborious experiment, that we have such strange theories broached, such absurd novelties and crudities flung forth in the face of society. If the experi-

mental test be the true test in other things, is it not the true test in the things of God? No man therefore has effectually tested the Bible, if he have not tested it by his heart; no man has studied it fairly and fully who has not studied it as itself requires of him. The postulates of other sciences must be complied with, or you can expect to make no progress in mastering them; assuredly, then, the postulates of the science of salvation must be conformed to, if you are ever to attain to its understanding and power. It is absolutely necessary that you should study the Bible as the Bible demands. Now the Bible requires you to study it as if in things spiritual you were a fool; as if you were utterly blind; to receive it as a little child, in order that you may understand it aright, and enter into its spirit; it requires you to seek for heavenly unction wherewith to anoint your eyes, that you may see; it requires you to search it on your knees, looking to the Spirit of God to make it effectual to you. If, then, you have never done so, if you have never tried it fully and fairly in this manner, you have no right to come to a conclusion about it; you are not qualified to say that you are infallibly assured of its truth. No man can be so assured until he has tested Holy Scripture by his heart; then he can say, "I know my Bible is true; I was blind, but it has given me sight; I was leprous, but it has given me cleansing; I was dissatisfied, but it has given me contentment; I was all abroad on an ocean of doubt, but it has anchored me on the Rock of Ages. Can that be a lie, a delusion, which has wrought such wondrous effects in my nature?" You may answer me, "You are blinded and deceived." But, if I am deceived here, of what can I be certain? If there is no reality in the work of the Spirit of God in the heart of the believer, there is no certainty in anything. We have no certainty that we exist; we have no certainty that we have a body or a soul. If a man's secret knowledge of his own heart, and of the work that God has wrought in it—if this is

not ascertainable and real, then all is darkness and incertitude ; the anchors of all evidence are weighed, and we are adrift upon an ocean of universal scepticism and uncertainty. Even the sceptic might well be startled, and stagger ere he questions the reality of such living consciousness. Can we not perceive the manifestations of the change in the outer life ? We make too little of these evidences of the wondrous moral revolutions still wrought by the Word of God, testifying alike to the power of God's Spirit and the efficacy of God's Word. Have we no drunkards made sober, no unclean men made chaste, no churls made liberal, no proud men made lowly, no debased men exalted, no slaves of sensuality refined into spiritual communion ? Have we not many a one who was a curse that is made a blessing—blessed himself, and become a blessing to all around ? Have we none that used to diffuse the malaria of impurity and profaneness, who now diffuse a sweet savour of holiness, and are become “the salt of the earth” ? Sometime darkness, they now shine as lights in the world. My Lord, you yourself have witnessed many such glorious changes ; and we in the north are witnessing them even now, in our time of trouble and humiliation. It is delightful to see men without coats, and women with shawls thrown round their heads, poor destitute people from the courts and back alleys of the city, crowding to the house of God on the week-night, and listening with tears streaming down their cheeks to the message of peace. Tell us that there are not realities in these things—no power in divine truth as proved by such results—then tell us there is no reality in health restored by the physician, no evidence of light and heat from the beams of the sun ; just as well tell us this, as that the rest and peace of the purged and pardoned conscience is a dream and a delusion. True, I cannot impart to you, if you are unrenewed, the apprehension of the deep

consciousness of my soul ; yet you must admit that my consciousness is to me a verifying faculty—that to myself, at least, it authenticates that Word of which I have made experiments. Have you ever tried it as the believer has tried it ? Have you ever sought for the Spirit to teach you, and felt you were blind without His teaching ? Have you ever felt your guilt, and fled to the Saviour with the meekness and submission of a child ? Have you done this faithfully, and yet found it in vain ? Never, I am persuaded. No marvel, then, that you are tossed with doubt. No marvel that you cannot apprehend the secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear Him. Well said a poor, pious widow to a scoffing sceptic, when he asked, “How do you know your Bible is true ? What proof have you of truth ?” “Sir, my own experience, the experience of my heart.” “Oh,” said he contemptuously, “your experience is nothing to me.” “That may be, sir ; but it is everything to me.” Yes, the unbeliever may sneer at what he has never proved, but the humble saint will cling to it, as did the noble army of martyrs, amidst insult, and mockings, and scourgings ; rejoicing in it, when writhing on the rack, pining in the dungeon, or burning at the stake ; exulting as they mounted their chariot of flame, because they knew that it would carry them to the bosom of their God. Be assured of it, my young friends, if through grace you only attain to this blessed assurance, this seal of the Spirit, this earnest of the Spirit ; if once you can testify that the Word of God has come to you, “not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance,” working in you the work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in the Lord Jesus ; then indeed will your faith be “rooted and grounded,” come what may. Whoever may deny Christ, you will not deny Him ; because, “kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,” you will smile at all the cavils, and

pity the scoffings of scornful and unreasonable men. No other evidence can satisfy the soul ; and this blessed evidence is within the reach of all—I say, within the reach of all. I enter not into the secret counsels of God ; I ask not whom He intends to save ; I take His word of promise as it stands ; and what says that Word ? “ If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him ? ” Precious, unrestricted promise, addressed not to this portion of mankind, or to that portion of mankind, to those whose “ names are written in the Lamb’s book of life,” or to those who bear the Shepherd’s name ; but simply to them that “ ask.” “ Ask,” therefore, “ and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” “ If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him.” Have faith in what God has spoken, realize your lack of Divine Wisdom, ask without wavering—your whole mind made up, and your whole heart set upon finding the “ Pearl of great price”—and the Lord will give you liberally ; nor will He upbraid you after the manner of men. Again then I say, ask, seek, knock, wait ; for God will not, cannot fail His promise. And let me add, ere I sit down, that I am deeply impressed with the conviction that the dread struggle of the latter days will not be so much with our old enemy Romanism, which has largely conduced to the present upgrowth of infidelity,—nor with that semi-Romanism, the re-action from which has greatly occasioned the present swing of the pendulum of public opinion in the direction of distrust and latitudinarianism ; but the grand conflict will be with infidelity, in a thousand varied forms, and a thousand subtle disguises. And is not God preparing His people for the struggle ? Is He not strengthening the buttresses, and fortifying the

ramparts of His Word? How is everything serving more and more to establish Divine truth! What shall we say of the resuscitated ruins of Nineveh? What of the stupendous fragments and vestiges of ancient Babylon? What of the desolations of dismal Petrea? What shall we say of the wild Arab, his hand still against every man, and every man's hand against him? What of Jerusalem, still sitting disconsolate in her weeds and her widowhood? What of Palestine, with her sandy plains and ragged rocks, and the heavens over her as brass? What shall we say of the ever-wandering Jew, everywhere found, and everywhere found distinct? What of those mysterious convulsions and revolutions which are heralding still mightier changes, whilst the Turkish Empire is fast fading away, and the East coming more and more into prominence? Surely all these signs, events, discoveries, are working together to fulfil and verify the oracles of God; they are all proclaiming, as with a voice of thunder—"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the Word of our God shall stand for ever!"

REV. EMILIUS BAYLEY.

MY LORD AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, — A resolution has been placed in my hands to this effect: "That this meeting acknowledges with devout thankfulness the continued blessing granted by Almighty God upon the labours of the Young Men's Christian Association; thanks the Committee and Officers for their services during the past year, and fervently commends them, and the missionary members of the Association, to the renewed protection and blessing of the Most High. That the especial thanks of this meeting

are due, and are hereby presented to the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., the President of the Association, for his interest in its welfare, and for his presence in the chair this evening."

With reference to the former portion of this resolution, there can be no doubt, I think, in any mind, as to the propriety of that expression of gratitude to Almighty God which we are asked to render to Him, for His blessing vouchsafed, as we believe, to this and kindred associations. And I am equally certain, my Christian friends, that there is not a shadow of doubt—whatever amount of latent scepticism there may be abroad amongst us—there is not a shadow of a doubt as to the propriety of those thanks which we desire to render to the noble President, not only for taking the chair upon this occasion, but for the kindness and zeal with which he watches over the interests of this Association. I like the remark which fell from a previous speaker, that what we want is not patronage, but sympathy ; and most thankful, I believe, are very many of those who are working in what they believe to be the cause of God in this great city—ay, and throughout the country—for the sympathy which they receive at the hands of the President of this Association. It would ill become me, and it would, I am sure, be most repugnant to his feelings, if I were to say anything in the way of flattery in pressing this resolution upon your attention. We should, however, learn this great lesson from the fact of the influence which is exerted by the noble President—That adhesion to fundamental principles, and loyalty to our common Master, are the great instruments which give a man power and weight amongst his fellow-men ; that it is not intellectual power alone, though that may be present ; that it is not rank alone, though that may be added ; but that it is simple-minded adhesion to fundamental truths—patient, earnest, persevering, self-denying working out of those truths, through

evil report and through good report—and simple-minded, unswerving loyalty to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which make a man great in the sight of God, and make him great also in the sight of his fellow-men. And sure I am of this, that at no time in the history of the world has it been of greater importance that we should adhere with the utmost tenacity to fundamental principles than at the present moment. The advice given centuries ago by the prophet Jeremiah to the Jews, when they were hesitating between the false and the true prophets, was “to stand in the ways, and see, and ask”—for what? “for the old paths, where is the good way.” Now, depend upon it, the old paths are the paths for you and for me, and for all men, to seek after and to walk in. The old fundamental truths concerning the corruption of man’s nature, the necessity of the regenerating power of the Spirit of God, the efficacy of simple faith in the Son of God, the doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice, the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of God’s word—these grand old truths are the truths which save the soul, and are the truths which alone shall prove the salt and leaven of an ungodly world. And it must take stronger arguments and stronger proofs than any that have as yet been brought forward, to persuade us that these old paths are other than the true paths, or that we can expect God’s blessing in any other paths that can be opened to our view. And I believe that it is because the noble lord has firmly, consistently, and intelligently, adhered to and advocated these truths, that he occupies the position which he now occupies, not only in the hearts of this assembly, but in the hearts of intelligent Christians everywhere. And, so far as we follow him in this respect, and firmly adhere to these old truths, will be *our* influence for good upon the world.

T. B. SMITHIES, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF "THE BRITISH WORKMAN."

I SHOULD like to mention a fact which occurred to-day. A gentleman, shaking hands with me, paid one of the best tributes I have yet heard to this Young Men's Christian Association. He said, "I came to London, now many years ago, a young man, a stranger to every one in London except my employers, and I found," said he, "the Young Men's Christian Association a HARBOUR OF REFUGE for me." My dear friends, this harbour of refuge, we are told to-night, wants help; and let us not forget, in passing this resolution, that we ought to give it practical support. We have lately been erecting, at a very great cost, a breakwater at Portland; we have been forming there what I hope will prove a harbour of refuge for our ships and our brave seamen. But these breakwaters and our harbours want repairing with stones and with cement, and they cost money. This Association is in debt; this harbour of refuge wants help. Let us, my dear friends, therefore, while passing this resolution—as I doubt not we shall do most heartily—let us not forget, as far as we can, to bring a few stones and a little cement to make this harbour of refuge stronger, wider, further-spread into society than it is; for, great and good as it is, there are tens of thousands of young men in London whom it has not yet reached. I most cordially second the vote of thanks to Lord Shaftesbury, and the Committee and Officers. Perhaps no one in this room feels more deeply thankful to the noble President than myself. I look back with gratitude to my first interview with Lord Shaftesbury. His counsel on that occasion made an impression on my mind which I trust I shall remember with feelings of thankfulness to the latest day of my life. His lordship has been to me a friend, and one of my best advisers; I therefore most cordially join in this vote of thanks.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

MY GOOD FRIENDS,—Those who drew up the programme of the meeting have done you and me some disservice by announcing that I should deliver an address. They have done me a disservice, because they have assigned to me a duty which I am sure I shall not be able to perform ; and they have done you a disservice, because they will have raised in you an expectation which is quite sure to be disappointed. After the manner in which you have been good enough to receive this proposition of a vote of thanks to me for my poor, humble service—after the manner in which that vote has been proposed and seconded, I must in common gratitude say a few words to express how deeply I feel your approbation, and how much I am warmed to persevere in the course that God has marked out for me, and by His grace and blessing to the last hour of my existence to walk in those “old paths,” till they meet and close in everlasting salvation. I can say no more on the present occasion than what has been so well said by the reverend gentlemen who addressed you ; I could only repeat, if I had the memory so to do, all the admirable arguments, the rich illustrations, and the powerful language in which they were conveyed. Neither could I add more than what has been contained in that most excellent report, full of valuable statistics, full of important communications, full of promise for the future, if you will but stand steady to those principles upon which you were founded, and by which alone you will live and attain success. I very much admire the organization of this Society ; I very much admire the zeal and administrative power of your Committee and of your Secretary ; they show a skill and a judgment, a power of combination, of government, and of rule, that would do credit to ministers of state ;

and all this is governed and overruled by a noble principle of piety, by a principle of Christian humility that constitutes their wisdom and their strength ; and I trust that you will listen to their advice, and be guided by their example. But this Association, great and good as it is, that has already produced such mighty benefits upon the surface of society in London, that is calculated at all times to be most beneficial, but in the present day of unspeakable importance, I ask will this Association continue firm to the truth ? Will it earnestly contend for the faith that was once delivered to the saints ? Will it resist all the various assaults, the dexterous attacks, the insidious approaches of that empty, specious sentimentality, which hating the real truth, which endeavouring to subvert and set aside all specific and dogmatic teaching, approaches you and deceives you by professions that they who indulge it are so overwhelmed by the love of God that they can see nothing else, they can touch upon no other doctrine, they can handle no other subject, all is submerged in that alone ; and so His other attributes are altogether set aside, altogether ignored as not worth a moment's consideration, and least of all of the consideration of strong-minded and intellectual men ? But will this new form of doctrine creep into your society ? Will it stultify your hearts ? Will it blind your eyes ? Will it lead you from the truth ? Will it induce you to indulge in vain, frivolous, and trumpery speculations ? Will it bring any of you to the conclusion that the Revelation that for three thousand years has braved "the battle and the breeze" of infidelity, of scorn, and of every form of violence, the minutest investigation, the varied experience of a hundred ages and nations—will this, think you, be upset by the powers of the rule of three or a sum in vulgar fractions ? Is this the way in which strong-minded men are to be approached ? If it is the way in which strong-minded men are to be approached, it is not the way in which strong-hearted men are to be

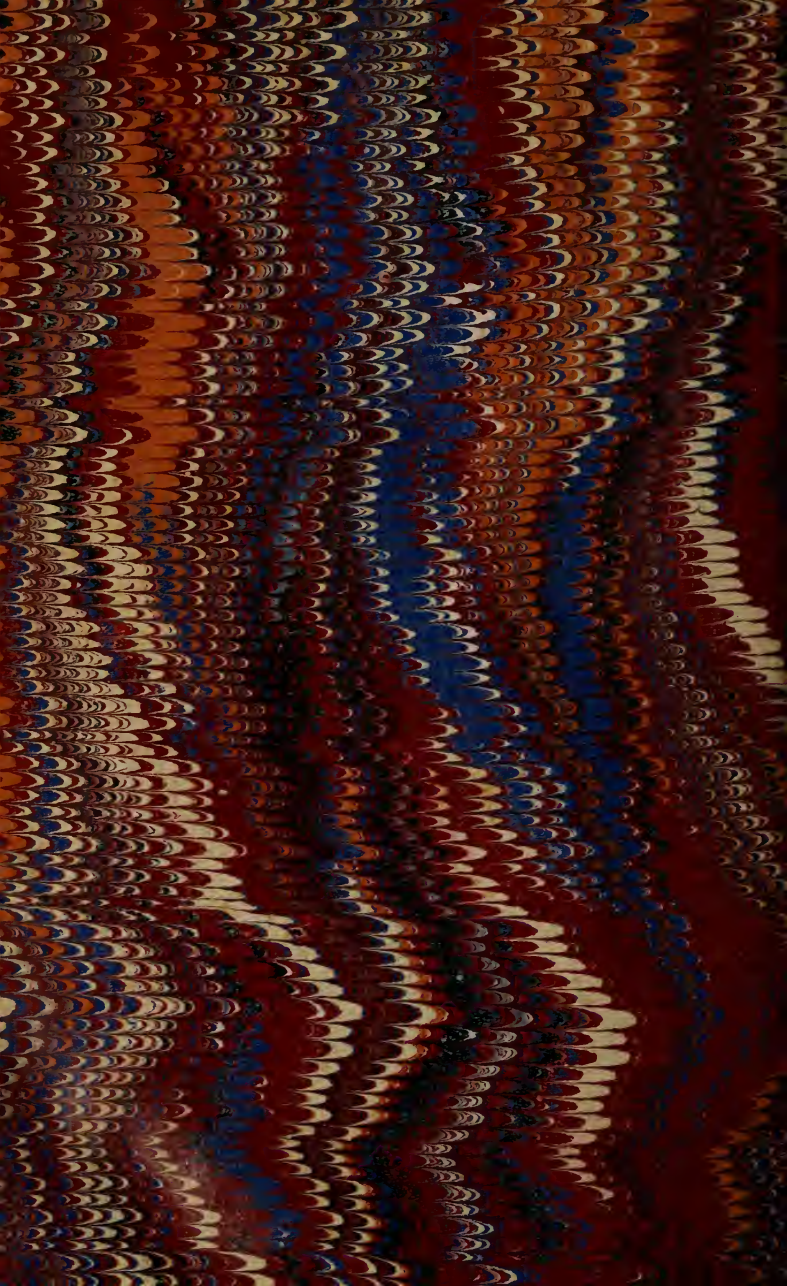
approached. "With the heart man believeth," and not with the intellect. The intellect is very well in its way, but the heart is God's especial province. It is with the heart that men believe ; it is with the heart that men will defy all these attacks ; it is with the heart that man will rest secure in his convictions ; it is with the heart that men will aspire to immortality ; it is with the heart that by God's grace they will reach that to which they aspire.

Will, I say again, this Association be firm to the truth ? If it will be firm to the truth, it will be a citadel and a mainstay for everything that is great and good, that is safe and holy. If it become corrupted, it will be just the very reverse, and will be a great fountain and wellspring of everything that is polluted, and of everything that is pernicious. You know what you can do by association here ; you know what you are doing by association here, on the continent of Europe, and in the States of America ; you know that at this moment there is an intercommunion of sympathy so great, that from this meeting may go forth a sound, the striking of a chord, which may vibrate into the inmost heart of the whole of Christendom. That is for good. There are the same means for mischief ; and if that mischief, that leprosy of the wall, shall get into your Association, and shall produce instead of, as I hope, true, honest missionaries, men who will go forth each in his own sphere of action to teach the Word of God by their example and by their doctrines, if it should produce the very reverse, and send forth some of those theological coxcombs, some of those men who can do nothing but deal with trumpery difficulties, which are no difficulties to those who have the time to consider them, and only difficulties because they are thrown among men who have no leisure, and not an adequate quantity of learning to deal with these sciolistic discussions ; I say, if your Association be thus corrupted, and give us such men, the sooner you are extinguished the better ; the sooner

you are put out of this city the better ; the sooner you are broken up into units and scattered over the face of the earth the better, so as not to intensify by co-operation and aggregation the pernicious effects of those deleterious doctrines, and to diffuse them as from a common centre all over the length and breadth of society. My Christian friends, I ventured last year at another meeting to state that there was a great falling off, as I thought, in general zeal, and that many of our institutions, particularly our Ragged Schools, were falling off for the want of voluntary teachers ; and I ventured to say that I thought that some young men of this Christian Association might devote a part of their time and attention to these great matters. I have been told by my excellent friend, Mr. Shipton, that I was wrong in my calculation, and that the young men of the Christian Association do contribute their full quota to the carrying on of this great service. Now I do implore you in God's name not to desist from such a work as that ; I do implore you to redouble your efforts in the pursuit of such high and holy ends. Christianity is essentially practical ; and I believe at no time are you so secure as when engaged in God's work, engaged in daily experience, and engaged in hourly labour for the purpose of promoting His name and doing His service, in going among His people, in alleviating human misery, in enlightening human ignorance, in training the young, in warning the old, in everything that can keep you busy in plain, straightforward, practical application of Christian precept. The world is living too fast at the present time for us to have much leisure to deal with those things which lead to no profit. If they come to me with these books, I tell them, "I have no time to read them ;" if they submit to me their objections, I say, "I have no time to consider them." And why do I answer that ? Because I would answer as I would advise every working man to answer, who, like myself, has no leisure

for Greek, which I once had but which I have lost, nor for Hebrew, which I never had. I tell them this, "I have read the Word of God ; I have studied it ; I have tested it ; I know what it is ; I know what it can do ; I know how suited it is to the wants of human nature ; I know how it reveals to us our corruptions ; I know how it explains ten thousand things passing in our hearts and minds every day, without which there is no solution of them ; it shows to us all the evils ; it displays to us all the cures. I have seen misery removed for happiness ; I have seen sin set aside for purity ; I have seen homes made joyous, made pure, made peaceable, that before were scenes of violence and corruption."—I have seen, and you may see if you will go to seek it, the most glorious sight that the eye of man can rest upon in this earth—a poor family beset by disease, beset by poverty, beset by fears for the future, beset by sufferings in the present, yet with the father and the mother godly, religious people, and training their children, notwithstanding all their difficulties and temptations, in the faith and fear of their Lord and Master, presenting most beautiful specimens of the power of religion to enlighten, to raise, to sustain, to carry far beyond this world the most miserable Lazarus that ever existed, into the very bosom of his Saviour, above all the Dives that ever were, and that are now, and that ever will be until the very day of doom. When I have seen these things, when I have felt these things, when I have seen them in others, and know the effects which they produce in others, why then I say you must be convinced that that which is so suited to man's nature and wants, that which can produce such stupendous effects, can come from none but God Himself ; and therefore if you have the kernel and the substance, and the great saving truth of it, are you to bother yourselves with little difficulties about points of language, and points of geography, and points of grammar, all of which are trumpery matters, which, if

they were correct, would not affect the real truth, and which, as they are mostly incorrect, are not worth our time to discuss and refute, because, when we have discussed them and when we have refuted them, they are started again by these people who will never be satisfied, because they are not seeking the truth, but seeking only how they shall drive the truth out of your heads, and displace it from your hearts. Depend upon it, as I said before, your great security will be in practical Christianity; your great security will be in setting aside all these speculations; your great security will be in tasting, digesting the Word of God for yourself, seeing how you can communicate it to others, and entering into the whole spirit and life of our Saviour's doctrine, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" entering into the full spirit and life of the Christian principle that our duty is to do all that we can to advance, first, His name, and, in labouring to advance His name, to advance the salvation of others; telling them by your own example, by all that you have learned yourself from that blessed Book, that whatever may be said by gainsayers, high or low, whether they be dignitaries or undignitaries, whether the argument has weight from the force of their intelligence, or whether it arise merely from the circumstance of their position, that all that they say is mere husks and nonsense; that there is nothing solid in their objections; that you have no leisure, nor wish, to enter into discussions such as these; you have found the true faith, and you will walk in it; you have got the substance, and you will retain it; you have the Word of God applied to your heart—to your innermost soul, and neither man nor devil shall, by God's grace, ever be able to root it out of your affections.



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